

YE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND

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Toda ai !

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In Joull.

So many times they jousted in the lists, Municipal and Parliamentary, All lists that open for all tournament, SIR WILFRID the Permissive, known besides As the Prohibitory, or-two names Of counter-meaning in cross meaning joined-As the Permissive and Prohibitory, And he, the Wittler-warrior, stout SIR BUNG. For once SIR WILFRID, in Caerleon, Holding high feast with his Teetotallers, Had sworn to lay SIR BUNG low in the lists, And after take him captive, and in bonds Bind hand and foot, for his Teetotallers To make their mock, and wreak their will of him. And now, through all the land was blown the shock Of hobby against hobby, steel on steel, And trumpet answering trumpet, throats of brass, Either defying other, and both Truth And Sense and Logic, for what strengths are these In the encounter of such opposites To stand, and not be trampled in the dust? High-seated, with one hunch prone-beaked before, Clad in red samite, mystic, wonderful,

And one behind, tip-tilted, Puncu, the King Of that great joust, and all the jousts that are Or have been, or shall be, on English ground. The King that knows, as none but he hath known, With knowledge baffling knowledge to say when, Or where, or whence, or how he came by it, Betwixt opposing edges, points opposed, To fling his warder, that, so flung, compels, In spite of mélée-madness, clash of brass, And ranks that ride à outrance against ranks, Wrath to good-will, and good to better will, And better will to best-a blameless King, Knowing his knights, the length of each man's foot, And each man's head, and how to handicap, Another Rous and yet a better Rous, Their hobbies for encounter, in the lists At Westminster, when on the tower the light Flares, and the SPEAKER, spent, nods in his chair, Twixt stuffiness above and stuff below, Bude-lights and boredom, and all men, save Puscu, Wax wild for wilfulness and weariness.

SIR WILFRID's helm was of the kettle's form

Wherewith the tea, or what men drink for such By Chinaman's permission, is infused: And all the surcoat covering his steel, And all his horse's housings that o'er-swept His limbs from frog to forehead, were set thick With pumps emblazoned azure, and to each Its spout and scroll and legend " Cold without." Sen Bung displayed three spiggots on his shield, Issuant proper with both pale and brown, Surcoat and housings broidered both "Hot with." Nimble SIR WILFRID was, cunning of fence. And quick to cut and parry, thrust and guard, But, for he rode his destrere without rein Or ourb. SIR Bung had him at avantage, And knew it, and was more than a match for him. For all his beefier bulk and wheezier breath. Three times they clashed, and once SIR WILFRID bore SIR Bung to earth, but up he rose again, And buffetted SIR WILFRID, caught sgain His steed, and sprang to selle, with timely aid Of Cnoss his Squire, and while the tilt-yard rang With shouts of "Hot with!" and "A Bung!" charged

And smote Sin Wilfrind fair upon the shield
And wrenched him backward, till with a great heave
He scarce recovering, straightway to his sword
Betook him, and Sir Bung too drew his blade,
For the arbitrement of mortal strife.
For "Sooner death," he said, "than in thy Hall
Of Exeter or of Caerleon,

For thee and thy Tectotallers to be
A plaything and a pastime, and to sit
Fettered with law-fast hours and fenced with rules—"

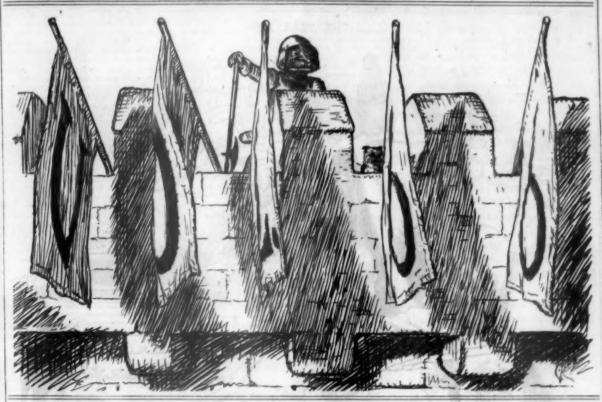
But Punces, who saw their bitterness, arose, And flung his warder 'twixt the combatants, And with a Ho! staid strife, and spake to them, "Both worthy, both unwise, both wrong, both right: Drunkenness is an evil, Liberty A good; but shall that evil on that good Be turned to quell that good, when 'tis the good Should quell the evil? Foe to Liberty Is Licence—not for that be Licence used As cause of war with Liberty: Liberty Should rather control Licence, till, controlled, She ceases to be Licence, and becomes A friend to Liberty, and not a foe. But now break off your strife. Lo, I have here Royal reward for prowess-not for you Alone, for all good lances, knightly blades On earth, I bring it-

So he disappeared

In his pavilion.

Then with a great blast
Of brass, and clash of bells from steeples round,
And roar of Woolwich Infants, dark, deep-voiced,
Broad-breeched, black-muzzled, the pavilion swung
Its curtains back, and therein stood revealed,
With Punch that over-leapt it, lance in rest—
VOL. SIXTY-SIX to an admiring world!





GENUINE GHOST-STORY.

A REALLY authentic ghost-story is just now seasonable, according the tradition of our ancestors. The comfort of a Christmas fire A REALLY authentic ghost-story is just now seasonable, according to the tradition of our ancestors. The comfort of a Christmas fire was, to their feelings, enhanced, perhaps, by thinking of the ghosts left out in the cold. Now, however, ghosts are said to come frequently in-doors. An apparition, and something more than an apparition, of one of those-ghosts that haunt drawing-rooms, and not churchyards, is related in the Spiritualist of the 12th instant. On the Tuesday night previous, present a distinguished circle, including the Earl and Countress of Caltifuests, a science, according to our ghostly contemporary, was held at a Mr. Coon's; when there occurred the appearance and scene thus reported:—

"This evening, at Miss Cook's session, during the appearance of what purported to be the spirit "Katie," a man, named Volchalan, rose up, grasped her round the waist with both arms, and tried to throwher down with his feet. Min. Tarp and Min. Counter seized the man who thus broke the conditions which we were all admitted on the understanding we would keep. "Katie" instantly extricated herself from his clutches, and, aided by Min. Luxmoone, was in a moment back in the cabinet." was in a moment back in the cabinet.

Nobody ventured to follow "KATIE," and look to see what became of her in the "cabinet;" but:—

"After a delay of about five minutes, during which KATIR gave earnest instructions to the sitters, the cabinet was opened, and Miss Cook found in black dress, and boots, with the tape tightly fastened round her waist, as at the beginning of the EARL OF CATINEESS, and sewn undermeath the seal with thread, as it had been sewn before the séance by Mil. LUXMOORE. The tape and seal are now in the possession of the EARL OF CATINEESS."

The narrative whence the foregoing passages are extracted is signed by eleven witnesses, including the EARL and COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS at the head of them. To place its oredibility beyond all doubt, it is necessary to quote a little further:—

"After KATIE ceased to speak, means were heard coming from her medium, who seen afterwards began to shriek, and to cry out about 'burning' pains. Mas. Cook then began to faint and the children to cry, the little brother of the medium expressing the fear that 'FLORRIE would die.' The cabinet was then opened, and, after the tapes had been examined and removed, the ladies took the suffering medium under their care."

Lastly, for the purpose of rendering the supernatural element in accounts.

the occurrence above related perfectly intelligible, must be added, with respect to the author of an audacious "outrage" on a ghost, the significant and conclusive information that:—

" His nose had been scratched in the brief scuffle,"

What can possibly be said after that? Nothing, surely, more than that it proves to the clearest demonstration, respecting both the natural and supernatural, the truth of the old saying, that "there is a medium in all things."

"SEASONABLE APPEALS."

"SEASONABLE APPEALS."

To Effie, Alice, Annie, Emily, Augusta, Louisa, Florence, Fanny, Marian, Minnyie, Rose, Lillan, May, Georgina, Janet, and Eleanor—Don't firt.

To George, Henry, Arthur, Hubert, Harold, Ernest, Frederick, Philip, Pericy, Charles, Claud, Robert, Reginald, and Walter (in jackets)—Don't eat too much.

To M.P.'s whose misfortune it is to be obliged to address their Constituents at this festive season—Don't make too long speeches.

To Her Majesty's Ministers, when they assemblo again after the holidays—Abolish the Income-tax, increase salaries, pay off the National Debt, keep up the Army and Mavy in the highest state of efficiency, satisfy the Licensed Victuallers and Total Abstainers, and please everybody.

To Boards, Vestries, Parochial Authorities, and District Dignitaries—Try and keep the strests and pavements a little cleaner.

To Ritualists—Don't make yourselves too ridiculous.

To all punsters, jokers, and purveyors of riddles, conundrums, and acrostics—don't tax the patience and forbearance of your friends too far.

too far.

To amateur vocalists of both sexes—the same appeal is addressed to you as to your last-mentioned contemporaries, with this addition, don't make excuses.

don't make excuses.

To amateur dramatic performers—don't be too ambitious; and learn your parts before you appear on the stage of the "Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room."

To all persons who have received Christmas gratuities—don't relax in your attention and civility now that Boxing-Day is over.

To tradesmen and others—don't be in a hurry to send in your

THE YEAR 1873.



"He that is robbed, not knowing what is stolen, Let him not know it, he's not robbed at all,"

Mr. Punch now calls upon Mnemosyne to dictate to Clio, and to speak distinctly and mind her stops:—

His Holiness the Pope discovered and announced his own likeness

His Holiness the Pope discovered and announced his own likeness to Tobry, and some persons who do not usually agree with His Holiness, approved this comparison, as Tobry became supernaturally blind for a season. The Challenger discovered that the little fish called the Gonotryx lived deeper in the Sea than had been supposed, and a delighted and grateful universe burst into acolamation. The Lord Chief Justice gave Mr. Onstow and Mr. Whaller a tremendous wigging, and fined each of them £100 for their over zeal in the cause of their friend the ex-Claimant.

Convocation entirely smoothed the difficulties of those who disapprove the Athanasian Creed, by declaring that it really meant nothing but what we all hold to be true, and that it is not at all menacing. All parties instantly embraced with a fervour that did them infinite honour, and this redintegratio amoris enabled Mr. Gladstores utterly to floor Mr. Mall, and execute a dance upon his remains. The Shah began to come, and became the most awful nuisance (it was not his fault, however), until he had visited England, had caused fathers and husbands more botheration than Persia itself is worth, and had gone away amid the roars of cannon and the executations of Paterfamilias. All the hack prophets vented idiotic predictions about the Derby, which we need not say was won by a horse which no one but Mr. Punch announced would be victor. The Alexandra Palace shared the fate of Persepolis after Alexandre's Feast. Mr. Hawkins invited a jury to find the ex-Claimant guilty of perjury.

Our American cousins very properly polished off the Modoes, in spiture of sentimental ululation from folks who live very far out of danger from any savages. The Russians, having quite satisfied the very good-natured Lord Granville to explain to Parliament that has been done. We held Hospital Sunday, and London behaved in a very mean way, the people at 8t. Paul's giving only £500. However, they elevated themselves by getting on the chairs to stare at the Punces and Palacess of Wales. Mr. Fole

everybody's memory. What is going to follow, it is impossible to say, but there is good hope that the skill and valour of Sir Garner Wolseler and his brave little band will save them from the consequences which home-blunderings lead us to fear. We invite everybody who arrives at these words to lay down the paper for a moment, and drink to Sir Garner and his army in anything that is handy. Potaturi vos salutant. Now to go at it again, pleasure first and business afterwards is a golden rule.

A pleasing scene occurred, in July, in the House of Lords. The Duke of Richmond thought his relative, the Duke of St. Albans, had called him a fool, and the descendants of Louise de La Queroualle and of Eleanor Gwynn left it to the other Lords to say who had been wrong. We were delighted to hear that H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh had won the heart of the Russian Princess, and to reward him for his gallantry we made handsome settlements on the young couple. In Ireland a murderer was not only convicted but hanged, which miracle made Dr. Cumming think that the end of the world was coming. Probably the railway people thought the same, and that it did not much matter what happened, for there set in a system of the most tremendous slaughter of passengers, and though the same, and that it did not much matter what happened, for there set in

same, and that it did not much matter what happened, for there set in a system of the most tremendous slaughter of passengers, and though some of the catastrophes were worse than others, there has been no real cessation of this campaign against society up to the time at which we write. Then a miracle occurred in Scotland, a merchant giving £500,000 towards Church Extension.

About this time, August, Mr. Punch went out of Town, and ceased to trouble himself about any affairs except his own. He enjoyed himself by the sea-side very much, fished a good deal, smoked many excellent cigars, and greatly improved the minds of all who came in contact—not rudely—with him. He set a noble example to his species, he indulged himself in every way that occurred to him, but never sought to injure or annoy other persons, unless they irritated him by acting, talking, dressing, or looking in any way that was displeasing to him. In fact he showed himself the model which he has been ever since July, 1841.

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ave airs and h in He heard, however, that while he was away the Tichborne case went on, that some American rascals were tried and convicted for enormous forgeries on the Bank, that the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK had gone ad majores—especially of Dukes—and that KINO PRIAM'S treasure box had been discovered. That efforts were being made to place a Bourbon on the throne of France, and that they did not succeed, and so, later, France got a Dictator, and a very good one, the DUKE OF MAGENTA. A number of worthy Catholics made a very delightful and luxurious pilgrimage, under the care of MR. COOK, to the shrine of, St. Marie Alacocque, and Mr. Punch completed their happiness by conferring on them the title of Alacockalorums, of which they are more proud than of their feat. Sin George Jessel, received, amid plaudits, the bread-basket laid down by ROMILLY, and some of the Eton masters proposed to dock the boys comforts unless the parents would pay higher prices, whereat there was a shout which was not exactly floreat Etona. Mr. Memny won at Doncaster, thus being victor in Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger this year.

Now, we say—do you want any more of this? Because, of course, it is as easy as possible to a man—we mean a Reing, with Mr. Pissch's miraculous memory, excellent pen (quill—none of your metals—the quill is the only implement for a gentleman), and a Magic Inkstand, warranted to make black ink for a hundred years, to pour out this sort of record until it is time to dress for dinner. But if you do not care about it, and would rather be "posted up" in the topics of the hour, why, we will leave off with inconceivable pleasure and joy. Who wants to know anything that happened a week ago? What says Mr. Carling.—

"Know'st thou well Yesterday, its aim and reason, Workest thou well To-day, for worthy things, Then calmly wait To-morrow's hidden season, And fear not thou, what fate see'er it brings."

EVE AND DAY.



In those parts of England where the footsteps of the Celt may still be traced, and the Anglo-Saxon element has failed, though centuries have rolled away, to become thoroughly incorporated with the old Norman stock, it is considered positively unlucky to meet a piebald horse in a dark lane, between the hours of eleven and twelve on the night of the 31st of December. In districts where education has not made rapid strides and no School Boards have as yet been established, the country people will go miles out of their way rather than encounter a quadruped of this variegated description on New Year's Eve.

relation, is allowed to take part in this interesting coronony, and the servants are looked up in the kitchen whilst it is in progress.

In many country places it is looked upon as a singular omen to have to play at cards on New Year's Eve with a person who deals left-handed. This prejudice has been handed down through many generations, and those who watch the current of events are of opinion that it will never yield to the advancing tide of civilisation until the franchise in town and country is assimilated.

until the franchise in town and country is assimilated.

There are certain usages and customs connected with New Year's Day which should never be neglected, if you do not wish to become prematurely bald, or to find your clothes wearing out before you are ready to replace them, or to lose the respect and esteem of all who know you, during the ensuing year. Any book which deals with Sports and Pastimes, or Popular Antiquities, or the Wisdom of our Ancestors, will give full details of what it is indispensable to do on that day. All we can say here is to give a hint to those who have a turkey hanging up in their larder, that if the cook squints the bird must not be roasted, nor boiled if she has red hair. Should she, unfortunately, display both these personal defects, then all the authorities agree that a plain joint must be substituted—if you do not wish the dustman, postman, turneock, lamplighter, baker, butcher, greengrocer, and newspaper-boy to forget to call upon you on the 26th of December.

In Essex, Cumberland, Cornwall, and in some parts of Hertford-

In Essex, Cumberland, Cornwall, and in some parts of Hertford-shire and the Isle of Man, there is a current belief that if the first person you meet when you go out of doors on New Year's Day wears a white hat and a complete set of false teeth, and has the pupil of one eye larger than the other, you will be married (if single) before the year expires.

Avoid Good Resolutions on New Year's Day. You are more likely to keep them if you do not make them.

VERY PAT PÂTES.

In the Pall Mall Gasette of Christmas Eve you will find the following paragraph:

"Reporting the banquet to Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., in Paris the night before last, *Galignani* says the dishes offered to the company were in perfect keeping with the object of the meeting, 'the friends of peace' being regaled with petits patés à l'Alabama, poulardes truffées à la Cobdan, bombes pacifiques," &c.

The foregoing examples of gastronomic nomenclature will be In the South Midland Counties, it is the invariable custom in those households where there are more dark children than fair, to suspend a horse-shoe, wrapped round with invisible green baize, over the front door as the clock strikes twelve; and then for the whole family to retire backwards into the drawing-room reciting the four first rules in arithmetic. No inmate of the house who is not a blood



MORE ECONOMY.

A HINT TO "GOVER'MENT." A CHEAP REMOUNT FOR LIGHT DRAGOONS!

PENCILLINGS OF THE SEASON.

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Two of Life's Stages, Art, at Christmas-tide,
In print-shop windows as exhibited,
Is ever wont to image—Youth and Age.
Youth as a fat, smiling, or sleeping babe,
Or else a todding, pet, small girl or boy,
Meek-faced and mild to a burlesque degree.
Age, by old men in second infancy,
Who have out-lived their vices and their wits,
Bald, or with long white hair combed down their napes.
These, shaking hands, those, patting youngsters' heads,
Those others, clinking cups. Decrepit duffers,
Old humbugs shamming sad and solemn thought,
Bland, placid resignation, and content;
Or glowing radiant geniality,
Expressed in imbecile affected smiles.
They look so basely good! Old women, too,
In various aspects of fatuity,
Embody dotage. One crone sits and nods,
Dozing in an arm-chair, beside the fire.
Another, through a pair of spectacles,
Pores on, the broad page of an open Book,
Much, evidently, comforted therein
By that blest word, "Mesopotamia."
Into such aged women and old men
As these, such youth as those will one day turn.
These popular, pathetic portraitures,
Which charm the many minds of spoony mould,
Provoke a strange repugnance in your own,
Prompting, too strongly, plunge in wild excess Which charm the many minds of spoony mould, Provoke a strange repugnance in your own, Prompting, too strongly, plunge in wild excess And frantic dissipation. It is best, From contemplation of these moving works, To rush away unto a pantomime, And list the Clown shout "Here we are again!" And "How d'ye do to-morrow?" and behold Outrageous acts of mad buffoonery,

Open and undisquised; in this brief world Of unavailing sentiment and sighs, Fooling, perhaps, the best when all is done.

TWO SORTS OF SAVAGES.

SMILES, accompanied, however, by shakes of the head, must have been occasioned the other day by the subjoined paragraph, when it met the eyes of readers of the Times:—

"We have reason to believe that there is no foundation for the report published in the New York Times, and reproduced in our 'Latest Intelligence.' to the effect that the British Consul at the Havannah has been instructed immediately to assemble the British Naval Commanders in Cuban waters, as England demands the punishment of General Burnier, the Governor of Sentier."

Santiago."

The idea of even supposing Her Majesty's Government capable for a moment of entertaining the thought of sending such instructions as those to the British Consul at Havannah, betrays a most ludierous misconception of the character of a Ministry which calculates the consequences of a spirited policy and counts the cost.

General British subjects. But what if the Cuban authorities were to reject a demand mode by the British Naval Commanders in Cuban waters for the punishment of General Burkers. The British Naval Commanders would have either to put up with the refusal, or to bombard Havannah. In the former case, they would stultify themselves and their country; in the latter, their action might embroil us with Spain. It is lucky for General Burkers, or for the Havannah people, that Cuba is the dependency of a State still, though distracted with civil war, capable, as an enemy, of giving trouble, instead of being such another kind of territory as an island of savages in the South Pacific.

MAGNANIMOUS MAXIM. - Never give a Christmas-box to any underling who has it not in his power to spite you, if he chooses, by neglecting your business.



THE MANAGER'S ROOM.

Mr. P. "WELL, MY DEAR DRAMATISTS, WHAT ARE TO BE OUR 'HITS' FOR THE SEASON?"

Mr. G. "I SHALL PROBABLY HAVE SOMETHING OF A VERY SERIOUS AND SENSATIONAL CHARACTER!"

Mr. D. "AND I'VE A CAPITAL NOTION FOR A BURLESQUE, ONLY THE PLOT ISN'T QUITE SETTLED!"

SAMPLE FRANCISCO INT

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(The Great Horse Trial at CLUMBER'S.)



BALLY, CLUMBER is astonished to see TROTT. TROTT is cheery and good-humoured with CLUMBER, who, how-

ever, eyes him sulkily. Unusually deaf, CLUMBER appears to be this morning. If he'd only seen us over his wire window-blind, and hadn't been standing at his own door, he'd have gone up to his bedroom and sent the squinting Ostler to say Not at home.

But we caught him. I am sure he is now me ditating his line of con-

First. Shall he say the horse isn't in?

Secondly, Shall he say that his Father-in-law won't part with it? Thirdly. Or that

Fourthly. Shall he put up the price?

This occupies his mind while he is putting his hand up to his ear, and shaking his head, to imply that he can't make out what I'm saying.

What I have been saying is, simply, "Here we are about the

Of course he ought to know, at once, what we've come for. He

He decides on risking it, and orders Squinting Tow-[Happy Thought.—Good title for something—Squinting Tom of Coventry. Note for Christmas Book — to "fetch out the little mare."

"Fine morning, Mr. CLUMBER," says TROFF, pleasantly. "Hey?" returns CLUMBER, putting his hand to his right ear. TROTT takes the hint, goes round CLUMBER, and arrives at his

left ear. Good idea this of Thorr's. Can't both be deaf.

This strategic movement so takes CLUMBER by surprise that when TROTT says, always most pleasantly, "We've come over to have a look at this little mare of yours,"

CLUMBER replies, instantly,
"Ah, yes. Well! you'll like her. She's first-rate."

Another notion has now evidently struck CLUMBER. It is, as a

Happy Thought.—Get the better of Thorr semshow.

CLUMBER brightens up.
"You've had a longish drive," he says. "Won't you take something? Give you a first-rate glass of—um—um—beer."

If CLUMBER's idea is that every man has his price, and that Taorr's is beer, he has clearly mistaken his man.

Perhaps his first notion was a five-pun' note. Then, perhaps, the chance of his being sold himself by a brother in the trade flashed across him, and he substituted in his mind the offer of "a glass of wine," which would be generous, hospitable, friendly, and might, if strong port, obfuscate Thorr. Then it clearly occurred to him that, for purposes of obfuscation, beer would do as well, and would save expense. And so, through indecision and stinginess, CLUMBER has failed.

The Horse is brought out by Squinting Tow, who stands, as usual,

at her head, looking about in all directions at once

SPOKER, in his apron and shirt-sleeves, looks in from next door. He enters cheerily, prepared to feel sure to congratulate me on my purchase, and, when I ve gone, to say to Clumber, "Well, I helped you to sell the horse. You'd never ha'done it without me. How much?" And then there would, probably, have been a row.

SPOKER'S smile subsides when he sees Thorr. STOKER looks at CLUMBER, but CLUMBER won't acknowledge his presence, which, I

See, discourages Spoken considerably.

CLUMBER rubs his chin, and eyes Trotr's proceedings. So do I.

For me this is quite a lesson in horse examination; and, by observing Trotr, and asking a few questions, I shall be able to know what to do next time, by myself, without Trotr's assistance.

First, TROTT is stern with the Ostler. "Stand him on level ground, my man," says TROTT, roughly.
Ostler, evidently having failed in his first attempt at deception,

whatever it may have been, humbly obeys.
"A little more forward into the light, my man," says TROTT,

almost savagely.

whatever it may have been, humbly obeys.

"A little more forward into the light, my man," says Trott, almost savagoly.

The way he says "my man," must be most irritating to the Squinting Ostler, I'm sure Clusher doesn't like it.

Trott eyes her all over; stands in front of her, displacing the Ostler for a minute, and looks along her sides, from the nose, as a starting point of view, apparently to see if she's straight.

I am just about to sak him, "What do you do that for?" when it occurs to me that, if I do, it will seem as though I differed from him as to his method, and this would bring in Clushen & Co., who would all say, jeeringly, "Ah, yes! what do you do that for?"

Happy Thought.—Ask him afterwards—all alone, privately. Note in Mem. Book.—"Why did he do that?"

Thorr opens her mouth, and takes a searching look at her teeth. He, evidently, as a doctor, has an eye, too, for her tongue. Thorr knows what he's about. Glad I brought Thorr.

Then he takes off his hat, and shades the mare's left eye with it, and he repeats the operation on the right eye. He inspects both eyes carefully.

Odd! I should never have thought of this. Perhaps the animal is blind as a bet, or going blind.

Thorr doesn't speak to anyone.

Solemn moment. "Waiting for the Verdiet."

He feels the legs, he examines the knees. He lifts up the feet, fore and himd (dangerous part of his business this), and, after passing his hand over her quarters (I think they're called "quarters," but, arithmetically, they occupy a third of the horse from his tail to the beginning of the fall in his back), he whispers to me, mysteriously, what sounds like, "Splinter—off—fore."

I am glad I brought Thorr.

How should Thave found out that she had got a splinter in her off fore-leg? I've had a splinter in my hand before now, and it's very painful. In. one's leg it would most likely cause lameness. How did she gut it? By falling against a gate, or against some wood in the stable, or an unfinished shaft in harness?

Mem.—Ask him afterwards.

"How alould I have t

am not in cords and boots.

"Better," says Mr. Thorr; "just to see if she satisfies you."
It looks so absurd for a man, who has come to buy a horse for riding and driving, set to try her by riding and driving her, that I accept. With a sporting air, I say, carelessly, "Very well. I'll just chuck my leg over her."

Feel in a cold shiver. When I am "chucking my leg over her,"
I wonder what she'll do? Horses are such intelligent creatures that, by the time I've been on two minutes, she'll be sure to discover that I haven't ridden for three years.

Wish I could withdraw.
I say to CLONNER, in a tone implying contemptations indifference.

I say to CLUMBER, in a tone implying contemptuous indifference for anything any horse may attempt with me, "She's quite quiet, ch?"

"Quite," says CLUMBER, who is beginning to have a better opinion of Thorr.

Happy Thought.—To ask Thorr, quickly and privately, "What's the good of my riding her, if she's got a splinter in her off fore-leg or foot?"

Thorr replies, "Why, if she suits you in every other respect, I shouldn't think much of that."

Ah! but I do.

Here she is, saddled. Usual difficulty about stirrups. Always seems, whenever I get into a fresh saddle, that a Life Guardsman has been using it just before me. After some alterations I say it's "All right." At least, as "all right" as I shall be for the next

ten minutes Happy Thought.—Walk her at first.

Must try her walk as well as any other pace. On the whole, scalking is what I should be most particular about an horse. Seek

walks well. Somehow, she seems to have got a long and loose neck, walks well. Somenow, she seems to have got a long and loose neck, that goes up and down, and she has a way of looking from side to side, as though, when I'm off my guard, she intended doing something that will rather surprise me.

Happy Thought.—Sit tight. Don't be "off my guard."
CLUMBER, TROTT, SPOKER, and Ostler are standing at stable-door,

watching me.
Wonder what they 're saying?
Should imagine it not complimentary. Must try a trot.



STORIES FOR SUNDAY EVENINGS.

Mamma. "So NOW, MAGGIE, YOU UNDERSTAND ALL THE STORY OF LOT'S WIFE-DON'T YOU!

Maggie. "YES-BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHERE ALL THE SALT COMES FROM THAT ESS'T MADE OUT OF LADIES."

NEW POLICE FOR PANTOMIMES.

The Officers of Law and Order, the Police, at this time of the year, are wont, impersonated in all the various pantomimes, to be upheld to the respect and veneration of the British Public. On the stage they receive what certain blockheads who suppose "ovation" to have something to do with eggs, would call "a nightly ovation," but for the circumstance that they are usually petted, not with eggs, but with vegetables. A voyage on the river, on one of the late fine days, from London Bridge to Waterloo in a penny steamer, attested the extraordinary mildness of the season, and brought into view a Thames Police Station. This suggested the mossibility of an improvement, in the way of addition croordinary midness of the season, and brought into view a Thames Police Station. This suggested the possibility of an improvement, in the way of addition and novelty, on the customary pantomimic exhibition of the Police. Occasion right be taken to introduce, in some scene suitable to their agency, a number of aquatic policemen distinguished by peculiarities indicative of design and adaptation to an amphibitous existence. There is also a fluviatile officer of the Corporation of London, who, if exhibited in connection with the Thames Police, would, no doubt, afford amusement. Good funcould unquestionably be got out of the Water Bailiff, represented as organised after a fashion presumably suitable to his official life. Both the Water Bailiff and the Water Police present themselves to the eye of imagination as a sort of Mermen, having lower extremities analogous to those of fishes or seals; thus exhibiting affinities to the finny or the flappery tribes. Their function may be conceived to be principally that of swimming after loose fish. The idea of Water Babies was pretty and graceful in a high degree, to which a proportional amount of merriment would not fail to be created by effectively dramatising Water Bobbies. created by effectively dramatising Water Bobbies.

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.

Amonger the brakes and bushes, A walkun Christmas Day, The song and mizzel thrushes I heerd both sing away.

The mildness of the season It was as made 'em sing,
O course that stands to reason,
They thought as how 'twas spring.

Now let us tap our barrels, So merry we will be, While birds sings Christmas carols On top o' many a tree. HAWFINCH.

Now, how to get her into a trot without hitting her with the whip they've given me which would only make her irritable—or, without touching her "quarters," which might make her kick, and then Clumber & Co. would see me come off, or very nearly,—or without saving "tehk" to her, which might startle her.

I give her her head. She makes use of it to stretch her neck, as if she were stretching out her chin and pooh-poohing me, and she only walks more beinged.

she were stretching out her chin and pooh-poohing me, and ane only walks more leisurely.

I must touch her with the whip.

Now, then. I must stick my knees in firmly, feel that I'm like a rock in the saddle, and then touch her—very gently.

I do; and am prepared for rearing, kicking, shying—anything.

Not a bit. She takes no notice of it.

Becoming bolder, I do it again—harder.

No; she doesn't feel it.

Suppose I . . I tremble at the thought . . . considering I haven't ridden for three years—suppose I . . . hit her on the hind quarters?

I sit firmer than ever, brace myself for an effort, and, imagining that the result will be to find myself, the next moment, flying among the branches of the trees, I hit her—very gently, and, so, to speak, No effect.

No effect.

Oho! Now I don't mind increasing the force. Another. Another, harder. Without any kick, or rearing, she simply throws up her head, and suddenly, trots.

All my rock-like firmness is shaken out of my knees at the first movement, and the stirrups seem to have let themselves out a good half-inch. Nearly off sideways, but recover myself somehow.

From this she goes into a canter. I seem to roll a good deal in the saddle, and I should say CLUMBER & Co.'s view of me would be

absurd. The saddle appears to slide forward, and there is nothing of the horse in front of me. I can only describe the sensation by saying that it seems to me, that, should the horse like to double itself up from the front, it could slip its fore-legs through its own girths, and get away from under its own saddle, leaving me on it on the road, as easily as possible.

Happy Thought.—Sort of Davenport-Brother Horse. Good trick

for a circus.

We stop; and turn. I should like to walk slowly back. Horse will trot now, and it's down hill to the stable.

Happy Thought.—As I cannot stop him without jerking his head, and perhaps spoiling his mouth (which CLUMBER won't like if I don't buy him), I yield and endeavour to look as though I were still traine him.

trying him.

Really he,—I mean she,—she is trying me.

The trial is over, except that TROTT gets up, and puts her through

her paces.
Verdict to be pronounced, in Clumber's absence. Thorr advises
Verdict to be pronounced, in Clumber's absence. I don't think I me not. I agree with Thorr. Sorry for CLUMBER. I don't the care about riding as I used to. I shall go in for driving only.

The Perils of M.P.'s.

In his address at Liskeard, Mr. Horsman is reported to have said that, "he attributed the fact of his having had measles three times to his having had to kiss so many babies on his canvass." In the opinion of the mothers, no doubt this kissing was a treat for the affectionate Candidate. But as treating is now illegal, Mr. Horsman will be able in future to imitate Hoop's "little O'Patrick," and "evade the bliss."

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A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Ethel. "What's this about, Willie?"

Willie (contemptacusly). "O, it's only a Man being Photographed—or
Married—or Something of that Sort!"

CANTATA FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Recitation

This festive season is, we know,
The season of gratuities;
Of paying more than what we owe,
And gorging superfluities.

Aria.

Christmas comes but once a year; When it comes, it costs us dear. Brings us heaps of heavy bills, And a lot of other ills; Christmas troublesome appeals, Christmas meetings, Christmas meals, Christmas games and fooleries, Christmas toys and Christmas toys and Christmas toys, Christmas toys, Christmas boxes, Christmas boxes, Christmas boxes, Christmas boxes.

HEARTY DEARS.

An exclamation uttered by Othello, in a particular sense, is capable of being applied in a wider meaning, and therein suggested to parents and guardians, just now, at this festive season of exercise of the digestive organs:—

100

That we can call these delicate creatures ours, And not their appetites."

The knife and fork, to use an elegant suphemism, which very many young ladies, as well as their brothers home for the holidays, may, about this time, be seen to play, not only at dinner, but also at supper afterwards, to say nothing of previous breakfast, lunch, and tea, cannot but, on the part of many of their seniors, excite an emotion of envious regret, neatly expressible, as above, in the words of Othello.

Holiday Thought.

It is very foolish to be always reading, and making notes, and trying to remember things. How much better to know as little as possible, and so, in every piece of information that is given you, to find the charm of novelty, which is the charm of existence.

ST. BARNABAS HIS BALDAC-CHINO.

(In judicium TRISTRAMI tristissimum.)

TRISTIS sum et eram,
Since that Dr. Tristram,
On our Church move Remeward
Immisit capistrum,
Or, in common English,—
As Latin's for the altar,—
Clapt a cruel muszle,
Meant to serve as halter.

Yes, as hempen halter,
Ritualism for hanging;
Fain, I'm sure, our foes would
Slay, instead of slanging.
But as they can't hang ua
At their cruel wish up,
Tristram hangs our movement
Up, for the Archbishop.

Thwarting, in our persons,
Papist predilections,
Stopping our cup-liftings,
And our genuficxions:
Pulling off our vestments,
Putting out our candles,
In a word, unscrewing
All our Roman handles.

But this last "back-stopper"
On our Romeward vergings,
Is, p'rhaps, the most cruel
Of our cruel scourgings.

Blind to hidden meanings,
Which, as Ritualists, we know,
TRISTRAM will not have us
Build a Baldacchino.

You that talk of torments
Borne by saints of old,
Of stray sheep bewildered,
Wanderers from the fold,
What saints so afflicted,
What stray sheep, do ye know,
Like our saints and sheep, shorn
Of their Baldacchine?

Should the blest St. Barnabas,
In the Court appearing,
For his parish priesthood
Boldly ask a hearing,
And on the allegiance
We to POPE o'er QUEEN owe,
Claim immediate licence
For a Baldacchino,

TRISTRAM and Archbishop,
Who'll say which in broader
Terms, or more audacious,
Would refuse the order;
Fall back on Church Primitive,
And ask what did She know
Of such—say—"erections"
As a Baldacchino?

Such the flimsy reason
I've this judgment read in,
For the saint refusing
A place to put his head in;

Till at last, or, as they Say at Rome, infino, In the cold they leave us, Senza Baldacohino!

TRISTEAM, coremonial
Judging, and Church-symbol!—
Whose patristic learning
Would not fill a thimble!
TRISTRAM corsus LIDDELL!—
If he knew what we know—
Each Church-apse, i' the middle,
Had its Baldacchino.

But while Docror Tristram,
Blinded and benighted,
Won't have Roman candles,
On our altars lighted,
Grudges show and splendour,
Which Church might to scene owe,
We must stoop to altars
Bare of Baldacchino.

Dotage sacerdotal
We must keep at home;
And not do as Rome does,
Till we are at Rome.
To spiritual, not ritual
Side, while BULL shall lean, O,
We in vaim may whistle
For our Baldacchino!

CREINACY AND WEDLOCK.—If single life is bad, then it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad.



RE-ASSURING.

Criticising Friend (to Nervous Man on New Horse). "O! NOW I RECOLLECT THAT MARE. SMASHEM BOUGHT HER OF CRASHEM LAST SEASON, AND SHE BROKE A COLLAR-BONE FOR EACH OF THEM."

A BOLD MAN.

Mr. W. Cunningham Glen has been moving in the Kensington Vestry for a Commission to devise means for putting the making and management of Gas into the hands of the Metropolitan Vestries!

Mr. Glen is a distinguished official of the Local Government—late Poor-Law—Board. He must surely wish to introduce into the lighting of London the great principle of which his Board is such a master—" How not to do it."

Looking to the state of the things already under the London Vestries in restricted as a cool

Looking to the state of the things already under the London Vestries—in particular, scavenging and road repair—it seems a cool proposal to add Gas-lighting to the number. The result is less likely to be summed up in the old Latin motto, "Ex fumo dare lucem," than in its converse, "Ex luce dare fumum."

Considering what average "Vestrymen's prope is, it is surely too much to insist on making poets of them at once, by asking them to become masters of our metres. Perhaps Mr. Glen thinks that the Vestries having, in their altercations, exhausted every species of retort—except the retort courteous—they should, in fairness, have our gas-retorts to fall back upon.

Gas-refuse is the most offensive of all refuse. But in the case of Mr. Glen's Gas proposition, Mr. Punch can only say, "Refuse, by all means."

all means.

If the Gas does ever fall under the domain of the Vestries, Mr. Punch offers them a motto, from Othello,—" Put out the light—and then!"

A Question.

(To be asked by MR. MIALL, mest Session.)

THE following statement appeared in the Times :-

"Fish.-The value of Fish, salted and cured, imported this year, was £719,880.

SENSIBLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

(In comparison, at least, to many we have met with.)

EDWIN TO ANGELINA.—All serene, my poppet, you shall have a latchkey and a cigar, yes even in the drawing-room. Mais écoute moi, je templore! You must send Mamma to Jericho, and give her Penek's Almanaek to amuse her on the journey.

MISSING.—A Perambulator, containing two fine Babies. Straw hats and pink ribbons; carrotty hair and turn-up noses. Answer to the names of Tiddy ICKLE SING and POOTTY ICKLE PETTURE. Whoever will restore thom to their disconsolate parents shall be hendeomely rewarded with a presentation copy of Punch's splendid Almanack. MISSING.

NEXT OF KIN WANTED.—If Heirs Male or Female, or any of the Family of BENJAMIN DE BOOYNS, otherwise Buggins, a resident at Honolulu in the year 1535, will apply for Punch's Almanack at the Office, 85, Floot Street, they will there see Something very much to their Advantage.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL is Punch's bright and spark-ling Almanack. The brilliancy of its contents will cheer the coldest company, and people who are warmed by the fire of its wit will find they can dispense with half their usual fuel.

PORPHYRIUS NOLANUS. — Scholars well acquainted with the Works of this old Poet are requested to supply the Civil Service Examiners with the original Greek text of the passage in Book iv., v. 265, et seq., so admirably translated and so classically illustrated in Panel's dazzling Almenack for the coming year.

THE HYENA TO THE HEN CANARY.—Please meet me by moon-light alone, where the aspens sadly quiver, beneath the horrid torrid zone, or on the rolling frozen river. There will I breathe soft kines in thy, captive ear, and show thee Panch's Almanok, delightful and not dear.

"Figure The value of Fish, salted and cured, imported this year, was [19,880."

Taking this for his text, let the eminent Disestablisher inquire, First—How much of this was expended in Psalters?

Secondly—How much went to those who have the "Cure of Souls?"

LEFT IN A CAB.—A Lody's Sealskin Jacket, containing in the pockets a seemt-bottle, a silver snuff-box, an ivory fan, a well-filled purse, a pair of scissors, a gold thimble, and an annotated copy of Punch's Almanack for 1874. Wheever will restore the latter precious article is well-come to retain the Jacket and the rest of its contents. Address "Sorno-Nana," 47, Grosvenor Square.



"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

(A REMINISCENCE OF BOXING-DAY.)

Sir Gorgy Guzzles. "Got a Pain, have you? Well, serve you Right! I cannot understand why you and the other Servants should think it NECESSARY TO MAKE PIGS OF FOURSELVES ON ONE PARTICULAR DAY OF THE YEAR, JUST BECAUSE IT HAPPENS TO BE THE 25TH OF DECEMBER!"

The Page. "O, Sir, Please Sir! Christmas makes no Difference to you, Sir. You and her Ladyship can perform that Hoperation nevery blessed Day of your Lives, Sir!"

[A Month's Notice.

AS BROAD AS HIGH.

An instructive article in the Saturday Review, on Lyell's Antiquity of Man, contains the remarkable passage following:—

"Through all, as SIR CHARLES LYELL emphatically urges in closing his work, fortifying himself with the able advocacy of Dr. Asa Grav, it is to be kept in mind that there is nothing in the doctrine of transmutation, any more than in the simple extension of man's antiquity, to weaken the foundations of religion."

From the tenor of frequent articles on ecclesiastical subjects in the Saturday Review, the readers of that well-written miscellany will probably infer that by religion it means that religion preached by very High Church Clergymen of the Church of England, and by Roman Catholic Priests—those, at least, of the Gallican school. People who look for theological information to the Saturday Review will, some of them, perhaps, find themselves both enlightened and astonished by a statement, in their estimation authoritative, representing "the doctrine of transmutation" as not contrary to sound doctrine of divinity. They will, no doubt, feel agreeably conscious that they have learned something in having been apprised, that what they were taught to believe a true account of the age and ancestry of mankind, being rightly understood, is that man's origin dates back through countless ages from a period of indefinite antiquity—that his pedigree may be traced up to a marine Ascidian, that his first parents, so to call his more immediate progenitors, were anthropoid apse, and that the harmonic declaring him to have lapsed from a primitive altitude is to be taken really to signify that his existence began at the lowest degree of being, whence he arose, and has been, on the whole, gradually ascending in the moral and intellectual scale ever since.

Many a shallow sceptic will be confounded, if not corrected, by the announcement that this explanation of the canonical history of mankind by no means tends to weaken the foundations of religion—that is to say, the religion professed and proclaimed by Dr. Puber and Archibeacon Drinson; to say nothing of

DR. NEWMAN, ARCHRISHOP MANNING, and the POPE: although, to weak and superficial minds, that exegesis may seem a little too broad, perhaps, for BISHOP COLENSO. To be sure, though, there is a sense, in which the statement, that there is "nothing" in the doctrine of transmutation "any more than" in the simple extension of man's antiquity, to weaken the foundations of religion, might be accepted by the most orthodox of divines.

THE RED-HOT POKER.

AT this festive season At this restave season

Not a word of reason!

Or you talk high treason

Flat against the Crown.

O the red-hot poker! O the mirth-provoker! O the screaming joker!
O the rampant Clown! O the red-hot poker, &c.

Come, young fellow, turning
From the paths of learning,
For amusement burning,
Who art home from school.
Mistletoe and holly;
Waken thoughts of folly;
Let us then be jolly:
Go and see the fool. O the red-hot poker, &c.

See him kick and whop men, Smear and swab and mop men, Cheat and swindle shopmen, Burn the Pantaloon, And, with fresh roars greeted, Then himself, too, seated On the poker heated:

What a great buffoon! O the red-hot poker, &c.

Gorge and act the glutton, Steal, from folk that strut on, Sundry legs of mutton, Sausages, and geese; Stuff in pocket ample: Law and order trample; Set us youth example, Cheeking the Police. O the red-hot poker, &c.

Nurse a baby, dress it, Wash it, duck it, mess it, Cram it, choke it, bless it; Dandle, dance, and jump it, Bang it, bounce it, bump it, Beat it, thwack it, thump it, At its mother fling. O the red-hot poker, &c.

Make a slide of butter,

AMENDS TO THE ARCHDEACON.



doth not wrong. Let it be known, then, that in a Sermon preached by the Archdeacon at St. Ethelburga's, and recently alluded to by Mr. Punch, the former confession" would secure the joys most of all to be desired, did not use the word in the Roman-Catholic sense, but he designed to imply confession of the faith of the Church. This correction Mr. Punch is as happy to make as he is to perceive, from its being desired, that the other idea is repudiated. Then Mr. Punch is informed that it was owing to the Archdeacon's not perceiving the stole (which had been laid on the edge of the pulpit) that he did not put it on until his discourse was somewhat advanced. That he kissed it, is not denied. Our friends the Ritualists perform the ceremony of kissing the stole when they put it on, and also when they take it off. Whether this process be not a violation of the statute De Osculis, cited by the Reverend Grand Master Beaumanoir in the case of Rebecca of York, is open to consideration; but in the meantime Mr. Punch is happy to show that even against such an enemy of the faith as Ritualism he employs no weapons save those of truth and ridicule.

CREMATION.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S remarkable article on this subject, in the Contemporary Review, furnishes the Spiritualistic Table-rappers with a new theory, of which, if they are only half sharp, they will speedily avail themselves. SIR H. Thompson write

"Our mahogany of to-day has been many negroes in its turn, and before the African existed, was integral pertions of many a generation of extinct species."

The mahogany table is then evidently "all alive Ot" and only wants just so much galvanic force applied to it as may bring its dormant powers into action. The Mediums may thank Siz Hissax for his words, and Sir Punck for having drawn attention to them. If Cremation should ever become the rule (and we take this earliest opportunity of saying that we trust it may—more of this anon), the first Cemetery, or, rather, Crematory, would be in Berners Street.

TRUE THOMAS AND HIS ORDER.

"The Prussian Royal Order of Merit of the Civil Class has been presented to the English historical biographer of FREDREICK THE GREAT."

Stoop, old Sicamber! Bend the neek Thou still so stiff hast borne: With star and ribbon while they deck Thy gaberdine well-worn.

True Thomas, say, if, prophet-souled, Thou e'er hadst second-sight Of thyself ribboned, starred, enrolled In Prussian ranks a knight?

Scortor resortus! Shall we note, As men clothes-moulded be, This buttoned-up, black-eagled coat Work any change in thee?

Or art thou timber all too tough For tailors' dummy hollow; Though Prussia lead court-suit, too rough Prussian court suit to follow?

Methinks I see thee-face to face, With him of blood and iron, Owning PRINCE BISMARCK of the race Whom verities environ

No wind-bag this, thy brother Knight Who the black-eagle boars: A man of facts—with shams to fight Where'er they shame the stars.

And this grim, grey old Emperor, Whose back no years can curve, Methinks is a grand master dour Enough for thee to serve.

I see Drill-Sergeant FRIEDRICH's ghost The Tabagie below Leaving, his bear-hug as a host Upon thee to bestow.

"RITTER CARLYLE, so rauchen Sie Tabak? So gut: ich auch."
And Bear-King and Ber-serk I see,
In clouds of kindred rauch.

The clouds that from thy midnight clay. And midnight-musing brain, Have blended, wholesomely alway, Strong scent, and strengthening strain;

Breathed the keen breath of forceful truth That still inspires thy page How good work seed-corn is of youth That would reap har'st of age.

"No lie shall live: no man by lies: God's debts are paid at last: He with the Devil's coin that tries To pay them, will be east!"

Plain truths—so plain to be descried, Unmarked we pass them by: Truths that bed-rid by Error's side In the mind's lazaret lie.

Truths ne'er so old but new they show, When some clear tongue and brain Drives home on all what all men know, Till faiths are facts again.

This was thy work, old Chelsea seer; And well it hath been done; And honour's crown on thy grey hair Sits well at set of sun.

Our mother England has no stars For soldiers of the Pen; With us such honours spring from wars Watered with blood of men.

Then let us rather smile then sneer, When from the Vaterland, Whose thought to us he has brought near, There is stretched forth a hand,

To pin the badge of merit fair On Carlyle's manly breast: The star can shed no honour there, Tis honoured there to rest.

A TERRIBLE INVENTION!



civility of the attendants left nothing to be desired, and he must compliment the printer of the programme upon the elegance of his typography. The chairs in the box had been dusted regardless of expense, and when he came out, the mild yet manly declamation with which the porter summoned the carriage was an honour to that official's lungs and heart.

He would be glad to continue in the style of the late SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, and to lavish enthusiastic praise upon everything and everybody. But, as usual at Christmas, this laudation has been performed so generously by all his brother critics, that he objects to performing a work of supercrogation—disagreeing, he may observe, with the Article that says there is no such thing. He was very, with the Article that says there is no such thing. He was very, with the Article that says there is no such thing. He was very, with the Article that says there is no such thing. He was very, with the Article that says there is no such thing. He was very, with the Article that says there is no such thing. He was very, with the Article that says there is no such thing. He was very comfortably scated, was in agreeable company, and was in the full enjoyment of his exquisite good temper. The crowded house, with excellent taste, abstained from any direct demonstration of welcome to him on his presenting himself, but when all rose at the first notes of the Anthem, it was manifest that be was recognised, and but for the impatience of the audience for the spectacle, it was probable that he would have

"Seen their sympathy descending in the fruitage of Beville,"

The impatience of the andiness for the speciacies, it was probable that he weald have

"Boot them of the property desenting in the frequency of the impatience of the andiness of the deservation, it was probable to the heavy the property of the impatience of the andiness who have the property of the impatience of the administration which on Boxing High cannot demonstrate the speak of the property of the impatience of the administration which on Boxing High cannot be second of it, wender whether it might not be a good thing to ratio the property of the speak of the property of the speak of the spea



DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

Extremely High-Church Lady. "Of DON'T GO AWAY, Mr. BUSBY-WE ARE JUST GOING TO HAVE COMPLINE!" Mr. Busby. "MANY THANKS, MY DEAR LADY, BUT I COULDN'T EAT ANOTHER MORSEL!"

THE VATICAN HATTER.

Hars, hats, red hats! Who'll buy, who'll buy?
My red hats, with Church crowns inside 'em!
Come, reverend heads, my measures try!
Mine is the sole shop to provide 'em!
The old-established Vatican hatter,
The red hat is my specialtie!
The shape of head don't so much matter;
There 's but one kind of head for me,—
That's the head with no tongue to chatter,
No brain to think, no eyes to see;
Many stone walls 'twill have to batter,
So thick enough for ram must be.

There's only one point I insist on;
The head must, in no case, be long;
And I prefer such skulls my list on,
As while they're thick are aught but strong.
A contradiction in conditions,
For human brain-pans, some may say,
And, doubtless, naturalist physicians
Might be found ready with their "nay;"
But 'mong the Vatican hatter's missions
Is this, by voice ax Cathedrâ,
Irreconcileable positions
To reconcile, in non-natural way.

So I proclaim, from my old shop,
The only shop to change unknown—
The drip of Time's all-wearing drop
Eats not one grain of PETER's stono—
The heads my hats are like to hit
Most hard and yet most soft must be:
So hard, they'll turn the shafts of wit
At my infallibility;

So soft, they'll mould to suit the sit Of any head-gear I decree; Strong "les plus lourdes Salettes,"* to fit, And round or square, as pleases mo.

While such the heads that I require,
My safest custom is in Rome.
Your English heads have too much fire
To be safe 'neath St. Peter's dome.
You ne'er know but they'll flare about
Some brands of learning, logic, law,
Such as red hats as sure put out
In Latin pates, as fire damp straw.
But when your English heads from doubt
Pass to omnivorous faith and awe,
My measure they stretch quite without. My measure they stretch quite without, And longer bows than mine will draw!

So in the recent red-hat rain So in the recent red-hat rain
Wonder not if no searlet brim
Has fallen, in the feverish brain
Of MANNING the wild-fire to dim.
'Tis not thus Pto Novo tries
To quench his English Roman candle,
Whose fire-balls, for their shine and size,
So shame Rome's, they cause quite a scandal,
Bedazzle ANTONELLI's eyes,
And almost singe the sacred sandal.

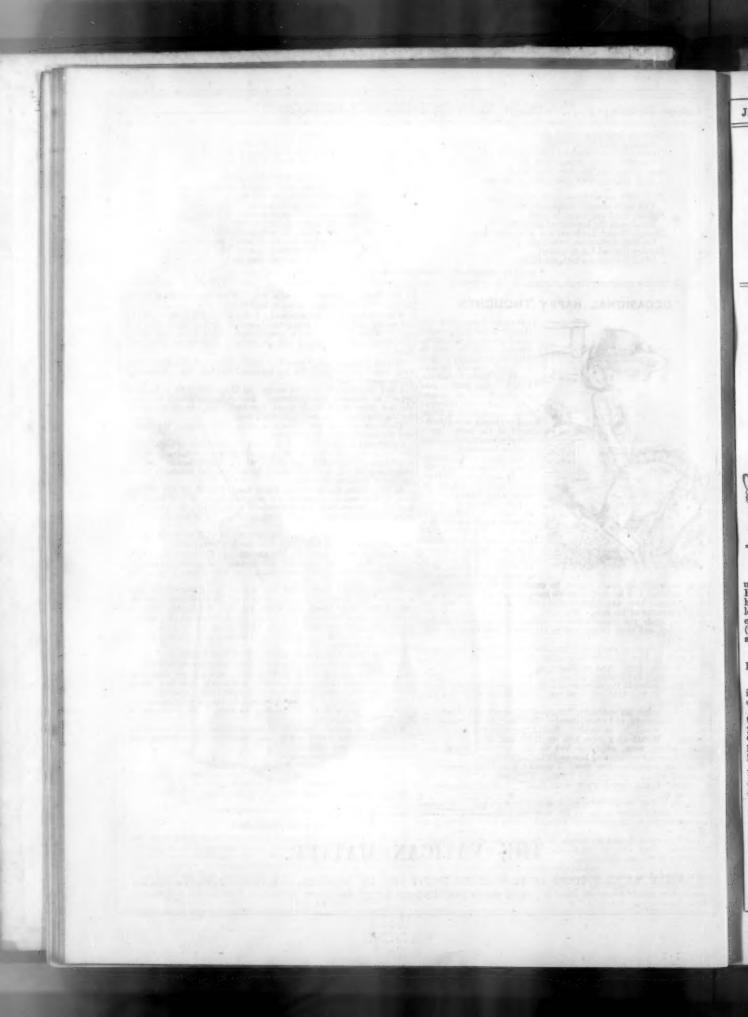
An Irish head its hat may boast,—
Hot as they are they 're rarely hard,—
Your CUMMING man is for a post
Which MANNING come could never guard.
Your English convert's zeal is such
As TALLEYRAND had styled de trop;

Salette, an iron head-piece; also a notorious place of pilgrimage, like Lourdes, and Paray-le-Monial.



THE VATICAN HATTER.

"SORRY WE'VE NOTHING IN THIS STYLE TO FIT YOU, DR. MANNING. AT PRESENT WE'VE ONLY GOT HATS FOR UNDER-SIZED HEADS."



Proving, they 're given to prove too much,
Playing, they 're apt their hands to show
'Twixt their two stools of Celt and Dutch of Too often to the ground they go,
And falling folk the stay they clutch
Will ofttimes with themselves bring low.

No! Give me with one Celtie head— Two more cases of Kilkenny Cats, Italian, Gaul and Slave, to shed Broad-east the honours of red hats. Though Church Lords are not what they were, Cardinal virtues are owned still; But one the red hat to confer, Of all the virtues hath the skill—

. In its etymological and ethnological sense of "Deutsch"-Teuton

Virtue to think I cannot err, That, true and false change as I will, That Heaven and Hell-gates both I stir With my cross-keys of good and ill.

What is the head of English mould,
Of size, shape, stuff, to take this in?
Big enough such beliefs to hold,
Small enough faith thereto to pin:
So strong 'gainst common-sense to stand;
So weak with sophistry to war;
So slavish, where the free join hand;
So free, where right and reason bar:
No! Until Marking is unmanned,
Better no hat than red hat, far!

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



UNTERING home after this Horse trial, which has ended in my giving up Clumber, Spoker, and Co., and in Thorr's promising to send me word directly he sees anything likely to suit me, I find at the garden-gate a carriage full of people. Three Ladies and a Clergyman. Accompanying them, and evidently as a detachment of the party, are a tall gentleman and a young lady on horseback.
DODDRIDGE, the melan-

choly Doddening is evidently explaining to them

that there's nobody at home when I arrive.

The Clergyman, seeing me, raises his hat. He is a brown-faced man with a his near this recent that the contribution of the big nose. His nose strikes me at once as something I've seen before, and having been once seen, not to

ing been once seen, not to be easily forgotten. It 's a nose that he seems to be easily forgotten. It 's a nose that he seems to mean that he seems to mean the seems to see what I make of Pullinger. It feel that all eyes are on me to see what I make of Pullinger.

of Pullinger.

It flashes across me suddenly, "Supposing I won't call to mind a trace of Pullinger, and reply, sternly, 'No, Sir, I do not remember you,' What would be the result? Would they turn him out of the carriage? Would they give him up there and then as an impostor, whose social existence had to this moment simply depended upon my recognising him as Pullingers?"

But I do remember him now. I recall his features gradually, beginning with the feature, and I say, "Why, so it is! Pullingers of course. I was sure I knew your face." I mean nose, but I don't say so. of PULLINGER.

don't say so.

I go on, "You 've altered so much since I laste aw you." If I put this as it really occurs to me at the moment, I should say, "Your nose has grown so tremendously I should hardly have known you again."

won't he come in, and his friends, in the carriage, and his friends on horses? They look at one another dubiously, as if there were something to pay for admission.

They seem to settle it, tacitly, among themselves, with a sort of rather patronising air, as if implying, "Well, you know, we don't commit ourselves to anything by going in. Pullinger is a Clergyman, and he says he knows all about it. At all events, if we don't like it, we can come out again."

The Mounted Gentleman calls out, "What shall we do with the horses?" as if he expected me to held them.

There's such a condessensional air about the whole party, that I am really inclined to answer the mounted visitor carelessly, and say, "What'll you do with your horses? O, let'em run about. You won't lose 'em, and, if you do, there's more where they came from." from.

from."

Happy Thought (for Procest),—Better horses in the stable than ever came out of it. (To be arranged for my New Processial Philosophy Book.)

I tell Dodder, who is surveying the scene with a funercal aspect, to summon the Gardener. She sighs, as though this were the last straw which would break her back, and goes off resignedly for the Gardener, who will hold the horses.

The weak part of our cottage is our drawing-room. It is small, and we are always spologising for it.

I generally explain that "I'm going to build a new wing," only the plans are not finished, or the estimates are not ready, or the something or the other isn't done, which simply means that, all things considered, my Aunt and I do not see the necessity of an outlay on the drawing-room.

As CHILVERS, the Architect, whom I did consult on the matter, said, "You see, in enlarging an ordinary room, it's different to making a concert-hall or a theatre hold more people. In such cases, more people more money, and it repays you. But you don't want that."

He is right: we don't. But, at present, five ladies in our drawing-room, if they don't sit quite still, are really a crowd.

Consequently, by the time PULLINGER and the three ladies, and the two dismounted visitors, are arranged somehow about the apartment, there's hardly any room for me, unless I sit on the piano.

piano.

Another curious fact about my Aunt's arrangements is, that whatever the number of visitors in the drawing-room, we are always one chair short. To make up this deficiency, there is generally a search all over the house, which results in the ugliest, oldest, and most eccentric-looking chair being brought down, by Doddenter, who takes a melancholy pleasure in appearing with it

nong the company.

Till this comes I have to stand up, which is awkward. On this present occasion the chair which is awkward.

On this present occasion the chair which Doddelge brings is a very peculiar uncomfortable-looking chair, with narrow sides (like an old-fashioned Hall-porter's chair), and a tall, oval back, made of cane and straw twisted together as compactly as a bechive.

Happy Thoughk.—If an artist wanted to draw a picture for the Illustrated London News of "Granny Knitting," this is the sort of chair he would place her in.

We are all seated, smiling. I am waiting for introductions. PULLINGER having introduced himself, seems to have suddenly come to a stand-still, or a sit-still.

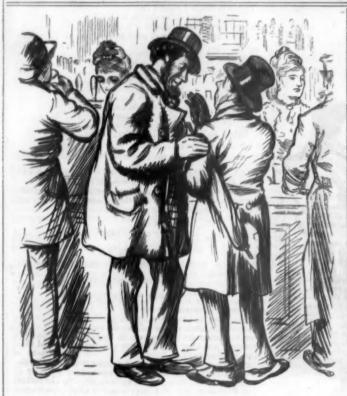
As a commencement he says—

As a commencement he says—
"Well, and how have you been this long time?"
The others (I don't as yet know who they are) are listening, like Committee, to my answer to the first interrogatory.

Happy Thought.—"Left sitting." Like a Hen.

To a Correspondent.

THE Druid SOLICITOR-GENERAL spoke, the other night, about the Hydrostatic Paradox, which until you understand it, appears incredible. "A Weak-minded Woman" (as she deceitfully signs herself), writes to ask us to explain SIR VERNOR'S meaning. With pleasure. Water quenches thirst, yet everybody knows that the more water you drink the thirstier you are. Understanding the paradox means putting a little brandy into the water. You may put a good deal, if you like, but that 's a detail.



"TRANSFORMATION SCENE."

Good Templar. "O DEAR NO! DON'T MENTION IT! I NEVER TAKE ANT-THING-I-

Piend (in Human Shape). "Nonsense! Chrishmash Time! You'll take

Good Templar. "WELL, IF YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, I'LL TAKE-

THE PLUSH AND THE PEN.

So please Your Excellency, Mr. Punch, read this :-

"THE MARRIAGE OF MISS GLADSTONE.—The Echo is re-ested to state that Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarks on the occasion of his daughter's marriage were speken in a private room at Hawardon Rectory, and to neighbours only."

Hawarden Rectory, and to neighbours only."

Thus you perceive that a speech, which you doubtless perused and admired, was published, not having been intended for publication. How did this happen? It is impossible to say; but let any public gentleman, who does not want to see his private table-talk in print, mind what he says in the presence of shoulder-knots, other than casual ones of the regimental species. Of course, if John Thomas sent you a report of his master's remarks, you would naturally suppose he had done as he was bid: and, probably, the paragraph which I have submitted to your notice attests the results of that education which has been already given to some of those whom Mr. Lowe once called our future masters; although those some in particular may, at present, be our servants. our servants.

Receive, Sir, the salutations of the season from your own obedient servant to command, whom call, as school-

Jan. 1, 1874.

BOHN v. BASS.

"At a recent meeting of the Students' Literary Society in connection with St. Andrew's University, the debate for the evening was, 'Whether are Boun's translations or Bass's beer the greater benefit to students?' "

the greater benefit to students? "

THE subject, it is added, naturally called forth a lively discussion, and at the close the meeting decided in favour of the—Translations, by an overwhelming majority? We grieve to say, and every right-minded person will share our disappointment, that such was not the conclusion to which the students came just before the Christmas vacation. They "decided in favour of the beer," but only—and we cling to this as leaving us some little hope for their future career—"by the casting vote of the chairman." We shall be curious to see whether the example set by St. Andrew's of comparing BOHN and BASS, rather than ARISTOTLE and PLATO, or CICERO and DEMOSTHERMES, is followed by our own Universities. Will Oxford devote a night at the Union to a comparison of the advantages of logic and long pipes; or Cambridge expend all its argument and eloquence in discussing the rival merits of Euclid and hot grog?

ACOUSTIC TREAT.

THE following extract from a Newspaper contains two statements, of which the first in order seems incredible, and the second is surprising, if true :-

"CRISTMAS CAROLS.—On Sunday afternoon the Choristers of St. Vedast's Church, Cheapside, accompanied by Mr. Robert Tunner, the Precentor, went to the Charing Cross Hospital and sang a selection of Christmas Carols in the various wards. The patients were much pleased with the carols, and the thoughtful kindness of those who had in this way sought to cheer them at

PERHAPS this benevolent idea was suggested by one of John Legen's pictures, of very old date. A lodger is amusing himself by blowing a great trumpet and beating a big drum, next to the chamber of an invalid. The musician remarks,

"This is a charity to my sick neighbour: it may soothe him to a gentle

Yet it is difficult to conceive how any person could take it into his head that the inmates of a hospital, any but a few of those nearly well, would be at all comforted, or otherwise than exceedingly disturbed and irritated by the noise of a set of choristers singing Christmas earols. Were the medical authorities of Charing Cross Hospital aware of this performance? Had its executants attempted it under the window of any one lying ill, they would have been sent away, or given in charge. The fact that the patients "were much pleased" with the effect which the exertions of those vocalists produced on their ears is surely one which requires the very strongest confirmation. No doubt there was great kindness on the part of those "who had in this way sought to cheer" sick persons "at this season," but that the kindness was "thoughtful" very few will think. The only sort of hospital wherein such kindness could be

appreciated would, one imagines, be an asylum for imbeciles who were music-mad. Good intentions form a certain pavement, and surely the exploit above related is one of its flagstones.

NOMINAL IMPEDIMENTS.

Foreigners in general, and Frenchmen in particular, may be often heard denouncing the abominable difficulties of the English language, especially in matters of right spelling and pronouncing. But really there are obstacles of this sort in other tongues than ours, as, for instance, may be seen in these two morsels of intelligence, regarded the content of the conten printed close together in a recent newspaper:-

"We learn from Krujevacs that the Skoupchtina (the Servian Parliament) was opened to day. M. Karabiernovitch has been elected to the post of President."

"Appeal Privy Council. EENODERAM SEIN and others v. RAJAH BROJENDRANARAIN ROY."

Doubtless the word "Smith" is difficult to be said by people unaccustomed to talk between their teeth, and we dare say the name "Buggins" would assume a different sound, when uttered by a foreigner, from that which English speakers commonly assign to it. But surely "Smith" is easier to spell than "Karabiberovitch"; and we would really back a baby, no matter of what nation, to say "Buggins" quite as readily as "Rajah Brojendranarain."

QUITE 'TOTHER.

A CERTAIN MR. MAIN, Heaven save the mark, has re-written Boswell's Life of Johnson, spicing it with appropriate reflections! In this most superfluous literary effort the main force shown is

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MUSIC AT HOME.

Mistress (who can't bear Kitchen Music). "Inn't that Cook, Mary, singing 'The Minstrel Boy't" Maid. "Yms, Ma'am."

Mistress. "I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'd LEAVE OFF!"

Maid. "YES, Ma'AM-SO DERADFUL OUT OF TUNE ONE CAN'T JOIN IN, Ma'AM!"

WHIPPINGHAM WARBLERS.

WHIPPINGHAM WARBLERS.

On December the 28th, the children of Whippingham School (isn't the name simply perfect?) sang in the Inner Hall of the Pavilion at Osborne, The First Grief. Can't we imagine what the first grief would be at Whippingham? Of course it is a school where every book is illustrated with cuts. We should like to see exhibited the original "block" of Whippingham.

The School-house itself is, we venture to say, beautifully situated in a grove of birches. Dr. Birch was the Prince of Walls's tutor, want't he? And Whippingham is on the Royal domain at Osborne.

The children then sang Nose is the Time. What for? Clearly, the answer is, "for Whipping 'em."

Another of their melodious efforts was The Pilgrims. Perhaps this was a Swish sir.

Then they gave Rosk me to Sieep, Mother,—a day-boarder's ditty on his return from Whippingham.

But there is just one rhyme which we trust Her Gracious Majesty did not forget among the Christmas Carols of these children of the Rod:—

The Quest cried "O!

The Quant cried "O!
These children of Whippingham!
They shan't go
Without my tipping 'em."

And so to them and everybody generally, A Happy New Year.

Nature at Question.

Some correspondence which has lately appeared in the Times, on the subject of Vivisection, brings to mind a piece of advice which Load Bacow gave to those who were devoting themselves, in his day, to the then incipient science of Chemistry. He recommended them to prosecute their researches in that department of knowledge by, as it were, torturing nature. Physiologists have adopted this recommendation literally in the pursuit of their inquiries: but, whereas the torture of lifeless matter has led to many great discoveries, very few results of any consequence have been obtained by torture inflicted on living things.

NEW PRUIT.

Mrs. Malaphop, who is partial to a particular description of small orange, astonished her fruiterer this Christmas by asking for some Tambourines.

THE DODO DEMOLISHED.

(An Irregular Song on a Regular Sell.)

"Twas cried, "The Dodo comes!"
And in ten thousand homes
Was raised a shout of zoologic joy.
"The Dodo comes, the Dodo comes,
He is not one of humbug's hums,
And at the Zoo we'll give him crumbs,"
Quoth many a gigling girl to many a babbling boy.
While graver parents, owl-like, winked,
"We heard the creature was extinet.
How little, O,
Doth science know
Of what this wondrous world can show.
And yet she dares
Object to prayers,
And be quite heteroDox"—et estera.

While He who years ago implored

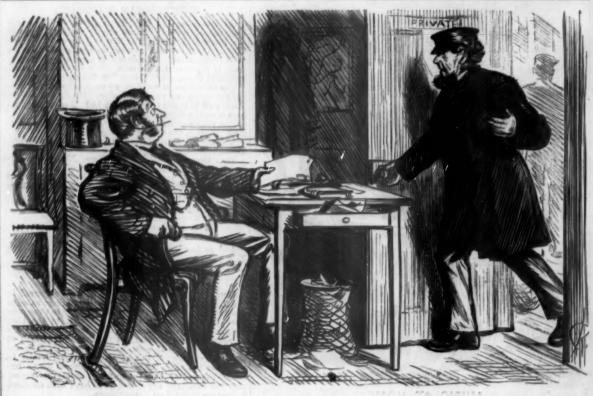
While He who years ago implored With verse in many a memory stored,
That none would say there were no Dodos now,
Prepared exulting lay
To hait the happy day
When round this Dodo naturalists should bow.

Alice, from Wonderland,
Stretched out a tiny hand,
With picture where the Dodo plain was seen—
And cried, in high delight,
"I know my dream was right,
I know the Dodo," said John Traner." Queen."

The Classic Comic Cove
Swift through Porr's Iliad drove—
For semething touching Dodo-nean Jove,
But wit's great Master,
Punch, neater, faster,
Said, "Dono, mother, Sir, of Zonoasten."
Only the Club-men, quite averse
To science, muttered "Blow" (or worse)
"The Dodo! Bother Dodos! Come to Dominoes!"
The scoff seemed childish, but, in truth, 'twas ominous.

OWEN'S praise demands my song, OWEN sound, and OWEN strong— But on New Year's Day 'twas cruel Thus to give us all our gruel. "Dodo!" mighty RICHARD cries, Scornful lightning in his eyes— "Dodo, Dodo, no such luck; What's a-coming is a Duck. I can draw, and paint, and model itwnat's a-coming is a Duck.
I can draw, and paint, and model it—
Sirs, 'tis nothing but a Dodler.
Perhaps you'll take the pains to look
At its picture in my book.
Dodo. Bo! you gesse. Methinks
Phoenix next we'll have, or Sphinx.
Fools I call you not, but think
When you're thirsty, fools would drink."

So from our opening eyes its form must part, So Owen's wrench must tear it from our heart-The idle dream of Dodo-life is o'er-The bird, canard, and we befooled no more.



HITCH.

Trafic Manager (on Station-Master's Report). "LINE NOT CLEAR YET ?! TUT-T-T-T! WE SHALL REVER BE IN TIME FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S COLLISION, YOU KNOW!!

"HOW, NO MORE REVERENCE?"

Our excellent Contemporary, the Oswestry Advertiser, reports a concert which was given at Whittington, about the end of the year. There seems to have been some very good music, performed by distinguished Amateurs, Ladies and Gentlemen. The report concludes

"Perhaps the performance which pleased the audience most was a buffo, otherwise comic, song by Ms. F. Douglas How, in which the audience were told to

Ask the children at Gobowen To come in time for school.

Ask Mr. WHALLEY at Plasmadoc

Not to make himself a fool."

A Prophet hath, we know, no honour in his own Country, but really the Proud Salopians have an ingenuous way of expressing their sentiments about their neighbours, which is quite refreshing in these mincing days.

Shipping News.

"The Elizabeth Martin, the fourteenth hired transport engaged in the Ashantee Expedition, and now loading at Woolwich, is being fitted up for the accommodation of troops and invalids."

WE are authorised to state, in contradiction of many idle rumours, that there is no ground for the report that the name of this vessel has been changed. She was never known as the "Betty Martin."

LINES TO A PAIR ENSLAVER. LADY, if he beheld thy hair, By nature dark, by art made fair, That man were bolder far than I Who'd "stand the hazard of the" dye.

CHURCH AND CÆSAR.

ITALY proposes to follow the example of Germany in enacting that civil marriage shall precede ecclesiastical, and the latter without the former be invalid. This intention is not likely to be changed by the claims for the freedom of the Church lately put forth by Dr. Manning, according to whom it seems that the Roman-Catholic Church ought to be free to do what the Pope thinks proper, and all mankind to be free to do what the Pope thinks proper, and all mankind to be free to obey the Roman-Catholic Church. Cavour's idea of a free Church in a free State appears to require modification. If nobody ought to be above the law, ecclesiastics of all kinds should be kept below it, and so, a free Church under a free State is the arrangement made by the German nation, and contemplated by the Italian. Both priesthood and laity will be free enough if free to teach and worship, and, as Honourable Members are wont to say, "free to confess."

At Last!

"Messes. Bull and Son will commence the crection of the New Law Courts on the 5th of January, being the first Monday in the New Year."

The New Year is beginning well. Messes. John Bull and Sons are glad to hear the good news, and hope that some of the present generation will survive to see the Courts finished and opened for business. With such a cheering prospect before us, the completion of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's, the embelliahment of Leicester Square, the purification of the streets, and many other long-deferred and much needed improvements, do not seem altogether horseless. gether hopeless.

Taurinus.

Dr. Cullen made a speech last week, and everybody knows what a Cullenical speech is, so we need not report it. But the combative Doctor was pleased to say that a certain proposition (it is hardly necessary to add a rational and anti-Ultramontane one) "must excite the laughter of all serious persons." Floreat Hibernia!

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VERY MUCH CARED FOR.

Chorus of Ladies (to come y Curate). "O, Mr. Sweetlow, do take Care! Don't go up!so Dangerous! Do come down! O!" Rector (surcastically). "Really, Sweetlow, Don't You Think you'd better let a Married Man do that !!!"

"Facit Indignatio Versus."-Juomal.

"The Times' Correspondent from India states that the Orientals desire that Her Majesty should bear the undermentioned titles, which are her right."

Punch loves his Queen, the Queen of Ind, But stoutly swears that he Won't call her Shaham-Shah-I-HIND, Or ZIL-I-SABHAMI. Her name's Victoria and Regina, So shut up, India, likewise China.

[Drinks frequently to H. M.'s health.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

THE Times, the other day, announced a very decided case of-

"Conscience Money.—The Chancellor of the Exchaques announces the receipt of a ten-pound note from 'B.,' for Income-tax."

"B." stands for Booby. That, in all probability, is all that needs be said about that initial, in the above place. And yet may not "B." possibly mean "Bricklayer," or some other description of Working-man, in the receipt of wages amounting in the year to a sum far above the annual income of many an official Clerk, many a Clergyman, Solicitor, or Medical Man? It is certainly just conceivable that such a member of the working classes may feel ashamed of going untaxed by an impost which subjects other, and poorer, if cleanlier and more respectable looking members of those classes, to peculiar taxation. The sense of being thus unjustly favoured may, perhaps, embitter the tea which such an one drinks the cheaper for the direct taxation of those others. "B," can hardly signify "Bibax" in the sense of a tippler; because, Working-men who consume intoxicating fluids do, at least, in a measure, tax themselves, and contribute something, if not their share, to the national expenses. the national expenses.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

Mrs. Dorington Chilworth presenting her husband with a few more little Christmas bills.

MASTERS HORACE and ALFRED, and, MISS

MASTERS HOLACE and ALFRED, and, MISS
MABEL SWEETINGTON, the morning after a
large Juvenile party—arrival of the Doctor.
MISS EVA BELLISLE in the study with
Papa and Mamma—she has just announced
her determination not to accept the proposals of Mr. MATTHEW WOSSITER, the
wealthy banker and brewer, and intimated
her partiality for Mr. MONTAGU GORDON
TEVIOT, a third Secretary in Her Majesty's
Diplomatic Service.

Diplomatic Service.
Unexpected return home at 10 P.M., of
Mr. and Mrs. Stanvelligh — a large

The reading of the will of Mr. Josuan Grimmon in the presence of his assembled relatives—bulk of the property left to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt.

MR. CHIPPINGILL, a young and inexperienced performer, playing a rubber with three old hands—he has just made a revoke.

MISS CHARMION receiving the congratulations of MRS. LOCKERBY and the girls on her engagement to SIR HASTINGS ST.

LEONARD—SIR HASTINGS, who has twelve thousand a year, was conspicuously attentive to SOPHY LOCKERBY last summer at Gayborough.

Gayborough. The Tichborne Jury—the moment of re-

A Problem Solved.

About the Queen the Bart. C. Dilke Vents talk as acid as sour milk. Punch wants to know if this be true Which, told to him, he tells to you. How a great Lady deigned to wonder At Charler's anti-Windsor thunder. "His father was so kind and mild—I knew this gentleman a child: I've stroked his hair. I sometimes say, I must have stroked it the wrong way."

A GOODY-GOODY POEM.



"Don't throw it away on the pavement," I say;
While your fruit you enjoy, learn for others to feel.

For experience has taught, how, from mere want of thought, Some very sad accidents happen each day; So many, in Town, by the peel are thrown down, That I hope you will yours in the read throw away.

Just remember—to some, old age has now come,
Who are weak and short-sighted; yet not these alone:
Some that slip down are young, and you might be among
Those injured for life, by some orange-peel thrown.

Eat the fruit, so you should, it's delicious and good,
A wholesome dessert it is after a meal;
But if ate in the street, don't throw under feet
The peel—for I want you for others to feel.

SENEX ET SENILIS.

AN ANSWER TO AN ECCLERIASTICAL CORRESPONDENT.—"GREGORY'S Powder,"
Quite right. You win your bet. The Rev. Mr. Gregory first invented his own powder, and then, as an appropriate compliment, he was made a Canon.

HALF-CROWN V. FLORIN.

Sars the Half-Crown to the Florin,
"You're un-English to the core—
Your very name is foreign—
As your conduct is, still more.
"Twint the Crown and its better half
You have thrust your ugly mug in,
And with decimal-system chaff
Fools succeeded in humbuggin'.

Out of hosts of payments meanly,
Where poor devils used to kicks pence
Must feel the loss of, keenly.
A florin-tip is shabby,
Where a half-crown tip 's the thing;
And the curse of the wronged Cabby
Should to your base metal cling!

"The road that you have followed By long faces one may track— Hers, a flunkey glum and gravelled, There, a schoolboy looking black! Your fine decimal relations No comfort bring poor men; They prefer my deviations From the iron rule of ten.

"To the decimal conformity
Of your two bobs I bow,
But proudly the enormity
Of sixpence more avow.
Methinks you should feel humbled—
Or, if you don't, I do,
To be felt fer, and forth fumbled,
The sixpence first, then you.

A sixpence more I join;
A sixpence more I join;
So, though not appreciably bigger,
Am one-fifth a better coin.
To say nothing of the lineage
That the Crown and me unites,
Which is not all gammon and spinach,
Whate'er DIEKE speaks or writes.

"No asthetical perfection
You can claim for your bare face;
Though to Florence you connection,
And your source to Arno, trace.
I say you're an impostor.
Whose springs Tower-ditch an elaim,
And all whose Tusoan boasts are
Founded only on a name.

"You're an upstart, whom the nation errs
In breeding from the brain
Of decimal notationers,
To work poor Britans bane.
Till, at last, sole sway contriving,
As nestling cuckoos do,
You're to oust the Half-Crown striving,
Who made kindly room for you.

"But John Bull will not stand it; Spite of decimals and dodgers, To FREEMANTE he'll send mandate To keep his old purse-lodgers. If or Half-Crown or Florin are I' the Mint to be put down, He'll cry, 'Exeat the foreigner, And leave me the Half-Crown!""

On the edge of which stands the Mint.

University Intelligence.

UNDERGRADUATESSES at Cambridge. Ladies are to be admitted as Mombers of the University. Three Graces have passed the Senate. Next year the Margaret Professorship will be held by a young Lady. So will the Divinity Professorship. The holder of the latter must herself be a Divinity.

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the nust EVOTEDLY, His Holiness the Pore (according to the Times' Special Correspondent at

Rome), is busily engaged in trans-

SKULLS IN SAFE KEEPING.



and PAUL from a Passionist monastery, and that of St. John the Baptist from a Clarissan nunnery. The pious sisterheed who had this latter precious skull in their keeping, expressed to His Holiness their regret at parting with the relic, but legged to be allowed, by way of consolation, at least to retain the reliquary; and the empty wooden box, all stadded with jewels, was to-lay." left to them. The office ers of the Overreque have not been seen in Re-

'Her ties will not fail to draw comparisons between the acts of the Pora, in respect of the Apostles' heads, so called, and the acts of the Apostles themselves. Let them. Those latest acts of his have a political significance. Of course, there is now no fear that the Holy Father entertains any idea of quitting Rome. It is incredible that he has not made up his mind to abide by the sacred and esteological treasures which he has amassed at the Vatican. If he were to leave them behind him there, what would become of them? The alleged heads of the

Saints above-named would, perhaps, be transferred to a museum of anatomy, by authorities who would not consider them authorities who would not consider them stamped as genuine with the seal of Infalibility. Sceptical phrenologists would probably procure casts to be taken of them, with a view to see whether their conformation was what it ought to be if they were authorite. No; the Fore cannot choose but stay by the heads of the Apoetles and the Saint—miraculously preserved for above caption centuries. To any counsellor who might advise him to decamp, his reply would be, Non possesses. Now, therefore, it is evident that the French Government has no longer the faintest shadow of reason or excuse for keeping the frigate Overlogue one moment longer on the station which she has so long offensively occupied off Civita Vecchia.

AN INTOXICATING LIQUOR.

"What is Manssuilla?"
"Tis a kind of wine
Drunk in many a villa,
Where small parties dine.
"Tis a wine, though known as
One of Sherry's ahapes,
Not like Desdemons's,
That was made of grapes.

This, we're told the way to
Make on British soil:—
Brandy—bad—potato
Spirit, fusel oil,
Oil of almonds bitter,
Wine-cask wash quant: suff:For the table fitter Fancy any stuff!

IN RE REREDOS.

QUOTH DEAN FREEMAN.

(See the Exeter Case.)

A SECOND DOMITIAN, a new DIOCLETIAN,
These times to High Churchmen will bring out,
If, in hot persecution, with no retribution,
A TEMPLE can thus take his fling out;
A PHILIPOTS—for beagle—allowed to inveigle—
O quantule, ex quanto, sacerdos!—
In his Court, which I don't own, declaring he won't own
As lead, my overs, high Recodes.

'Tis time for my moan in Priest's Latin intoning, As an Anglican Dean rightly zealous, Called to face, as offender, the mercies untender Of TEMPLE,—that scourge,—and his fellows. Infelix Eccletice, heus, decus, Ore Templi projectum in ahena, An sit Iscæ dorsale, aut Pontificale Liddeli * Barnabæ Baldacchino!

As legal, my extra-high Reredos.

O'er rough places and plain they won't let us give rein,
On our ride, priestly, post-haste, to Rome still,
The Anglican stipends we stoop to retain
Should their owners, they say, keep at home still.
Will have no introducing, and won't see a use in
Rome's ritual, with no Romish right to—
Her moppings and mowings, her bobbings and bowings,
Bells, vestments, incensings, and lights, ©o.

'Tis enough saints to fret—they forbid us to set
The Church 'bove the Law in our borders,
Till the priest and his functions no reverence can get But respect for his mere holy orders.

Nay—what could we be less?—we re not free to confess,

A thing every M.P. is free to—

And—vile persecution—on priest's absolution

And its white-washing power they clap veto.

I, earnifex, perge—deny to the Clergy All the powers to a priesthood belonging;

· Liddeli, gen : Lat : LIDDELL-REV. R. understood.

So far from being ever in the right, we are never—
If their judgments can put us the wrong in.
Law of Church has turned fetterer; to "Quod semper, et cetera,"
These heretics give a new reading—
"But give Ritualism soope, and you'll find that fer rope
To hang itself ever 'tis pleading."

While "obedience" is rule, for the priests of our school That rule only holds on conditions:

Obey the Priest: true: but the Bishop? not you—
Unless he accepts our positions.

If the Bench dare to raise, in these heretic days,
As they're apt, in the priests' teeth their horn up,
We spit at their ruling, we kick at their schooling,
Their orders we toar, in our scorn, up!

They may prate of humility, preach up decility,
As virtues for special Church benison,
That's all very well, till your Bishops rebel,
Then follow example of Denison. /
Kick over the ropes, ery up candles and copes,
Mariolatry, bows, genufications,
Baldacchino and reredos, and uphold sacerdos
'Gainst bishops' and laymen's objections!

PEERAGE FROM THE PHIENIX-CITY.

Our friends the Americans are thought to take a good deal of interest in the British aristocracy. That such interest is an intelligent one is clear from the following Wheatstone which we have just out from the leading Chicago paper :-

"GREAT BRITAIN.

"THE DUKE OF BLDRIDGE.

"LONDON, Nov. 16.—It is said that SIR JOHN, the DUKE OF ELDRIDGE, will be elevated to the Peerage."

The eminent Baronet, who is also a Duke, and yet not a Peer, will be glad to hear the good news of his approaching elevation. If he will come and lunch with us, and talk it over, we will ask the nobleman who was the other day Sir John Duke Coleridge to meet him. Would he be surprised to read the above?



"OH!"

(Algernon is devoted to Science, and makes his young bride read all the new Scientific Books to him.)

Mrs. Algernon. "Really, Algernon, all this about Differential and Istegral Calculus, and Biostatics, and Biostatics, and Biostatics, and Molecules, and Concretes and Things, seems to me rather extraordinary! You can't generally accuse me of Prudishness, but is this the sort of Book that Mamma would quite approve of my reading, Love!"

SPAIN AND HER PAVIOUR.

As the name of the author of the recent coup d'état should be spelt —(see Mr. Punch's Cartoon)—not PAVIA.

Poor Spain! whose search for saviour Still closes in a crash, 'Twas not too soon for PAVIOUR Thy Cortes up to smash!

Madrid turn Murcia's schooler!
Whose government scarce varies:
Contraenas, Murcia's ruler,
Madrid's rule of contraries.

The monarch that he wanted Your Don, proud Donkey, shelves. Ere your Republic's planted You must learn to rule yourselves.

Carlists, Intransigentes,
Pi y Margalls, Salmerons,
With Priests and Pretendentes,
All tugging Spain's bare bones.

Thy PAVIOUR's impatience
With CASTELAR's "good intentions,"
May check paving operations
In a place that no one mentions:

But till fine words Spain's waiving
For rational behaviour,
That place will ne'er want paving,
And Spain will find the Paviour.

TO EVERY EDITOR.

Able Director of Journal, we say, man, Surely enough is as good as a feast, Do let's have done with this bother of HAYMAN, 'Tisn't amusing, dear friend, in the least.

Over and over we've had the old story, Which in two lines it is easy to state: Tories appointed an orthodox Tory Successor to Arnold, and Temple, and Tarr.

What is the good of discussing it sulkily?
How could the thing be except as it is?
If in a glass you put acid to alkali,
What, nomme de garce, can result but a fizz?

Why should the Doctor be loftily gibbeted,
Like his old namesake? He's not in disgrace.
In plenty of Schools where Free Thought is prohibited,
He'd be a very fit man for his place.

But Rugby must stick to her Broad Church traditions— TATE, TEMPLE, and ARNOLD built not "for a day." There's room in the kingdom for all sorts of Missions— Announce "No more words on this subject," we pray.

Awful Example.

Enter to Mr. Puncu, who is scriting his hardest for the evening post, a socalled Friend, who is simply on the lounge.

Friend. Ah, my boy, how are you? Nearly five o'clock. How the days get out!

Mr. Punch. IMITATE TREM.

[Exit Friend.



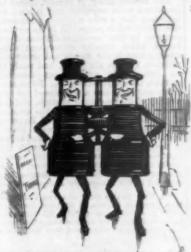
THE PAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN-GENERAL PAVIA, OF MADRID (NO MATTER HOW MERE SPANIARDS PRONOUNCE HIS NAME), AS HE APPEARED PERFORMING WHAT THE ELOQUENT CASTELAR STYLES A "BRUTALITY," BUT WHICH EUROPE, SOMEHOW, BELIEVES A NECESSITY.



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Reports himself after visiting the Globe and the Haymarket.



ERE, Sir, let me thank you publicly for your honourable mention of Your Representative. "How doth the little Busy Bee?" Pretty well, thank you; but, well, thank you; but, my dear Sir, how are You? That You, Sir, should be torn from your fireside, from your wine and walnuts, your buns and burgundy, from your eighteenpenny eigar and Civil Servicestore coffee, is more than I can bear. Let me run the risk of me run the risk of draughts, coughs or colds, bad sixpences, foreign come given in change (of no value in or out of England), and impertmences from cabmen, and do you, Sir, combines to shine at Octopian gatherings in Utopian

gatherings in Utopian palaces, and may you live happily ever afterwards.

Sir, I felt that duty must be done, and so I represented you, Sir, at the Globe Thentre one night, and at the Haymarket another.

At the first I saw Heart's Delight, which, the Playgoing Public—
"whose name," as an old lady of my acquaintance says, "is Belgium" (she means Legion),—has long ere this been awars, is Mr. HALLIDAT'S dramatic version of Dombey and Son. And I should say it is decidedly a success. The novel was a difficult one to treat dramatically, but, having once fixed on it, Your Representative is inclined to think that the dramatiser (granting his point of view) has done his work capitally.

to treat dramatically, but, having once fixed on it, Your Expressentative is inclined to think that the dramaticer (granting his point of view) has done his work capitally.

How can such people as Dombey, Carker, and Edith, he represented on the stage as other than they seem to be in the illustrations—types of characters in a sensational romance of the London Journal kind? But Dombey can't be left out of Dombey, carely. However, these difficult and thankless parts are well played by Mr. Cowper as Dombey, and by Mr. Fernande as Carker.

Taking it all round, a better cast for this drama could not have been got together. Miss Carkorra Androne—a charming, intelligent, and sympathstic Florence; Miss Herrer Barrer—a regal Edith, but with far too gentle a smile for the Edith that Pruz drow: but then Edith therself was an impossibility, and what could greater actresses than Miss Barry do with an impossibility? Then there is of opinion, on mature consideration, that, taking an eccentrative is of opinion, on mature consideration, that, taking an eccentrative is of opinion, on mature consideration, that, taking an eccentrative is of opinion, on mature consideration, that, taking an eccentrative is of opinion, on mature consideration, that, taking an eccentrative is of opinion, on mature econsideration, that, taking an eccentrative is of opinion, on mature consideration, that, taking an eccentrative matured into a genuine Low Comedy Man, and could the right Low Comedy Man in the right place have been got hold of, a farcical Toots, an utterly absurd and impossible (another impossible) Toots, would have been better for the situations in which he appears. Susan Nipper, of course, would in that case have been more strongly worked up: she's good, however, as she is, and she is Miss Maria Darry. Mr. Cowper, by the way, "doubles" Dombey and Bunsby: it's a pity that Bunsby couldn't have been represented by Mr. Exert. The return of Walr, safer all said and done, the interest does centre in Captain Cattle, admirably represented by M

achieved.

Charity, which begins, not at home, but at the Haymarket at seven-thirty, is chiefly remarkable for the excellent acting both of Mas. Kendal (Miss Robertson) as Mrs. Van Brugh, and Mas. Mellon as the tramp, Ruth Tredgett, a character which brought forcibly to my mind melodramatic glories of the past; or, as my friend Wage said, the Mellon-dramatic days of the old Adelphi.

Charity—why so called it is, perhaps, a trifle difficult to say; but, on the other hand, why not?—is styled in the bills "a Play," so

that, as "Play" is the generic word, the audience, having paid its money, may choose for itself whether it will consider it a comedy, a melodrama, a serious drama, or a comic drama. Your Representative would be inclined to style it a Melodramatic Proverbe. At the finish of a Proverbe, you know, the audience has to guess what the word was, what, in fact, it has all been about. And herein lies the main defect of Charity.

main detect of Charity.

Mr. Smailey, the elder, most carefully played throughout by Mn.

Howe, bears a strong family resemblance to the highly respectable

Banker in Middlemarch; the resemblance being heightened by the

existence of a Smailey, Jun., his son, capitally played by Mn.

Banker in Middlemarch: the resemblance being heightened by the existence of a Smailey, Jun., his son, capitally played by Mr. KENDAL.

There is not a fault to be found with the seting throughout, and well indeed does Mrs. KENDAL deserve the enthusiastic applause which summons her before the curtain at the end of the Third Act.

Mr. Chippernals is the Colonial Bishop elect, and a much more estisancery personage than the conscientious but amorous young curate in The New Magdaless. In the last Act, however, the author has lightened the character of the Colonial Bishop elect a little by giving him something of the Church militant attributes of the pagnacious Father Somebody in the Prop o' Day. To the latter, as an Irishman, it seems to come naturally enough, and out came his fist well from the shoulder, and his man was floored; but to the Anglican Visar, who has shumbered in a parish for nearly half a century, this sudden awakening is a little strange, specially as he restrains his ewn impulse to kick Smailey, Junece, first, and Smailey, Senior, afterwards, but strongly expresses his wish to see his son, Ted Athelessy, perform the operation for him, vicariously.

Not a better men could have been picked out than Mr. Tersoale for Ted Athelessy. Indeed, the east is altogether good, and worthy of the Haymarket reputation.

For the writing, the First Ast is easy, evan, never brilliantly epigrammatic, but always on a lively, agreeable level, conveying a promise of better things to come in the following Acts; a promise, which, however, we in the conception of the Private Detective's character (who is Tricocks and Cacele rolled into one, and carrying out two plots all by himself, in the smally good comedy scene between the two Smaileys in the commencement of the Third Act, and the situation in the Fourth where Smailey Junior throws over Ess, is not satisfactorily fulfilled. From which remarks it will be gathered that the play is well worth seeing of his calling, was quite enough to send the house into convulsions of laught

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE. P.S.—Observe the signature; none other genuine. Next week I propose giving you a detailed account of Raymond and Agnes; or, the Bleeding Nun of Lindenberg, which no visitor to the Haymarket, fond of a Rich Dramatic Treat, should omit seeing. I am going to see it again. I must. I will.

Miniature Epic.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE stood by SAMS's shop, THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE stood by SAMS'S ahop And from an Officer received a wop, Nay, several wops, but, though he had a cane, He saw the case, and would not strike again. We oftentimes have josted with our Duke—Nay, in our smile conveyed a mild rebule; But he's a gentleman. Instinctive act Had struck a head that was aiready cracked. Refraining, George obtained, in Punch's pages, Lines that shall speak his name to distant ages.

(To be put up in Exeter Cathodral, in order to explain any difficulty that may arise in the minds of American Visitors from the use of the word "Boss.")

"THE 'Boss' of this Cathedral is not The Bishop."



A REGULAR BRITON.

"IT WAS MR. ROBINSON GAVE ME THAT BOAT, AUNTY!"

"AND DID YOU KISS HIM FOR IT, ARTHUR?"

"No, indeed! As if Men were in the Habit of Kissing each other, Aunty!"

VIVISECTION AND CHEEK.

In a letter in the Times, on "Vivisection," the following passage is quoted from a popular work on physiology:—

"These animals (rabbits) may be made to blush artificially. If, in a rabbit, the sympathetic nerve which sends branches to the vessels of the head is cut, the ear of the rabbit . . . at once blushes."

A physiologist who cuts, in a live rabbit, the sympathetic nerve which sends branches to the vessels of the head, cannot, one thinks, be more than very partially endowed with the faculty to which that nerve is subservient. At least, he must be one of those whom, as "wanting sensibility," the poet "would not enter on" his "list of friends." Nothing could make him blush except dividing the sympathetic nerve which sends branches to the vessels of his own head; but, if that operation were performed, he, too, would perhaps at once blush up to the ears.

SENSIBLE MUNIFICENCE.

The British Army, in general, cannot be considered to be overpaid, and it must be confessed that a very moderate remuneration is received in proportion to the services rendered by that particular division of our Forces, which remains on constant skirmishing duty in the streets and about our premises, ever on the watch, and ready to not immediately against our domestic enemies, the dangerous classes. No reasonable person, who has a due regard for the security of his goods and chattels, and the safety of his skin, can think the amount of pay assigned to the National Property and Life Guards (Blue) excessive. Be it, then, suggested that gentlemen and ladies in the giving vein, and blessed with the means of free effusion from that vessel, might do well, at the giving season of the year especially, to follow the example thus recorded in the Hampshire Independent.—

"A NEW YEAR'S GIFF FOR THE POLICE.—

"A NEW YEAR'S GIFF FOR THE POLICE.—
MRS. GENERAL ROGERS, of Highfield, has generously forwarded a sum of £10 to Mr. SUPERINTENDENT BREAKY, for division among the members of the borough police force, for a New Year's gift."

Too generally the only acknowledgment accorded, at the festive season of the year, to our gallant defenders from thieves and ruffians, consists in the complimentary sort of Christmas-box which they are wont to be treated with on Boxing-night and thereafter nightly for some weeks, in being ridiculed, for the diversion of the juvenile British Public, and the pickpockets, on the stage. At Southampton, however, the "Bobbies" have, this year, obtained a more suitable recognition, in the shape of certain "bob," the dividend of the ten pounds given to be distributed among them by Mrs. ROGERS.

CANONICAL CUSTOMS.

In connection with the approaching marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, according to the Greek rite, it has been stated that, in the Greek Church, a monk, however high his position, is not allowed to perform the matrimonial service. That rite can be administered only by a married priest. Dr. Johnson once improvised a famous parody on the inconsiderately admired line:—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Undoubtedly, at that rate,-

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

And then the Greek Church speaks reason in virtually declaring that:—

"Who marries others must himself be married."

Our own Established Church knows of no such canon; makes a reverend bachelor as eligible as a married clergyman to solemnise matrimony. Yet, when a "marriage in high life" occurs, it is commonly performed by a Bishop, assisted by another ecclesiastic, as though the nuptial knot could not be tied tight enough for the superior classes by a single man. This view of the matter may not be without significance to some minds, with regard to the proposal of union between the Greek and Anglican Churches.

A REGULAR Do Do.-The New Dodo.

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WASTE OF MATERIAL.

Ritualistic Mistress. "How DID YOU LIKE THE SERVICE THIS MORNING, MARY!"

Little Low-Church Maid. "Well, M'm, I can't say I liked it much. Would you believe it, M'm, though there were three Ministers, not one of them could Preach a Sermon?"

[Mistress wonders what is the proper answer, but then, considering that her Hair is of more importance than her Maid's opinions, directs that the Toilet be proceeded with.

BEST SIGN OF THE SEASON.

Or the mildness of the Season
Many a pretty proof we've seen;
Blossoms plum and apple trees on,
Daisies blooming on the green,
Primroses and periwinkles,
Violets, too, on banks that blow,
Hard by where the sheep-bell tinkles,
Lambkins bleat, and heefsee low:

Birds that raise untimaly voices;
Song and missel thrush that sing,
So as when their kind rejoices
O'er a fine fat alug in spring.
Teads and frogs, from winter's alumber,
Which on sunny days awake;
Ere a few more hours they austice,
They may find out their missaire.

South-west wind, a seen Yule blowing, Fatten churchyard though it should, Late mild weather in bestowing Is a wind that blew us good. Blew the Ring down, which awaited Bitter winter; bless their souls! Kept demand back, and abated, Prosperous gale, the price of seals.

Of all tokens of the present,
Or the recent, season mild,
This one is the sign most pleasant;
Grate with cheaper fuel piled.
Tis the best in Country papers
Mentioned, copied thence by Town,
Making them that read cut capers;
News that coals are going down.

American English.

The Yankees are said to have lately coined another new word to express the act, sometimes committed even in the United States, of a man who kills his wife. They call it "uxoricide." This is better than most of their additions to the Dictionary. They might have denominated wife-slaughter conjugicide; which would have been ambiguous. "Uxoricide," having been established as a current expression, must of course be balanced with a name to signify the converse deed, which, by parity of nomenclature, will be termed mariticide.

SEPULTURE AND SENTIMENT.

People accustomed to regard the question of choice between "cremation" and interment sentimentally, might as well consider what it amounts to in the view of enlightened sentiment. It is simply the question whether there is anything more disagreeable in the immediate than there is in the gradual decomposition of organic remains. By cremation, properly managed, all the constituents of the thing burnt, except the earthy particles, are sent in gaseous forms up a tall chimney into the atmosphere, and the skies. In case of interment they leak out partly as gases into the surrounding air, which you breathe; partly as liquids into the neighbouring earth; thus into any wells you may have sunk therein; and so into the water which you drink.—Which of these alternative conditions of things does Sentiment deem the nicer? If Sentiment approve of a wine that contains some body, is it equally partial to water capable of the same description? Can Sentiment be pleased to see commons and open spaces progressively converted into cometeries; and, if not, how does Sentiment relish the prospect of their ultimate abolition which must result from the continual spread of population on a limited area? The spirits of the wise may well sit in the clouds and mock us; for there they are where their bodies ought also to be, resolved into their innoxious elements instead of entering into the lungs and digestive organs of those who persist in putting corruptible matter in the wrong places. There are Churches in which, surrounded as they are by crowded churchyards, memento mori is addressed now and then to the ear indeed, but always to the nose. Cremation appears to be called for with forcible demonstrations by those who want it. The dead are at least doing all they can to force their claims on our attention.

THE SHAME OF STROUD.

O HELF, THOMAS MOORE, here's a sin and a shame, Lend a hint from the verse you indignantly writ When JOHN RUSSELL, fatigued with political game, Thought of turning philosopher, poet, or wit.

Says you—and uncommonly handsome you wrote—
"Thou, born of a Russell, whose instinct to run
The accustomed career of thy sires"—need we quote
That elegant bit about "eagle and sun"?

But Thomas, O Thomas, what, what shall we say
To a borough that should be eternally proud
That your Russell sat for it—and yet goes astray—
O what shall be done to the Voters of Stroud?

With the broad Ajax-shield of the Ballot on high (Periphrastic, you know, Tom, for 'telling a story'), Bad Stroud has slunk sneaking, so slavish and sly, And where Russell hath sat there is sitting a Tory!

Like—bother a simile, usually lame—
Let this sentence proceed from the Populi Vox,
"We'll speak not, we'll trace not, we'll breathe not its
name—
The name of base Strond. Let it sleep in the—Box!"



BOY'S "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

Octavius (after the Pantomime). "PA, DID YOU EVER KNOW A CLOWN-TO SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM ?" Papa (they had a large Family and a limited Income). "No, MY BOY, I CAN'T SAY I EVER ENJOYED THAT HONOUR AND PRIVILEGE!" Octavius, "Then I B'LIEVE THAT'S WHY YOU AND MAMMA SOMETIMES LOOK SO UNCOMFORTABLE."

A WEDDING CRACKER.

At the breakfast after the marriage of the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS to MISS GRACE OSBORNE, daughter of our friend and brother-wit, ME. BERNAL OSBORNE (to whom all gratulation), good speeches were made. We do not know whether young ladies will include Mr. Osborne's own speech among them. He told young persons that if they had means, and good temper, they should Marry. But if they had not, they should—Reflect. Nobody ever admitted that he or she had not a good temper. The most impatient young cad that ever shouted and banged the table will allege that he is perhaps a little impetuous, but that it is a sign of a good heart (which it is not, but the reverse), and that it is soon over. The sulkiest young pass that ever pounted her household into discomfort will urge that she is of a sensitive nature, and readily hurt, and ought to be better appreciated. So we may dismiss the temper question. "Means" is a comparative phrase. We rather think that in any case young persons will do well to "reflect." The verb is intransitive, but the proper use of its meaning will induce a good many folks to sacrifice certain follies of a highly transitive character. AT the breakfast after the marriage of the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS

Ordeal by Fire.

A controverst has been of late going on about the composition of wines, for the most part British, but sold as foreign. Port wine so called, is said by some, and denied by others, to be manufactured. All agree that port is a highly spirituous liquor, whether the spirit which it contains has, or has not, been superadded. As a rough way of ascertaining the proportion of spirit contained in a sample of port wine, may be recommended the simple experiment of taking a teaspoonful thereof and throwing it into the fire. Should it immediately flare up like brandy, you will know what to think of it. Then, also, you will know what to do with it, and the best thing would be to throw the remainder after the portion, if only, by so doing, you will know what to do with it, and the best thing would not cause a dangerous explosion, and set the chimney on fire.

Art-Criticism.

Miss Maria Malaprop (who has been highly educated) says that the last International Exhibition was good in an asthmatic point of view, though there were several old-fashioned things, quite Ana-creonisms, and there was nothing to compare to the doors formerly shown by Russia, and made of Amalekites.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On the 9th instant, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, after inaugurating the new Statue on the Holborn Viaduct, attended luncheon at the Mansion House, and the Lord Mayor (Alderman Lusk) having proposed H.R.H.'s health, the Heir Apparent said:—

"We owe a debt of thanks to that philanthropic gentleman who so kindly presented the statue to the Corporation of the City of London, and I know that he does not wish his name should be mentioned. I am aware who he is, but as it is his wish that his name should not be divulged, I know you will agree with me that we ought to keep it secret."

We now release H.R.H. and the rest of our faithful friends who are in the secret from the pledge to keep it any longer, for we announce, with sincere pleasure, that the donor of the statue is

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A CLOSER.

Jones. " FOX WON'T COME OUT HERE NOW, SQUIRE!" The Squire. " No; YOU 'VE FRIGHTENED HIM BACK TOO OFTEN."

A NOD AND A WINK.

THE return of a Conservative candidate for Stroud, you say, is another proof of Conservative reaction. Is not what you call Conanother proof of Conservative reaction. Is not what you call Conservative reaction, dear friends, really mere estrangement caused by unpopular measures? Advanced Liberals are quite capable of unpopular legislation. Those very Liberal gentlemen, the Puritan Legislators of the Commonwealth, made laws which rendered them very unpopular indeed. People hate rulers who curtail their freedom, particularly in putting them under petty, vexatious, irritating restrictions of personal liberty. Grinding economy, effecting for the community at large relief from insensible taxation, and beggaring numerous individuals, makes few and cold friends, but many and ardent enemies. Sordid indifference or opposition, from considerations of mere revenue, to the demands of popular sentiment, is apt to breed contemptaous unpopularity. Mean, shabby, merciless treatment of a public servant in his hour of need engenders a mixture of scorn and execration.

They have reason to hope that, as for democracy, Miller Disnamic will try to outbid Miller disners. But it is just possible that a Conservative reaction to all intents and purposes may very soon set in. There is some little danger that it will set in immediately upon the opening of Parliament. Your hope that it will not set in depends on the probability that the Tories will be fools enough not to see, or not to act upon, a policy by which they would be certain to get into power very soon, and stay there. If they were wise, dear friends, instead of being foolish, they would act thus. In Parliament they would systematically take up, and champion, the cause of any Government officials or labourers, dockyard and other, suddenly dismissed from their employment and turned adrift without compensation. For these victims of unsparing parsimony, they would try to obtain redress. They would offer the most strenuous opposition possible to all Bills, whether private or public, for the enclosure of commons or open spaces, and to all improvements "proposed by Commissioners involving the destruction of Elle et Luie."

They have reason that they, on the sly, would be preserving and perpetuations on the probability out out of the state.

Poetical Description.

Clara (reading). "The Goblin Page, omitting still No opportunity of ill."

Julia (laughing). The Gobling Page! What a good name for our Alphonzo! And ism't it just like him? I'm sure he's always eating, or else breaking our old china!

ME. JEAN LUIE, among other matters, has been charged with most strenuous opposition possible to all Bills, whether private or public, for the enclosure of commons or open spaces, and to all improvements "proposed by Commissioners involving the destruction of Elle et Luie.

tion of public monuments and buildings. Not only would they systematically oppose all new projects of restrictive legislation, such as liquor laws of any kind, but they would also move the repeal of all laws of that sort already existing, as many as annoy people. They would resist all attempts to increase the extent to which the Public have been subjected to the dictation of the Police, and would use their best endeavours to get Policemen reduced to their limited service of maintaining order, guarding property, and detecting and taking up offenders. Finally, they would unite in doing their very best to defeat all proposed enactments, which, except for money's certain worth, would add a new impost to local taxation, and lay one more burden on the rate-payers.

certain worth, would add a new impost to local taxation, and lay one more burden on the rate-payers.

But, dear friends, the Tories are no Jesuits. There is small fear that they will adopt the tactics above indicated. Yet think, if they did, how dreadful the consequences would be! They would obtain a great majority at the next general election; they would succeed to office, wherein they would maintain themselves by continuing to play the same insidious game, and so keeping you in a fool's paradise, whilst they, on the sly, would be preserving and perpetuating our rotten institutions in Church and State.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

After a Visit to a fine Old Melodrama, entitled, " Raymond and Agnes.



S usual, Sir, when your Representa-tive pledges his word—(you will (you will word—(you will probably observe that he must be indeed hard up to pledge such a thing; but this is only your cynimean it)— redeems his dge. He said, not pledge. He said, I mean that I said as Your Repre-sentative, that I would go and re-visit the Haymarket, and see Baymond and This melo-Agnes.

drama is the after-piece, and must be seen, and studied, to be thoroughly appreciated. So I went, saw, and studied; and let me inform Mr. Buckstone that, as the tags of the doar good old farces used to say, there was "not a happier party sat down to supper on that night," i.e., when I saw this melodrama, than (boveing to audience) Your Representative. (Curtain. Applause.) But to my tale. The worst of it is, and here I apologise, Kenealyly, for any trifling inaccuracies in my account, that I have lost the bill, forgotten some of the names, and in a general way trust to my memory. But on that memory the chief features of Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun of Lindenberg, have been indelibly impressed.

Act I. Scene I. A poorly-furmished chamber in a Castle belonging to Raymond's Father, Baron Sternhold. That is, I think his name was Sternhold, because it reminded me of HOPKINS (STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, Psalmists, old metre), but as it might not have been Sternhold, and certainly wasn't Hopkins, no harm can be done by assuming it to have been the latter; say, Baron Hopkins, or amalgamate the two, and call him Sternkins. This scene is not described in the bill. That I noticed. In fact, as far as I recollect, no scene seems to be considered of any importance in the piece until we get to the Robbers' Hut, and that is a startler; rather. But I must not anticipate. Well, in this meanly-furnished apartment, in Baron Sternkins' Castle, are Don Raymond and his servant Theodore engaged in "packing up." Theodore is kneeling at a shabby old leather portmanteau, which, though it would be a tolerably fair size for clothes of the present day, yet could no more hold a second Spanish suit, such as Don Raymond wears, than it could take in my best hat without considerably injuring it. Of course Don Raymond must have a change of clothes and boots, and, evidently, as he is en coyage, what he has got on cannot be his Sunday best. But he can't manage it in that portmanteau, and as he doesn't condescend to enter into details, we can on

Sternkins' Castle is situated.

But here we come to a geographical difficulty. The Bleeding Num is a work of Genius, and Genius is above rules. Everybody, including Baron Sternkins, looks unmistakably Spanish. Raymond Baron Sternkins is my nom de plume for his father, whose Christian name, I now remember, is Felix: and he is Don Felix. Spanish again: no mistaking his breed, any more than one can be wrong about a handsome black fowl. Therefore, from information received from Don Felix, who gives his son, Raymond, two thousand pistoles, which are incautiously packed up by Theodore among the linen in the portmanteau, we may take it as certain that Raymond is about to quit the Castle and journey to Lindenberg. Now where 's Lindenberg?' Germany, I should say. But from certain dialogue which subsequently occurs, your Representative would, at the conclusion of the piece, have been inclined to describe Lindenberg, in any Gazetteer of the period, as a place in Germany, somewhere near Madrid, on the high-road to Strasbourg. But of course the map has been considerably altered since then.

However, off goes Don Raymond, after listening to a discourse from Don Felix, who is a regular old proser recovering apparently from a recent severe cold (I was really quite glad to see him looking so well, but should have advised him to leave off his fur trimmings of well, but should have advised him to leave of his fur trimmings of well, but should have advised him to leave off his fur trimmings of well, but should have advised him to leave off his fur trimmings to the house), and arrives at the Second Scene, which representative was unable to learn: but I fancy we were now, Your Representative was unable to learn: but I fancy we were now for Representative was unable to learn: but I fancy we were now for Representative was unable to learn: but I fancy we were now for Representative was unable to learn: but I fancy we were not far from Madrid, but

still a long way off Lindenberg. Here Don Raymond, lounging in the door of the pot-house, (a low pot-house and a low door-way) sees his Agnes issue from the convent and join her Duenna, with whom she (Agnes) is going to Lindenberg. "All for Lindenberg!" Raymond is much struck with the beauty of Agnes, but nothing particular seems to come of it, as he hires a Guide to conduct himself and his servant, Theodore, who is always lugging about the old portmanteau, in such a bumping, thumping way, as to ensure the hair-oil being all among the linen before they get to the end of their journey. Don Raymond, however, is an indulgent master, as he makes no remark on his servant's carelessness: but, perhaps, no hair-oil has been nacked up. been packed up.

been packed up.

The Guide is a villain, and a traitor; so was the low publican at whose pot-house Raymond had refreshed himself. Any one could have seen that with half an eye.

Scene 3. A Wood-cutter's Hut. Mn. Braid (I forget what his playbill name is), here appears as the Woodcutter, and admits to the audience, in a compact soliloquy, that he is a thorough-paced scoundrel, but at the same time complains that he is ill-treated by the other thorough-paced scoundrels, who neglect him, and leave him all alone in the forest without any kind of cheerful society. The Woodcutter's villanous trade is to, as it were play at being a Woodcutter while he is really, you see, a Robber, and in order the more completely to take in unwary travellers, and the more effectually to accomplish his nefarious designs, he tries to inspire his chance customers with confidence, by wearing an enormous carving-knife stuck, most ostentatiously, in his broad belt. It is strange how the eleverest rascals overresen themselves by some trifling act of carelossness, or of vanity. lessmess, or of vanity.

eleverest rascals overreach themselves by some trifling act of carelessness, or of vanity.

Your Representative was inclined to attribute this oversight about the carving-knife more to a foolish vanity, on the Woodcutting Robber's part, than to stupidity. Don Repond and Theodore (still lugging the portusanteau) accept the Woodcutter's hospitality for the night, in consequence of their carriage having been purposely upset by the treacherous Guide, and enter his house.

Scene 4. Interior of the Woodcutter's Hut.—From the exterior in the previous Scene no one could have imagined it had so much accommodation. On the ground-floor is the dining-room, above is the bed-room, in which we see an uncomfortable-looking bed made on an incline. The Woodcutter welcomes Raymond and his servant, and tells his wife which rooms to prepare for them. This order makes the poor woman shudder. She is, she says, becoming rather ennuye'd by these constant scenes of violence. "More blood!" she exclaims, saide, on first seeing the travellers. In fact, she is heartily sick of the whole concern, and, adopting, apparently, the motto of "Anything for a change," she determines to assist Don Raymond. And herein her ingenuity is marvellous. She first says to herself, aside, "How can, I warn him?" and is evidently in a dilemma; but, as she is going in for excitement, she soon overcomes the preliminary difficulties, and adopts expedients, which are probably suggested to her by her earliest reminiscences of being taken to a theatre to see a pantomime, as they are of such a simple but effective nature, as hiding behind bed-curtains, and popping out suddenly, even without saving "Bo!" As a matter of fact, she never does

theatre to see a pantomime, as they are of such a simple but effective nature, as hiding behind bed-curtains, and popping out suddenly, even without saying "Bo!" As a matter of fact, she never does get beyond these efforts, which, being repeated two or three times, appear to have exhausted her fund of originality. Still, she has a good night of it, and, as her object was novelty, she obtains it, and enjoys her little amusements thoroughly.

Now enter a couple of unhung secundrels, whom the thoroughpaced villain of a Woodcutter has described as "two fine young men—my sons by a former marriage," which Your Representative was inclined to think was a statement no more to be believed than anything else he said, for the eldest and most abaudoned, named Robert (never once called Bob by any of the family), certainly seemed to be his father's senior by some years. Crime may have effected this result. The other Robber was Robert's junior by ten years (bringing this one to something like five years younger than

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ulky er to quently appears, the one mistake with the family, they all waste so much time in attitudinising before they strike; why Robert might have done it twice ever, if he hadn't been bent on a graceful attitude—when the traveller wakes up and seizes him. Robert, who is a poor hand at an excuse, says, "I only came in for the lamp," and leaves. The guileless traveller now begins to mistrust his hosts, and lies down again to rest sword in hand. But he 's not to have a quiet time, not a bit. Out comes Mrs. Woodcutter, with the impulse of her early pantomime reminiscences strong within her, from behind the bed-curtains, and excitedly warns him, points to a bloodstain on the pillow, calls on him to escape with her, when—enter Robert. "Ha!" exclaims her sulky step—son, "what are you here for?" Well, her presence there is, to say the least of it, odd. The family, however, are none of them very good at excuses, and she assures Robert that she only came to give the stranger a night-cap. "H may be so," says sulky Robert, thoughtfully, and actually accepts the explanation as satifactory. In fact, elever, except in the matter of posing, as he is, professionally, as a Robber, Robert is, out of business, rather a fool than otherwise, or why believe his step-mother about that night-cap? They both leave Raymond, who finding he is unable to escape, goes to bed again, and directly he has settled himself comfortably, enters the sulky Robert for the third time, and recommences with his carving-knife. Being, as before, a long time posing and taking aim, Mrs. Woodcutter seizes the opportunity to prod Raymond sharply in the ribs from behind her favourite hiding-place, the bed-curtains (where she has again concealed herself, having entered unperceived by that sulky idder. Robert), and Raymond, springing up, seizes the ruffian for the third time. His excuse is now, that he "only came up to say that supper was ready."

time. His excuse is now, that he "only came up to say that supper was ready."

Then they go to supper, and Agnes, and the Duenna, are brought in, and Raymond sups with Agnes, and the Blood-Stained Bandits make a hearty supper off bread-and-milk in wooden bowls. Then the Woodcutter gives his guest the poisoned wine, and Mrs. Woodcutter (still on for excitement and novelty) tells Raymond not to drink, and he spills it, making a great noise and mess in doing so, which are unheard and unseen by the Robbers, who, as I have before remarked, are really very simple, stupid people. Agnes is drugged. Mrs. Woodcutter (up to anything now) tells Raymond to pretend to sleep. He does so. Only Mr. and Mrs. Woodcutter, Agnes drugged, and Raymond are now in the room.

The Woodcutter is going to have the amusement all to himself. He takes out a knife, intending to stab Raymond. But the family instinct for attitudinising is too strong for him, and he must give up a minute to posing himself gracefully, before striking the blow. He lifts his arm: Raymond raises his head—sees him—fearful struggle—Mr. Woodcutter is just getting six to four the best of Raymond, when Mrs. Woodcutter, who owes him one for having made her existence so monotonous, now seeing a grand opportunity for varying the proceedings once and for over, is struck by a "Happy Thought," and—to put it shortly—cracks his crown with a hatchet.

Everyone who ought to escape escapes, and the Robbers re-enter, looking a little astonished at the state of this particular and the restant of the state of this particular and the state of the state of this particular and the state of the state

a hatchet.

Everyone who ought to escape escapes, and the Robbers re-enter, looking a little astonished at the state of things in general, as the curtain descends on the First Act.

How the Bleeding Nun came out of a castle, and wasn't in any way Bleeding, but, on the contrary, a Blooming Phantom; how she vanished into a tree—her disappearance being immediately followed by the apparition of an illuminated advertisement about "Avenge" somebody; how Don Raymond got to Lindenberg (I believe); how Mrs. Woodcutter said she wouldn't go with him and be a bore, but did stick to him like wax, refusing to expalain anything except that Mrs. Woodcutter said she wouldn't go with him and be a bore, but did stick to him like wax, refusing to explain anything except that, years ago, she had once been on her way to Strasbourg, and had never got there; how the Robbers were all killed in a cave, and the Blooming Nun re-appeared in a brilliant light—I have not time, nor have you space, to tell. Suffice it to add, that this genuine Melonama of the Old School is played at the Haymarket at about ten o'clock or so; and if these who left, after Charity, will go and see this, they will show their faith in the evidence of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD, more than very good, is in fact the life and soul of the Wandering Heir, at the Queen's. It is interesting, and the Trial Scene is cleverly arranged and effectively ended.

Licking for Licensed Victuallers.

HOCKEY is a game much in vogue with boys "home for the holidays." They play it with sticks and bungs, using the sticks to knock the bungs. Thus they suggest the idea of the Band of Hope, instigated by the United Kingdom Alliance.

SUITABLE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.—To a Dear Young Lady. A hand-somely bound copy of the treatise, How to Dress on Fifteen Pounds a-Week.

READINGS FROM THE BAROMETER.



SIXTEEN cases of drunkenness were reported yesterday afternoon, in honour of the coming wedding of the Duke of Edinburgh. (Weather uncommonly wet.)

PUMPION.

Several ten-meetings have been held here during the last three days. A Lecture was given at the Young Men's Evening Improvement Association on the Hymns of Du. Watts. (Weather very mild and dull.)

SWALLBOROUGH.

The Elections commenced yesterday. Various speeches were made by the Candidates. There were meetings at the Town Hall and in the Market Place. The Riot Act has been read and the troops called out. (Weather stormy.)

CASES FOR VIVISECTION.

MUCH question has been raised about the lawfulness of "vivisection," as practised on animals; but, since the alteration of the old law respecting high treason, it has never been considered whether that process could be performed with propriety on the human subject. There are certain offenders who must be regarded as deserving to undergo it by all minds inspired with enlightened humanity. For instance:—Wretches who stop bottles with rotten corks. Brutes who sew on boot-loops so slightly that they come off at a pull. Other brutes by whom shirt and other buttons are sewn on in the same atrocious manner. Rascally South London, and other tradesmen, adulterating food. Dishonest postmen, who break letters open and steal remittances. Miscreants, pastrycooks, and servants, who, in making buns, plum-puddings, and mince-pies, or cakes, containing currants, neglect to cleanse the currants from grit, and make those who bite on it crack their teeth. Street-boys who throw orange-peel on the payement, and strike out slides. Italian organ-grinders at largo. All these criminals, as well for the welfare of Society as for the advancement of Science, ought certainly to be subjected to vivisection. vivisection.

Daring Attempt.

SHARSPEARE was once Bowdlerised, and now Bosneelt's Johnson has been re-written! Is there no bold spirit who will lay his hands on Robinson Crusoc, or The Pilgrim's Progress, or The Vicar of Wakefield?



AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

(ONE THAT MIGHT BE DISPENSED WITH.)

Gloomy and Dissipated Youth (who has discovered that Life is not worth having). "I HOPE I SHAN'T BE ALIVE AFTER THIRTY!"

Unsympathetic Elderly Party. "Is there any particular Necessity that you should be Alive vill Thirty?"

NOT QUITE IN TIME!

AH, who would patronage forego,
That knew he could bestow it well?
Not thou, warm-hearted ROBERT LOWE!
No; would he, Shade of SHERIFF BELL?

The sick man's prayer for three months' grace He must refuse, and he denies; But tears run down that genial face From beaming and benignant eyes.

What though the Sheriff, stricken down, A proxy would provide and pay? Stern sense of duty to the Crown Bade Robert take his place away.

His service long, of value great,
The gracious Robert would confess
He fully did appreciate;
Must send him packing, ne'ertheless.

Reply considerate, fair, and kind, Despatched to reach the sufferer's bed; But ere it came, he had resigned His post and all, for BELL was dead.

Sad news, which, when to Robert's ears It came, yet brought some comfort still, That served to moderate those tears With which his eyes again would fill.

It was the Sheriff's fate to die Ere on his heart refusal fell Crushing; and Robert's sweet reply Did therefore not kill Sheriff Bell.

What solace must that thought afford To pitying Robert's gentle breast, Which with regret might else be gored That somewhat might disturb his rest!

Long life to ROBERT; may its end Not hastened be by such a blow As that which chanced not to descend On SHERIFF BELL from ROBERT LOWE.

AFFECTING SYMPATHY.—A Clown walked up to a Woodman, exhausted with toil in his work of felling a tree. The feeling Buffoon exclaimed, "Poor feller!"

NEW RUSSIAN BONDS.

(Jan. 20th, 1874.)

"For dark and true and tender is the north."

TENNYSON—The Princess.

PUNCH EPITHALAMIONISES.

YES, my ALFEED, thou sing'st truly,
In and of the Princess, too:
Were that "dark" not linked unduly
With the "tender" and the "true."
Witness Russia's skies of splendour,
Stars and moons, more bright yet tender,
Than illume our midnight blue.

Moons that shine like those fair maidens,
Who precede a fairer bride,
To the wedding-music's cadence
Moving, stately, side by side—
Virgin moons, with promise laden,
That look latest on the maiden
Ere her nuptial knot is tied.

Moons, that usher one of honey—
Tricksy moon, whose gifts of gold
Prove, too often, fairy-money,
Turned to dust, before 'tis told,
Be this pair to thee beholden
For joys long-lived as they 're golden,
Glowing as thy beams are cold.

Let rude Boreas, baffled stormer, Shake the Winter-Palace door, For Russ frosts and snows the warmer Be the Loves for them in store. Hiems, come in aid of Hymen! Chains, we know, a frosty time in, Glow the fiercer the more frore.

Show thy fair face from the Palace, Maiden MARIE, fur-encased— An Aurora Borealis, Rosy fingered, rosy faced! Wedlock's aledge, for life-long riding, Waits! Young Love his pair is guiding: A fond arm is round thy waist.

Hark the sledge-bells—how they jingle,
With a merry marriage chime!
See, the warm breaths, how they mingle!
Hark, the young hearts beating time!
May the mutual faiths now plighted
Keep those two hearts thus united
All their day, 'twixt eve and prime.

Lo, yon, where, his bear-skin dress in, His own torch to warm his toes, Ready with both banns and blessing, Hymen his chill fingers blows! A la Russe we'll have this marriage, Full of flowers, nor yet disparage Wedlock's solids for its shows. May the power that fate apportions
Prince and peasant, foul or fair,
Life for them, most rare of fortunes,
A la Montagne Russe prepare:
Easy climb and smooth descending,
No upset to make an ending,
En culbule, for this young pair.

As the Prince the altar's nearing,
Through the frosty air there awells,
Faint, far-off, yet plain-to hearing,
Music as of English bells:
Songs of English voices singing,
With that subtlest sweetness ringing,
That warm hearts' well-wishing tells.

Though Jack Frost be Ocean's gaoler,
Thanks to lightning-wires below,
Blessing to our young Prince-Sailor
And our Sailor's bride shall flow—
Bull and Bear may, from their wedding,
More good-will and less blood-shedding
In the future hope to know.

Then we know her fair and merry,
In the blossom of her spring,
Rosy cheeks and lips of cherry,
Eyes that laugh, and arms that cling.
Ask of any naval tailor
What's the right wear for a sailor—
"Russia Duck" he'll say's the thing!

. Everybody knows, or ought to know, the effect of intense cold in causing metal to feel red-hot.

1874.

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THE LATEST IN "RUSSIA BONDS."



SENTANT VISSIBLE NE LETTERS HELD

And if ever Russia Duck was In her wedding white, 'tis she! In her weating winter, its and if ever Prince in luck was, In his Navy-blue, 'tis he. Was e'er marriage of glad omen, Tending to make friends of former 'Tis the marriage sung by me. Came CZAE PETER—half-tamed creature—Hither, shipwright's craft to learn;
Thou hast sought an English teacher
From our navy, in thy turn;
So continuing Perus's lesson,
But with different points laid stress on,
And a sweet face for a stern.

Now and henceforth bless the wedding This day by the Neva done; May its flowers be fragrance shedding Long before the honeymoon. Bride, be happy! wife and mother— Can the Bridegroom wish thee other Than the QUEEN who calls him son?

ALL ABOUT THE WEDDING.



be looking at maps, and globes, and at-lases, to see where Russia is—the geo-graphical acquirements of most adults being capable extension and improvement.

Everybody will be reading books and newspaper and magazine articles newspaper and magazine articles about Russia, in order to increase their knowledge of that country, which, up to the present time, has mainly consisted of con-fused ideas concern-ing Perez TRE GREAT and the Ear-PRESS CATHARINE, severe winters and savage bears, mala-chite and caviare, the knout, serfs, and Siberia.

bound in Russia, and use Russia leather pocket-books, pouches, and puress.

Everybody will be getting up the history of Prince and puress.

Everybody will be interested to hear that the Express or Russia is an autocratic ruler, who can order the streets of his capital to be kept clean, pull down a frightful statue or monument, direct a desolate and neglected public Square to be made decent and sightly without years of litigation and delay, suppress a vestry, and knout or banish tradessmen detected in using false weights and measures, or adulterating every necessary article of food; and a good many people will find themselves wishing that London could now and then have the Rote improbably it will because the conditions of the such an influence.

Not improbably it will because the conditions and the conditions are the conditions are the conditions and the conditions are the conditions and the conditions are the co

Not improbably it will become the fashion for a time to learn Ru

Not improbably it will become the fashion for a time to learn Russ.

Every album will be adversed with a photograph of the Grand Duchess.

Every young lady, who has been christened "Mariz," will be grateful to her parents and speasors for so provident an arrangement.

Children will be named after Her Royal Highness, so will beanets and clocks and costumes, accuts and perfumes, quadrilles and values, streets and villasin fact, there will be a general tendency to Maricolatry.

Everybody will have relations or friends or correspondents in Eussia, or will know somebody who has connections there, through whom they will be able to relate little personal ancedotes of the Grand Duchess and the Imperial Family which do not appear in the papers.

Everybody who has ever been to Russia will unexpectedly become a person of some importance.

Everybody will be smitten with a taste for melachite.

Everybody will be reading Elizabeth; or, the Emiles of Siberia.

Everybody will be glad to have something fresh to talk about.

Everybody will som be asking everybody whether they have seen the Grand Duchess, and what they think of her.

Everybody will join Mr. Passes in heartly wishing both bride and bride-groom a long and happy life.

For the Rent Budget.

"A Tax of two area a day on all foreigners in France" is said to be under consideration. Does not this suggest to Mr. Gladenous a splendid opportunity? Let him only impose a tax on all foreigners in England, being organ-grinders or street-musicians of any description, and he will so endear himself to the whole country that we shall hear no more of Conservative reaction.

REGENERATION OF FRANCE.

Brown all doubt France is entering on a new era; has already begun an entirely altered phase of national existence. Witness the following extract from the Pall Mall Gasatte:—

"The efforts of M. CHARLES LABOUREUX in the preparations for and the successful conduct of the recent performances of the Massich in Paris, have been appropriately secognised by the Government, and he has been appropriated an officer of the Academy by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts."

by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts."

The facts, that the Parisians are beginning to relish Hander, and that the French Government has rewarded the artist who set Hander before them, particularly as the composer of such a work as the Messicah, proclaim the importance attached by thoughtful rulers to an indication of change in a people's musical tasts. The ability to appreciate Handel betokens a very great alteration in the feelings of auditors heretofore chiefly addicted to Offer-Mark. The faculties to which music such as that of Hander. The faculties to which music such as that of Hander. He feelings are just those which distinguish mankind from anthropoid apes. They consist of the higher sentiments, reverence especially, and the thinking and imaginative powers; the same faculties as those which are moved by moble, and sublime, and pathetic sculpture, painting, and poetry. Music which awakens omotions of this kind has now become actually pleasing to hearers accustomed to attend to none but such as produces, at best, the effect of vivacious and ophemeral literature. Sensibilities aroused to the higher order of music indicate a step in "development." Here is a fact for Dazwin. For a long while the French have boasted themselves to be, and got credit with persons devoid of moral sense for being, a great nation, which, however, if they seriously take to Handel, they are in the way to become.

THE PULPIT, GOLD AND SILVER.

IN a letter, lately published, Mr. BRIGHT has expressed some thoughts about sermons which ought to be studied and laid to heart by the great majority of Clergymen. It is not the business of Mr. Punch to preach sermons, but, if it were, he thinks he should know how to do it. His idea of a sermon is that it should always tell people something which either they did not know and ought to, or knew and would not mind, and tell them nothing not made quite clear to their understanding, in the fewest possible words. When these conditions cannot be fulfilled by a reverend divine, would not his best way to attract people to church be to advertise days and hours of services, and post them on his church doors, with the announcement of "No Sermon"?

Oremation Made Easy.

Is unreasoning superstition were in a sufficiently small minority, the only difficulty opposing the practice of creastion would be a question of fuel. Might not this be not by utilising all the vulgar newspapers, the sensational and permissions literature, and all the novels that have had their run.

PROPER NOMEROEATURE.

Threat was a certain Citizen of the United States who had made a large fortune in Pennsylvania by "striking ile." Having had a daughter born to him, he named her Paraorass.

QUESTION FOR GOODY TEMPLADS. — How many scruples should there be to a dram?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-JANUARY 24, 1874.

TERRIBLE RESULT OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN!

Mass Hyratia Jones, SPINSTER OF ARTS (ON HER WAY TO REPLIESHMENT), INFORMS PROFESSOR PARALIAX, F.R.S., THAY "YOUNG MEN DO VERY WELL TO LOOK AT. OR TO

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CRASS IGNORANCE.

Pirst Swell. " LET'S SEE-To-MORROW'S-- WHAT'S T'DAY, BYTR'BY !" Second Swell. "Tuesday, isn't it?—or Monday!—was yest'day Sunday! Ne' mind—(youne)—my Man'll be here Pwesently—pwecious anwewd Fellow—'Tell us like a Shot!!"

REWARD OF MERIT.

REWARD OF MERIT.

It is impossible too highly to extol the real liberality which a Liberal Government has displayed in granting MARKIN FARGURAR TUPPER a pension on the Civil List of £120 a year. Certainly they might have made it a little more, and yet not have exceeded the recognition due to Mr. Tupper's literary merits. Philosophers may have learned little, indeed, from Proverbial Philosophy, but there can be no doubt that a work that has been read by the million has either taught the latter, or entertained them, a great deal.

Upon the generous and judicious grant just made to the author of that celebrated and meritorious work, shallowness, in certain quarters, will animadvert in sarcasm. Critics, however, capable of reflection, and incapable of envy, will not only applaud it as a due and tolerably handsome tribute, but will also hail it as an earnest of better times coming for authors in general; but especially those who have written something that the world will not, or ought not to, willingly lot die, and which has afforded instruction or amusement to thinking and cultivated minds. For if the author of Proverbial Philosophy has received a pension of £120 a year, how many times as much as that sum shall be awarded to them?

Mot by H.B.H. the D- of E-

(Communicated 10 A.M. Wednesday, January 21st.)

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, staying at his Winter Garden Palace in St. Petersburg, perfectly realises the notion of Russ is urbe.

Another, by Special Telegraph, 10:30.

Dean Stanley. Will your Royal Highness play the Russian Hymn on your violin?

H.R.H. Very Reverend Sir, I can't play the Russian Hymn H.R.H. Very Reverend Sir, I can't play the Russian Hymn when I'm thinking only of the Russian Her.

WAR-SONG OF NATIVE ALLIES.

Run away, run away, run, boys, run, Nebber stay draw de trigger, Fly from de enemy's face like fun, Ebbery blessed nigrer!

Farder dan shot can find usight-about turn, and isabe. Ehber so far behind us.

Frow away arms like nigger she Den you run all de lighter. Big hebby musket him no good, 'Cent in de hand of fighter.

'Fore one bullet some ninger hit Hurt him, or stretch him dyi Soon as him got him fourpenny Den is de time for flyin'.

Wait till no friends commands your rear, Wot could deir rifics lebble; Den when you sees dat de coast is clear, Cut away like de dabble!

WEDDING PRESENTS.

"The ladies of Edinburgh have resolved to present the PRINCES MARK with as album containing portraits of Scottish artists, on the common of her marriage with the DUKE OF EDIN-

What are the ladies of Dublin going to do on this happy occasion? A handsome album might be made of the portraits of Irish wits or Irish orators; for we fear the Grand Dubless would fail to appreciate the photographs of the leading Home Rule noveates. An appropriate present for the ladies of Wales to offer would be the portraits of those of their countrymen who can boast the longest pedigrees; and as the DUKE OW RDINKURGH is a musician as well as a sailor, it would be a graceful act on the part of the ladies of London to present his bride with the likenesses of our most distinguished Composers and Admirals. At present we are not prepared with suggestions for the ladies of the Channel Islands, or the ladies of the Isla of Man.

VULCANIC INTELLIGENCE.

Here is a little piece of recent foreign news, which may have a special interest for people who love peace:—

"The newly projected 46-centimètre gun will, according to calculations the accuracy of which is indisputable, when loaded with a charge of 5 cwt. of prismatic powder, pierce a 20-inch plate at about 300 yards. . . The weight of the new gun will be about 273,000 lb. . . The heaviest hammer now employed by Kaupp weighs over 100,000 lb., and, to make the new gun, a hammer will be required weighing at least 220,000 lb."

When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, iron armour-plated warships had not been invented. Else Vulcan and his Cyclops might have found it hardish work to forge such weapons for the Thunderer as would pierce through twenty inches of solid iron plating. The strong Gyas and Cleanthus had no steam-hammers to help them, and would doubtless have been puzzled had King Jupiter commanded them to make him a big thunderbolt, weighing pretty nearly three hundred thousand pounds. How would Howen have delighted to describe the forge of Kaupr? And with what sonorous epithets would he have chronicled the gathering—say, for instance, at Spithead—of some dozens of our modern monstrous iron-armoured ships?

Thoughts on Tubers.

A COMMITTEE of the Royal Agricultural Society has recommended the Council of that Association to offer prizes for "disease-proof potatoes." Do they suppose that any organisation, vegetable or animal, can be proof against disease under unhealthy conditions? Those yet live who remember the days when there was no potato disease to speak of. Potatoes were not then over-cultivated; and excess of health alone was indicated by the rubicundity of the excellent, now extinct, red-nosed kidneys. Let the Agricultural Society look to conditions of atmosphere and manures, and, in due time, send their prizes to 85, Fleet Street.



"SYNONYMOUS." . SOMARCHEL 22ARD

Instructor. " Now, I 've explained the different 'Sights,' you, Private Dumpy, tell me what a fine 'Sight' is. Describe IT AS WELL AS YOU CAN

Private Dumpy. "A FINE SIGHT, SIR! A FINE SIGHT-(pondering)-'S A MAGNIFICEN' SPE'TACLE, SIR!!"

DINNER DIRECTLY.

OUGHT six people to wait dinner for one person? was asked of Dr. Johnson. He liked his dinner, yet he replied, "with humane delicacy," "Yes, Sir, if the pain caused to the one not waited for would be greater than that suffered by those who waited." But, in Johnson's days, it was not easy to be punctual. We have now all kinds of fast vehicles. There is no excuse for delay—and there never is delay in a house where the host knows that he has got a good cook—a true artist. Most dinners, of course, may as well wait half an hour as not.

never is delay in a house where the host and respectively a frue artist. Most dinners, of course, may as well wait half an hour as not.

But at the delightful Ballad Concerts the other night (about the pleasantest evenings that rational lovers of music can have), Mr. Punch heard his favourite, MADAME PATET, sing some words—the first line of a pretty new song, The Carrier Dove, and they gave him an idea. Let everybody learn the air, or some air that will do, and when a timid hostess or a toadyish host is keeping a whole party waiting for an insolent and vulgar person, who thinks it fine to be late, let the hungry ones burst out in song. These be the words—

"Is it not time for the Swallow?"

If that musical charm does not produce a ring, and an order for dinner directly, never go to that Savage Breast's house any more.

Remarkable Conversion.

Anour Southampton and its neighbourhood are posted bills inviting people to attend "the special services in the Circus," and announcing the names of preachers who propose to hold forth on those occasions. Among these gentlemen there should be, if still in being, one who might, with peculiar propriety, occupy the pulpit of the above-named tabernacle. Would not the assistant at a special service in a Circus naturally expect to sit under "the Converted Clown"?

A WORD ON WORD-PAINTING.

In an interesting review of "Old Newspapers," and a special count of one of them, the World, as the World was in 1788, the Times observes :-

"Foreign intelligence is limited to announcements, almost in sentences, of the successes of the Turks against Austria, or of the course of events in France, or of political disputes in America."

In the present day a portion only of foreign intelligence is presented to us in the pleasant and readable form above described. It is that which appears daily in the Wheatstone Department of Mr. Punch's contemporaries. If all the rest of their news from abroad were so condensed as to exclude unimportant facts, and express those of any consequence in the fewest possible words, would it not pretty nearly correspond also to the foregoing description Such condensation would be an unspeakable blessing to readers at present obliged to choose between the alternative of skipping verbiage, at the risk of missing information, and that of wasting precious time. time.

Appropriate Publications.

(For the Season.)

THE Duke's Motto. A Play.
The Czar and the Tar. A Romance.
"Going to be Spliced!" a Song by H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDISBURGH, R.N.
The Galatea Hornpipe. Arranged for Piano and Violin.
The Pretty Little Muscovy Duck. A Fairy Tale.

OBSERVATION BY OUR DARWINIAN OLD MAID.

Man was an Ape, was he? Well, not at all unlikely; he's ver often a Donkey.

24. 1874.



ARS PATET OMNIBUS.

Art-Critic. "'CALL TOURSELF A P'ESSIONAL CROSSIN'-SWEEPER, AN' CAN'T STRIKE A BETTER WOLUTE THAN THAT !—AN' SOUTH KENSI'TON OPEN THREE DAYS A WEEK FREE GRATIS!!"

WEDDINGS A LA RUSSE.

Ir will surprise no one to hear that, in Russia, the bridecake is always beautifully iced, and the champagne delightfully cool.

It is an immemorial custom for the serfs on the estate of the bride's parents to subscribe and give her a wedding present. In former days, this invariably consisted of a complete set of kitchen utensils; but now, we understand, it has changed with the times, and more frequently takes the shape of a dressing-case or a set of silver fish knives and forks.

The wedding peal must be rung by bachelors, who have never been wounded in their affections, or the marriage will not be a happy one; and none of the ringers should be bald, or have a mole on any part of the face. If the families are wealthy, the bell-ropes are generally covered with gold leaf, and the ringers wear white sheepakin gloves.

The Russians are a somewhat superstitious people—so that, if three white

wear white sheepakin gloves.

The Russians are a somewhat superstitious people—so that, if three white blackbirds in succession fly across the path of the wedding party on their way to church, they turn back, and the ceremony is postponed.

At breakfast, when the bride cuts the cake, she has her eyes bound with a snow-white fillet; and the first unmarried lady to whom she offers a slice must immediately leave the table, and spend the rest of the day in seclusion, if she desires to dream of her future husband within a reasonable period.

A shower of old furs is thrown after the vehicle in which the bride and bridegroom take their departure; and six young men and women, all under twenty-one, join hands, and follow the droschky at a rapid pace, until it reaches the parish boundary, when they halt, sing an epithalamion, and return to their homes in the cool of the evening.

No speeches are made at the wedding breakfast; but, when the health of the newly-married couple has been proposed by the oldest person present,—not being a foreigner, a proctor, or a widower,—the whole party rise, grasping in their hands goblets filled to the brim with wine or mead, and sally forth in sleighs to the Neva, where, amidst loud cries of joy and the ringing of little silver bells, they pour the contents of their glasses into its flowing waters. Only three other toasts are given—"Russia in Asia," and "Russia in America."

The wedding favours are enormous—as large round as a kettle-drum, and composed of the national colours, with a bear in frosted silver in the centre.

The ribbon of which they are made is not used for any baser purpose afterwards, but is burnt at midnight, on the next Saturday but one, in a charcoal fire, by the senior bridesmaid.

THE DIE-HARDS AND THEIR COLOURS.

"Between one and two o'clock to-day (Friday, Jan. 23rd) was seen a small military detachment, in uniform, marching from Cannon Street to the Mansion House. A field-officer, three other officers, and about eight non-commissioned officers and men, were taking to their final resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral, the old colours of the 57th Regiment—the West Middlesex—the 'Dic-hards.' They were cordially received by the Lond Mayon, and with equal cordiality at the Cathedral, where, after a short, impressive ceremony, the colours were placed on its walls. They were the colours of the Crimea, and especially of lokermann. They were accompanied on this their last march by the condition that 'no expense was thereby to be entailed on the public.'"

"'BENEATH WHEN'S stately have Your colours you'd bestow?'. Well, Honour to the Brave, But keep it dark and lose!

"Send them up by the van.
"Flags, so sent, have been lost?"
Well, you could sue the man
For what the old colours cost!

"Nay, perhaps a British Jury
Might have given something more,
Feeling's all sound and fury—
But juries it comes o'er.

"But if you object to trust
Your old colours by the carrier,
On a guard to escort their dust
We will not place a barrier.

"But a very small gnard will do, To see that nothing's lost of them; On mature reflection, too,
The War Office can't be at cost of them.

" If the Die-hards are so foolish-Nay, so take leave of their senses— As to guard old rags from Woolwich, They must pay their own expenses.

"Old flags are all very well,
And so is caprit de corps,
But we can't be expected to swell
Our bills, by a pound and more!

"There's only one colour we know,-Don't think I mean to be funny
On a subject so mal-à-propos—
And that's the colour of money!"

A Youthful Infirmity.

What is the reason why many ayoung man goes about, especially at balls and parties, with a single eye-glass stuck in one of his eyes? If he were short-sighted he would use a double one. It is not defective vision that he is afflicted with, but mental deficiency. Consciousness of folly makes him afraid of looking foolish, and the muscular contortions of countenance which attend the effort to retain the eye-glass in the orbit enable him to disguise his naturally vacant expression with a grimace.

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DESCRIBE

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E OF EDINin.

MILITARY MORAL PHILOSOPHY.



sight and design, as means to an end, is a consideration which must give us a little pause.

Thus, your Reverences and your Worships, you see before you on one hand what we may

PRACTICAL and soldierly Circular addressed by Sir Garner Wolfer and the statement which, while he and they are engaged with H. M. KING COPFEE CALLAI and his savages, may give rise to controversy amongst gentlemen of England, particularly some of the philosophical and reverend, who live at home at ease:—

"Providence has implanted in the heart of every native of Africa superstitious awe and dread of the white man."

There is no question of the fact that superstitious awe and dread of the white man are feelings which exist in the native African's heart or mind. That is positive. But whether they have been implanted there with fore-

call a Scylla of Positivism, and, on the other, a Charybdis of the metaphysico theological kind, between which it will take a better pilot than any one at present generally known to steer yea. However the proposition above-quoted, much as imay perplex you, has of course suggestent the slightest difficulty, but, on the contrary, proved highly reassuring an clearly intelligible, to the gallant fellow to whom, for their comfort and information, it was addressed by their judicious and valiant leader.

CANZONET FOR CANVASSERS.

Apropos of the Coming Elections.

Would you bribe the tender voter?
Of corruption be promoter?
That would be a dangerous part.
Woo his ear with words of honey;
Breathe no whispered hint of money:
In soft speeches lies your art.

Interest in his welfare feigning, Yet with care your tongue restraining, Quickly you his views may learn. Swift to aid your cause enlist him, Round your little finger twist him; Lamblike to your flock he'll turn.

If his wife you chance on meeting, Bow, and give her kindly greeting, Sweetly on her children smile: Buy some lollipops for HARRY, Give a blue-eyed doll to CARRY; So the mother's heart beguilo.

Thus a careful course pursuing, Nought suspicious ever doing, Courts inquiring you defy; Crossest cross-examination Causes you no perturbation: Tinge of green's not in your eye!

POEM ON THE DUKE'S DAY.

[Mr. Punch feared that the Poets were not coming out "in the way that might have been expected," as folks say in Japan. However, he has been favoured with an early copy of the following composition, which the Bard (surely he need not be named) had a double motive for writing—affection for the Royal Family, and gratitude for a recent pension. He considers this a gem of the first water.]

This is a day we never saw before, For both our Princes stand on Russia's shore, One with a wife of whom 't must be allowed His Royal Highness is most justly proud; The other bending to a gracious bride, To whom for life he will be shortly tied; Then soar, my muse, on pinions glad and free, And to the great occasion equal be.

Things have not always been as we could wish, Rassia and England have fried other fish. In the Crimea both their swords have crossed, Where honour, if not won, was never lost. Nor are we sure that Russia doth not mean Some day to march upon the Indian scene; But be these memories gently laid away Upon this happy and well-omen'd day, Remembering, and I say it without souf, Sufficient for the day's the ill thereof. I don't mean that, of course—ropress the sneer No ill can come when saffron Hymen's near, Combined with Cupid—yet again I pause. We live beneath the sway of Christian laws, And if those heathen beings I invoke, It is that I may point the harmless joke. I know full well that such old classic ties The Church of England does not recognise.

Great crowds of persons of most various ranks Have lately gathered upon Neva's banks, An interesting sight they did behold,
Water was taken in a bowl of gold,
A cross was then inserted in the wave,
And a chief-priest did benediction crave.
The rite was fanciful, but harmless, sure,
And gave much satisfaction to the poor.
Our Princes were not 'mid the concourse, but
Stood at a window, which, I hope, was shut,
For, till acclimatised, 'tis hard to bear
The shocking keenness of the Russian air,
And stern bronchitis, quite impartial, brings
Grief to the throats of Princes and of Kings.
One novel thought my Muse's wit inflames—
Who ever heard a blessing on the Thames?
Especially when manufacturing smells
Prompt, not a blessing, friends, but something else—
Not that I tolerate a childish curse,
But claim some licence for a sportive verse.

To-day, my Muse, in matrimonial bands ALFRED and MARIE swathe their royal hands. He's bound in Russia, so, for that, is she—A bondage of the happiest liberty: Were it but etiquette, the hour would win His sweetest tune on his best violin; But, as good Dr. Primrese used to say, Some graver thoughts befit the marriage day, DEAN STANLEY'S sermon seems to me a boon Much more becoming than a lively tune.

Now, we'll suppose the ceremonial said,
The crowns suspended o'er each youthful head,
The Czar protrudes his hand, and gives the kiss,
Wishing his children every sort of bliss,
All the Princesses levish kindly smiles,
The bright tear sparkling in each eye the whiles;
Frank Albert Edward, laughing, whispers, "Alf,
You, like myself, have got a Better Half."
Then all the cannons give an awful roar,
Flash flies a telegram to England's shore,

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And thence transmitted to the Isle of Wight (To-day we'll hope the wires will be all right), Informs our Monarch that her second Son Has claimed the Prize he so adroitly won.

Descend, sweet Muse, from yonder spheres sublime, And deign to join the revel of the time:
It is not very frequently, I think,
I offer incense on the shrine of drink,
But the heart's poor that never will rejoice,
And vent its feelings in a festal voice—
So with this homage let the wine go down—
"THE DURE AND DUCHESS OF EDINA'S TOWN." January 23, 1874.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

In three Places, and reports as usual,



S in.—Wern this letter I intend to sum up, for the present, the general Theatrical case. The Covent Garden have afforded excellent entertainment for children; and Little Bo-pesp's pet lambs, crossing the rustic bridge, are as pretty a sight as our young lambkins can well see. Your Representative heard that H.R.H.'s children were clamorous for the purchase of a whole flock of these trained Baa-lambs, but the Manager Rice, not being inclined to make a Baa-gain, respectfully declined the offer, that is, during the run. He will have 'em again next winter probably, when if revisendra d ses moutons; or, ruther, his muttons, will return to him. his muttons, will return to him. They have (I mean the sheep have) been excellently trained; and it

They have (I mean the sheep have) been excellently trained; and it only shows what application and atudy will effect in (what the Cinderella, too, at Henolea's Circus, Argyle Street (which establishment, it strangely enough occurs to Your Representative, The New Gallery, where the "Happy Thought" Entertainment is, adjoins) has delighted thousands this holiday time, and will probably continue to do so as long as any children are left at home. The little couple of mites in Watteau costume, who are always getting in the way, and being knocked down by the other dancers at the Prince's ball (given in the Circus, you understand), are very droll.

MISTER SANDY, the Clown, is really grotesque and original. Your Representative only noticed one pensive face among the generally merry audience at Henolea's: it was that of a young lady of eight years of age. "Why so sad?" inquired Your Representative benignly. She sighed; then—never once taking her eyes off Sandy—ahe replied, with earnest intensity, "I should like to marry the Clown." Vainly did I attempt to distract her from her purpose by suggesting, as altogether better partis, the Master of the Ring, the daring and elegant gentleman on three horses, the accomplished musician who struggled with the drum, and even the groom in livery. No; she was not to be dazzled by finery; her heart was tran to Poll; she only repeated, "I should like to marry the Clown." Finally, Your Representative represented You, Sir, in full costume—flower in my button—hole, a curl on the front of Jove, with gloves and boots of dazzling brightness, and, in fact, in every way worthy of You, Sir, with all your polish. My visits to the Alhambra are angelic in their character, being fow and far between; and therefore when an angel does do this sort of thing, he had better to be dazzled by finery; her heart was tran to Poll; she only repeated, "I should like to marry the Clown."

Finally, Your Representative of the Ring, the daring and legant gentleman on three horses, the accomplished musician who there

advertisements. Respectabilities from the Provinces, about town for a few days en garçon, consider it as much a part of their duty, now-a-days, to visit the Alhambra, as they still do to visit subsequently Evans's, and shake hands with our vanerable "dear bey," Patrick, whom middle-aged strangers respectfully address as "Mister Greek," whom cocky youngsters call "Greek," and cockier ones (their rashness makes me shudder as I munch my well-carned underdone chop) alap on the shoulder, styling him "Paddy."

But there he is, little great man, the Napoleon of the Music Halls, welcoming everyone—all friends, no fees—to all comers he is semper sidem, tougours vert, over-Greek ! Five Pancien gargon!

But I was (for You, Sir) at the Alhambra, and I've wandered off the beaten path on to the Green.

In Mr. Byron's Don Juan at the Alhambra there is planty to see, lots to laugh at, and much, musically, to hear. There as new song by the indefatigable and olever Momerer Jacons, with a swimming chorus. It is sung by Mise Santler, ever a favourite with the Alhambrites, and just suits her, or she just suits it, or somehow they both suit one another, and everybody is delighted. But bless us! how mighty difficult it is to get another success like Mr. Frederick Clay's "Nobody knows as I know." The latter composer ham't done it again. Like Shirendar, whose School for Scandal wouldn't succeed, because of his powerful Rivale. In Miller, Bose Bell, we have une vraie artiste. Her first song from Offender's Bridge of Sighs is trebly encored. Her second song "Sparkling Wine," also composed by M. Jacont, is encored vociferously. For the Prince of an extravaganza, for the dashing cavalier of an Opéra Bouffe, no one could be found better in voice, manner, and appearance than Miller, Rose Bell.

Of the other bright creatures I have not time to speak now, save

wagnza, for the dashing eavalier of an Opéra Bouffe, no one could be found better in voice, manner, and appearance than Molle. Rose Bril.

Of the other bright creatures I have not time to speak now, save that gorgeous, merry, sparkling Miss Any Sheridan was as captivating a Corsair, as you'd wish to be captured by. (I think You are quite right, Sir, in sending me to represent You on these occasions.) The Commendatore's Status, by Mr. Jarvis, is played with a good deal of grotesque humour; Mr. Wornors does what he can with nothing in particular, and Mr. Paulton has plenty of funny "comic business" as Leporello. His final waltz with the Ghost is one of the best things in the piece.

The Ballet, of European fame, called Flick and Flock followed. Over this I could dwell for hours. I love a ballet with a story in it. I haven't time to tell you the story. Let anyons who enjoys a good ballet-piece go and see Flick and Flock. But I must tell you one incident. A fairy will show Mr. Flick and Mr. Flock (who are two friends), a series of panoramic views of the various cities of the world. We went to Berlin, we went to St. Petersburg, and Heaven knows where besides, every place being illustrated by dancers in the costume of the particular nationality. Well, Sir, we were taken to Rome. There were St. Peter's and the Vatican plain as a pikestaff. We were in the Great Square. Lo and behold, out came from different sides, dancers in the dresses of Peasants of the Campagna. Such petticoats! Lovely! Then they struck up a dance, a gny and festive, not to say wild dance. Sir, I trembled to think that this was taking place within a stone's throw of the Vatican, and that from one of the windows in the distance the venerated Pope might be looking at us. I expected every minute that he'd come out, and stop it. Alas! poor man, I forgot the present circumstances. It flashed across me all at once, why these indecorous (from a clerical view only) proceedings could be now allowed in the Great Square of St. Peter's. Why!—because the Pope is

Memoires (of Whalley) Pour Servir.

1873. January 20.—Mr. WHALLEY, M.P., is severely rebuked by SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, and fined £100 for Contempt of

1874. January 20.—Mr. Whalley, M.P., writes a letter, for which SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN orders him to attend, the letter

being Contempt of Court.

1874. January 23.—Mr. Whalley, M.P., appears in Court, and is fined by Sir Alexander Cockburn in the sum of £250.

The eminent Protestant Religionist remarks, "I won't pay!" and is sent to Holloway Gaol.

(To be continued-perhaps.)

THE SHIP WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HAS NOW GIVEN



A TREMENDOUS SELL.

Fidgety Old Bachelor (who hates Juvenile Parties, and has come two Hours later than he was asked, so as to avoid the Children). "Sorry to be Late-I'm dreadfully agraid I've Missed all the Darling Little Ones!"

Lively Hostess. "O dear, No. Our Supper has been put off Two Hours. The Darling Little Ones are having Tea, but they'll be Down Directly for 'Sir Roger de Coverley'; so you're just in Time to help us Clear the Room, and join in a Regular Romp!"

BISMARCK'S BACKER!

OR, "A SMALL POT AND SOON HOT."

THERE are cocks small of stature, but plucky of nature,
Who need no steel-spurring to stir to the shindy,
Whose clarion we hear, when a battle is near—
Nay, whose crow sometimes kindles the contest, I fear—
Proclaiming their wind good—the weather, too, windy.

Such a cock's JOHNNY RUSSELL, all foes game to hustle, In whom age, strange to say, the white feather has moulted— With what flutter and bustle he arms for the tussle For the Vatican cock though some doubt of his muscle Who chalked up "No Popery!" once, and then bolted.

See this brave little John, in the "seventies" far gone,
How his gallant old goose-quill he draws with a flourish,
Of what he thinks right reason, so always in season,
Proclaiming his view, which to doubt he holds treason,
And for which Faith and Love, alike, Liberals must nourish.

Man or cock, I maintain, 'tis the strife shows the strain,
And since JOHN first wore steel—not e'en scoffers can question—
Never great fight has been, but this small cock was seen,
In the thick of the row, pecker up, and spurs keen,
Or atip-toe, and straining his throat to congestion.

So shrill chanticleering, for ears dull of hearing,
As for more normal ears might, at times, seem lost labour,
But his note still the true British Cock-doodle-doo—
Every man under law free to think, speak, and do,
What pleasing himself, does no wrong to his neighbour.

Yes, in consinhood full, these two Johns, Russell, Bull, As agog for the fray, and, at times, as wrong-headed, Have blustered and blundered, till cooller wits wondered, But still, on the whole, from the right hand have thundered, With cartridge, at times blank, but oft double-leaded.

And no'er have they run with more will to their gun,
Than when 'twas to point it, full-charged to the muzzle,
Their broadside to ope 'gainst that fire-ship the Pope,
Whose pluck, in her state of crew, cannon, and rope,
Was something both Johns' bluntish reason to puzzle.

Hard times we have known, when we fought her alone, At her back when she boasted Armadas invincible; But she never hoists colour less flaunting or duller, Now she owns for ally scarce a pair-oar or sculler— And of these Par, the stoutest, if not the most "sinsible."

Once it proved pluck to brave the Old Lord of the Wave,
To whose Cross-keys the flags of all nations were lowered,
When he ruled all seas over, from Euxine to Dover,
And bore down on John Bull, that piratical rover,
As an Eagle might swoop on a wren over-powered.

Now that flag calls in vain, on France, Italy, Spain,
And more vainly still on the iron-clad German,
Their ensigns to lower, in respect to her power,
And under her lee in submission to cower,
And to take for scaled orders her old captain's firman.

And it needs little pluck, now she's down on her luck, To taokle the old craft, worm-eaten and crazy; One shot in her quarter, between wind and water, Of the bolts in her rotten old sides would be starter, And her crew is disheartened, commander grown hazy.

. See Mr. Panch's admirable Cartoon d propos of the Papal Titles Bill.

374.

TEA,



BISMARCK AND HIS BACKER!

EARL R-08-LL. "GO IT, BISMARCK!—PITCH INTO 'EM! I'D HA' DONE IT MYSELF, ONLY I'VE SUCH AN AWFULLY BAD COLD!" [Extract from Newspaper.

REMAINING THE MAN THE WAYNERS

And now the Big Bismarck, about to set his mark Upon the old craft, fifes a-scream, drums a-rattle, Boarding-nettings up-knotted, big guns double-shotted, Grave, grim-visaged crew at their stations allotted, Bears down, huge and heavy, a-taunto for battle!

Let him fight his own fight, God will stand by the right,
He can manage his battle without any backer,
Do his own talking, writing, his own steering, fighting,
His own tacking, wearing, his own signal-lighting,
Choose his own time to ram and steam faster or slacker.

So, my JOHNNY, why poke such a very bad joke,
As when you propose, at this grave German crisis,
Your own cockle-shelly to steer in the mêlêe,
And your small pocket handkerchief sail to bid belly,
Like a dingey behind a big barge on the Isis?

There's a voice from the past—"Cobbler, stick to your last."
And a fable that tells frogs can ne'er into bulls swell,
And a proverb commanding each tub to find landing
Upon its own,—well, let us say,—"understanding,"
So keep your cockboat clear of the Big Biemarck's full swell!

THE WEDDING IN RUSSIA.

(From Our Own Special Correspondent.)



ONERATULATE me on having arrived in St. Petersburg in admirable time for the coremony.

Of course I know every inch of the ground, and am personally no stranger to the great Russian Public, nor, for the matter of that, to the great Russian Hotel, where, having refused spartments in the Winter portmanteans, bags, boxes of presents for the Happy Pair, &c., &c. But, bless you, I can put up with you, I ca

I like "roughing it," in a hard frost.

Talking of what the butcher's horse said, you

shall hear what I said immediately on my arrival.

I stood on Russian soil and exclaimed,—
"Once more upon my native Heath!"
"Sir," my Second Under-Secretary ventured to remark, "it's not a Heath."

a Heath."
I was down on him.
"Secretary Two," I replied, sternly, "though this is not a Heath, yet Russia is a land of Furze."
He knew I meant "Furz," and shrank back, overcome by the brilliancy of the retort.
One of the Czar's Ministers, I forget which (I think it was Court Tenn Baxudes, the Chancellor of the Excheques), asked me if I'd like to have the poor fellow banished to the mines of Posen, and flogged three times a day for five years.

like to have the poor fellow banished to the mines of Posen, and flogged three times a day for five years.

"To Posen!" I exclaimed. "And sup-posen' I say no?"
I was "i' the vein." The Russian Ministers, Officers, and the crowd generally, were in shrieks. I was going to say "in fits," but I can't, for they haven't got a tailor worth mentioning among 'em. So the Under-Sec. escaped this time, and lucky for him, as, had I agreed to the suggestion, the unfortunate man would soon have discovered that, instead of having come to Russia with me for "an outing," he had only come out for a Knosting.

So I got into my Drowski, and, with my favourite Bowwowwowski terrier seated opposite me, I gave the word, in Russian, to proceed. "Vich Hotel?" asked the driver.

"Vich Hotel?" asked the driver.

"Vich Hotel?" says I, readily. "Vy, the 'Alexandrovitch,'" Cheers, tears, laughter, mud, and briokbats, as I drove away from the station.

My Secretaries followed at full gallop, mounted on rough, shaggy little Ponyatowskis. My Secs. are wearing busbies, bluchers, scarves of various colours, Hussar jackets, their own arms, and anything else they like. They re a useful lot. My Assistant Third Undor-Sec. waits at table capitally. Also I'll back him for varnishing boots against anyone of his own size and weight.

He always has to do this, because I have one mot which I invarishly come out with

I ask my guests why is that person there waiting like a very dry champagne?

Champagne?

Everyone gives it up.

I answer, "Parcoqu'il est très sec."

Of course he has a tray in his hand, so as to point the joke, and the guests know he's a Secretary. However, it never goes flatly. If it did, I'd never have another dinner-party.

However, to the business which connects Petersburg with Edinburgh. Allows:

burgh. Allons !

I was soon obliged to leave the Hotel. The Empkann wouldn't hear of my being there as long as there was a suite of apartments to let in the Alexander Palace.

"Dear old man," he wrote to me in excellent Russian (for he both writes and speaks his own language grammatically), "here you are. Come up. Gyznaaties and billiards. No extra charge." And so, of course, there I was.

Don't believe any report you may have heard about there having been any danger, at any time, after my first dance with the merry little Grand Duchess, of the match being broken off.

I am bound in honour to contradict it.

As a gentleman and as a loyal subject of our Queen (though when in Russia do as the Rushers do), I lay my hand on my heart and assure you that there never was any foundation for the absurd report.

We never were in the Orangery (where the iced ross-water foun-

time are alone for a single moment.

The absurd canard was all owing to my having made a joke about Armsistor Onlors, which a Ruski spy (not well up in his English) was too stupid to understand. "All off," and Onlors, was the idea. The Spy was hung last Monday, or sent to Siberia, it doesn't

lish) was too stupid to understand. "All off," and Onlow, was the idea. The Spy was hung hast Monday, or sent to Siberia, it doesn't much matter which.

Well, Sir, in the face of all these tales, I am proud and happy to say that the Wedding went off A 1.

As to the Ball, Your Own was the observed of all observers. How they applanded my trois temps with the Cranswas. I was a little nervous at first, as I had only just finished taking lessons in London of Phormason Powers and his three accomplished daughters. But after two false starts, in consequence of that idiot Couwr Houndowers the getting in my way, and bumping us as if he were in a University Boat-race, we got well off, and didn't finish until I came with a bang against the corner of a triangular pillar supporting a brilliant chandelier.

I had been round the room with her, and now the room went

I had been round the room with her, and now the room went

round with me.
"You are not well," said the beautiful C----a, anxiously. Here I drop a veil.

Supper was done pretty well. The Czar winked at me, on my remarking sotto coce to him, that I had seen the barley-sugar ornament in the centre before. As for the Champagne—well, we had a private bottle or two, between us, under the chair.

However, I was a guest, and the Imperial hospitality was well meant. But, as I whispered to him, "Give me our little supper parties alone. Four. No more. Cabinet particulier in the Winter Palace." He grasped my hand under the table, and sighed. Auld

I sang my best song at the banquet, but the Grand Chamberlain, who has no more ear for music than a tom-cat, would come in with the chorus a bar too soon. He tried to throw the blame on the

the chorus a bar too soon. He tried to throw the blame on the PRINCE DE LECCHTENBOURG.

The Court Circular of to-day announced that, after the Banquet, "we were to return to the Private Apartments in the same order." Ah! but did we. "Order" wasn't the word. Everybody got in everybody else's way, and how could "the same order" be expected after the banquet as before it? Boshki.

After this, I looked in on the ecclesiastics, who were supping with the members of the Holy Synod. My dear old chum, the Metropolitan, was in great force. We got him on his legs twice, for a couple of speeches, and a song. We couldn't get him on his legs again, but this was later, when the worthy dignitary seemed to be deeply affected, and was, finally, carried out.

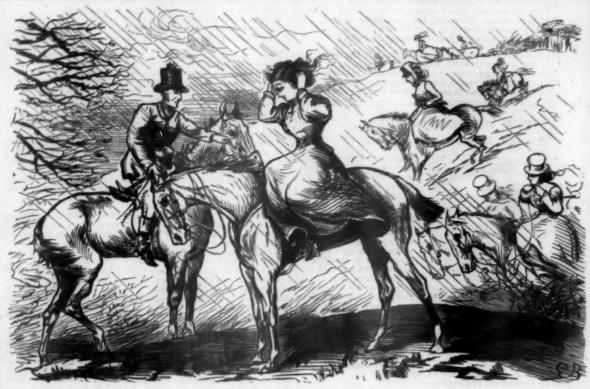
Headache this morning, so no more at present from

Yours ever.

KARNTZ LEEPAVINXKI.

P.S.—The Blessing of the Neva was typical of the removal of the courtly reserve which etiquette demanded of the two High Contracting parties up to a certain time. When the ice was once broken, conversation flowed.

The first good thing, after this ceremony, said by H.B.H. OF EDINGURGH, was in answer to a question put by the Grand Duchess, who asked, simply,—



NOT A LADIES' DAY.

Miss Scramble. " Now, Charles, give me one more long Hair-Pin, and I shall do."

"O, ALF! couldn't they patch up that hole in the ice? Some one will tumble in."

Whereupon, replied H.R.H., smiling,—
"My own MARY, it is Neva too late to mend."
DEAN STANLEY took down this note in short-hand, but did not introduce it subsequently into his sermon.

P.S. 2.—I must tell you this. Dear little Duchess cried once during the wedding. H.R.H. saw it. You know he is every inch a sailor. He whispered, "Belay! What, my own Gal, a tear!" And she was wreathed in smiles. First-rate, eh?

A True Woman.

MRS. MALAPROP reads every word that is written about the Royal and Imperious Marriage. Like most of her sex, she is particularly interested in the descriptions of the ladies' dresses and twilights. Having often heard of "Biberian crabs," she sent to her fishmonger on the day of the wedding for a nice one, but he could not oblige her.

INTERESTING MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

ON dit that Mr. Arrhur Sullivan's charming song, "Little Maid of Arcadee," will be sung at four o'clock, weather permitting, on the 30th of February, by one of the Beadles of the Burlington Arcade, in full costume. No extra charge for admission.

NOT IN SHAKSPEARE, BUT HISTORICAL.

WHEN Birnam Wood was reported as coming to Dunsinane, Macbeth inquired, sarcastically, if "Every tree was bringing its own trunk?" The first instance on record of a Scotch joke.

THE great Church for Funeral Ceremonies in the Metropolis ought evidently to be Saint Pall's.

SEANCE FOR CICERO.

Arise, O Marcus Tullius, from Elysian shades below, Or else descend from the higher spheres where all good niggers go. We cite thee from the Spirit World with not an idle aim; Instruct us how to speak_in_full, as thou wast wont, thy name.

Our scholars are agreed that we should talk the Latin tongue By no means as we used to in the days when we were young. But, since in what particulars they somewhat disagree, Come thou, and teach us how to say thy native A B C.

Not all alike their vowels Latin races do intone; And variance makes their consonants no models for our own. French can't, nor can Italians, talk exactly as did you— They differ from us Britons; from each other differ, too.

We "pater" rhyme with "mater"; both with "'tater:" did you that,
Or in "mater," a as ah sound, and in "pater" as in "PAT"?
We make the same in "ira" as we do in "swipes" or "smite;"
E in "ejus" as in "Eton"—are we wrong or are we right?

As s in "Tuesday" we pronounce in "tu" did ye, profess. To t in the penultimate gave you o'er the sound of s? With modern priests of the Roman Church for that's the usual way. Was it as g soft or as g you spoke the letter j?

Materialise thyself and speak thy lesson, or expound By raps on the mahogany which we are sitting round. Was your c hard, or was it soft, above all, please to show; And tell, O tell us, if we ought to call thee Kikero?

A Libel on the Party.

No one, not even their opponents, can say that the Conservatives are cowards. What, then, is the meaning of a Company started to publish a "Craven Conservative Newspaper"?

n.

ay.



THE FUTILITY OF ARGUMENT.

THE HYDROCEPHALOUS JONES CHOOSES TO BELIEVE IN PHREMOLOGY. THE PROGNATHOUS ROBINSON CHOOSES NOT TO. THEY WILL NEVER AGREE. WHY PROLONG THE DISCUSSION?

MR. GLADSTONE'S DISSOLUTION ADDRESS.

My Greenwich Friends,
This Parliament
About its business must be sent, In its successor I would be The White-Bait-Borough's proud M.P. Of course I can't do all I wish At frying of your little fish, You'll let me, as we Scotch say, wait On "Kettle of the Kirk and State."

Five years of work, performed with nous, Have weakened Cabinet and House, And though our Under-Sees. may puff, We feel we are not strong enough.

If not "combined," "concurrent" act Floored us upon that Irish pact, But Dizzx, when he saw us sold, Refused to take the post I hold, So, (not without some slight grimaces)
We loyally resumed our places.
We found the Lords recalcitrant, Treating our Bills with kindness scant, And yet they gave their imprimatur In '68, and two years later. 'Twas clear their course had been reversed, Had we remained as strong as erst.

Now it is time the Nation choose 'Twixt gentlemen of different views.

Our principles I need not state, You've heard enough of them of late. With Foreign Powers our rule's revealed, We ask no more than we should yield.

This Gold Coast war I must declare A most unhappy, and affair; We will not press upon the foe Further than justice bids us go: But while we fight, as fight we must, In WOLSELEY we have perfect trust.

More legislation, friends, because—Because—the mation wants more laws.
Touching the Education Act,
We don't yet know enough, in fact,
But the small things that drive folks queasy,
I think we'll manage to make easy.

Strange how they 've stuck to their monopolies,
The Local Swells of this Metropolis,
But we'll attempt it, done or undons,
A better Government for London.
And some improvements we'll pursue
At Oxford and at Cambridge, too.
And thus new brightness shall arise
In those twin sparklers, "England's Eyes."

Of course among my list of bounties. Is wider suffrage in the counties. But on this point the public mind. Is, up to now, I think, purblind. When people understand the dodge, We'll see what we can do for Hedge.

But now, my brethren, list to me, Attention for our L. S. D. Our Tory friends we baned and base And said the nation's cash they wast Well, we've not saved such awful so As we could wish, but there be plans. This year (excuse the rhyme), you vi We'll show a Surplus of Jur filling.

Ten years have I kept up my pecker As Chancellor of the Kuchequer; So when I paint its prospects brightly You'll know that I'm not speaking lightly.

Local Taxation, I conceive, I can reform and eke relieve, But here's the honey, lads of wax, I will take off the Income-tax.

Bob Lows was happy as could be, Who brought it down from six to three; But what is Bobby's joy to his. Who wipes it out? (That's one for DE.)

But more! you don't know half our gumption: We'll cheapen things of Home Consumption, Giving, as far as we are able, What BRIGHT has called "Free Breakfast Table."

Forty-two years of public life
Have made me rather tired of strife,
And I should like my time to close
With my friend Homer in repose,
But each must do the thing he can,
And for the present I'm your Man.
We're told the Liberals are a pest,
"Endangering," "worrying," and the r
I will not coarsely fling the ho,
But all such charges I deny,
And say each Institution stands
Firmer through work of Liberal hands,
And we have given you nobler causs
To reverence the Throne and Laws. and the rest.

Now, choose. I'll serve you, if you will, With all I have of strength and skill. If not, for other aid go whistle.
"I'll cheerfully accept diamissal."

E. G.

W. E. G.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT (BIOGRAPHICAL).

LOCKE was a Cantab, of course. Can you imagine that Locke could have been anything but a Caius (Keys)

"CONTEMPT OF COURT."-Neglecting to attend a Levée.



REBUTTING EVIDENCE.

Wife. "Business, indeed! So you said last Week, when Cook actually can Swear she Saw you come out of the 'King's Head' when she went for the Bree!"

Husband. "Now-(hic)—he careful, my dear Gal! 'cause I don' care Tuppenshe 'bout Dates! I shall 'pply for a 'Journment, an' call two Fren'sh o'mine,—Both on the Cont'nent 'present Time-(hic)—an' they'll Shwear never Saw me go int' 'Kingsh Armsh' at all!!"

[Tries to go to Bed in his Boots.

"WHO WOULD BE FREE," ETC.

We read in Public Opinion-

"Animals, it would seem, are well protected in New Orleans. A cardriver carelessly ran over a dog recently, wheroupon the animal's owner calmly shot the driver on the spot."

Cases must be judged by circumstances. Prima facie, no doubt, it is a good action to extinguish a careless carman, whenever he may be found. Still, the dog may also have been careless, and if so, perhaps it would have met the justice of the case to have stopped a little on this side of capital punishment. But it is quite certain that it will be necessary to introduce some similar method of remonstrance with the London Van-men. They increase in number, in recklessness, in savageness. Limbs and lives of Her Majesty's affectionate and unoffending subjects are in jeopardy all day long from the Juggernauth cars, whose drivers have, at present, nothing to fear. Remembering that Catholic Emancipation was conceded because of pikes, and that the Irish Land Act was won by blunderbusses, there is encouragement to revolve the question whether revolvers, judiciously used, let us say loaded only with powder and peas (at first) might not tend to deliver the Queen's lieges from a grinding—literally grinding—tyranny.

A Dean's Doings.

THE Russian Correspondent of the Standard said, last week, that DEAN STANLEY "confirmed all the arrangements which the English Chaplain had made." Mr. Churchwarden Punch must draw the attention of Ritualists to this innovation. DEAN STANLEY has no right or power to "confirm" anything or anybody. Only a Bishop can confirm. However, the report itself wants confirmation, which, perhaps, the Dean will go out of his way to give it.

DIES MIRABILIS!

Friday, January 23, 1874.

- A Union.—PRINCE ALFRED married to the Russian Grand Duchess Marke.
- A Dissolution.—Mr. GLADSTONE appeals to the country, and goes to Greenwich. Mr. DISRAELI foresees a Diz-solution of the diffi-
- Leicester Square presented to the public, as a Gift, by A. GRANT.
- ME. WHALLEY, M.P., committed to prison for Contempt of Court. Takes a dose of Holloway.
- All this in one day! No wonder that this is a most unusual sort of winter.

Artistic Anecdote.

As amateur of painting was being shown over a collection by a friend. The former mistook a picture by Dong for one of Tissor's. "Tissor," exclaimed the amateur, confidently. "Tian't so," replied his friend.

[Here ended their friendship.

Something Like Good News.

Mr. Albert Grant has bought Leicester Square, and is now laying it out in order to the presenting it, renovated and adorned, to London. His namesake (of the Scottish clan), who insisted that the text ran, "and there were Grants in the earth in those days," had the second-sight. Anyhow, this is the work of a benevolent giant, and we agree with SHAKSFEARE,

"Tis glorious to have a Giant's strength, And gloriouser to use it like a GRANT."

TO THE CONSTITUENCIES.



The fact naturally bids him call upon his Memory (who is always at home when he calls) and to recal the situation of public affairs seventeen hundred numbers ago. The year, as a slight arithmetical process will show, was 1841. Many

dred numbers ago. The year, as a slight arithmetical process will show, was 1841. Many things, besides the establishment of Punch, happened in that year which had never occurred before, and which have never come to pass since. In that year, Samuel Scott, the American diver, hanged himself on Waterloo Bridge, and there was an inundation at Brentford, which did not, in the least, remove the dirtiness of that abominable "town of mud," as Thomson called it. The Empeno of China issued a peremptory order for the extermination of all foreigners, and, as they declined to be exterminated, His Majesty polished off his Prime Minister, and ceded Hong Kong. Hattelle, who shot at King George the Thing, died in Bethlehem, where he had enjoyed a most comfortable asylum since 1808. The Imperial Princess of Germany was christened Victoria Appliator his life! We were—at least Punch was not—hoaxed by an elaborate account of the destruction of Niagara Falls. That amiable, yet heroic nobleman, the Earn of Cardigan, was tried before his Peers for shooting at Captan Harver Tuckerr in a duel, but the Lords, not having seen him do it, acquitted him, the Durk of Cerveland, who had not seen him a bit more than any of the others, affirming that Lord Cardigan was not "legally" guilty. The Exchequer gave Manchester its charter, but omitted to make its validity dependent on the cleansing of the Irwell, which has therefore remained uncleansed. Two houses fell down in Fleet Street, but this was not the accident which suggested to Lord Macaular his famous quotation from Johnson. By the way, Lord Melbourne was Premier, and Lord Palmerson was Foreign Secretary up to the September in this year, when Sir Robert Perk and Lord Abendern stepped into those places respectively. The celebrated No. 90 of the Tracts for the Times was censured at Oxford, and the Rev. J. H. Newmax owned the authorship, expressed sorrow for the trouble he had given, but

nks to Bon GAULTIER and the Snappin

"Post the tin, sagacious TYLEE,"

But the old experienced file,
Lecting first on CLAY and Western,
Answersel, with a quiet smile:

"Since you've dragged the tarnal crittur
From the bottom of the ponds,
Here's the hundred dellars due you,
All in Pennsylvanian Bonde."

All in Pennsylvanian Bonds."

Lord Cardinax gave a soldier a hundred lashes one Sanday after service, at Hounslow, and Mr. Macaulax, in the House, said that the proceeding, though it could not be reconciled with good sense, or good taste, was not without precedent. Mr. Walter, of the Times, inflicted a tremendous defeat on the Government candidate at Nottingham. Sin Herbert Fuer decided in favour of the validity of lay baptism—what a squeal the Ritualists would set up, had the affirmation to be made anew now! Two Irish secundrels were hanged for murder at Glasgow, where the authorities, anticipating an attempt by the rabble at a rescue, laid some cannon, so that on a rush at the scaffold, the discharge would sweep away murderers and sympathisers together. However, the hint was enough. We took the Canton forts, and beat the Afghans. Sir Robert Pher floored the Government on a vote of confidence, and Lord John Russell, promised an early Dissolution. Astley's was burned down. We presented plate to the Sheriffs who had chosen rather to be imprisoned than to obey the arbitrary orders of the House of Commons. A bard of the time, indignant at the incarceration, wrots:—

"Then hurrah for the folk who can rear at the joke Of riding of er law, right, and custom rough-shod! But they're now taking pap in who'll rue what'll happen Kre we who've betrayed them are under the sod."

Or riding o'er law, right, and custom rough-shod!

But they're now taking pap in who 'll rus what'll happen
Rre we who 've betrayed them are under the sod."

On the anniversary of Trafalgar, the Queen launched a great vessel of that name at Woolwich. Mr. Moxon was tried for blasphemy in publishing Shelley's works, and though the case was before Denman, and defended by Talfourd, a jury found him guilty. The Great Western Railway was opened to Bristol. Our French friends inaugurated the Napoleon Column at Boulogne, Louis Philippe having completed the work of impertinence, but he atoned for other blunders, so we forget this one. The great Times case of "Boole v. Lawson" was tried, and the leading journal received the thanks of the whole mercantile community for exploding a marvellous conspiracy. Theodore Hook this year "ceased his funning," and Sire David Wilkine laid down his brush, and Sire Francis Chanters his chisel, for ever. Peel utterly dished the Whigs, and, as we have said, came into office. Mr. Gladstone, at Newark, promised the British Farmer that he should have adequate Protection, and should have it by means of the Sliding Scale. It was a great year for Brighthelmstone, for the railway was opened, and the travelling in those days was splendid. We have often got to Brighton in fifty-five minutes, or less. "Tis not so now. Lond Palmenston gave trouble by calling a horse "Hona," puzzling the erudite Turfites who do not read Vingil. We had the great fire at the Tower of London, damages £200,000. This year began the fearful work in the East—it is enough to mention the name of Cabul. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales made his appearance in this world, which we hope has since been reasonably pleasant to him. But of course the great incident of the year took place or Saturday the 17th July, when Mr. Punch made his first bow to the world which he been reasonably pleasant to him. But of course the great incident of the year took place or speeches which have been let off since the Dissolution contains one hundredth par

means, but he respectfully declines to eat a crocodile.

> SUMMING UP SPIRITUALISTIC SÉANCES. MEDIUM. Tedium.

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A SORE POINT.

First Articled Clerk. "WELL, NOW DID YOUR PRIVATE THEATRICALS GO OFF ?" Second Ditto. "Pre'y well. My Moustache went off at once, but nothing would induce the Pistol to go off in the Duel Scene!"—(Dropping the Subject.)—" How's your Mother?"

PROMISES FOR POWER.

THE Income-tax we've heard how long Declared a necessary wrong, Inquisitorial and unjust, Put up with which, howe'er, we must; An evil that could not be cured: Would therefore have to be endured. What though financiers did without That pest in countries round about, And even France contrived to pay The Germans through another way? How is its place to be supplied? Thus all remonstrants were defied, Till now, that votes are to be won, We're told we shall have that thing done. How easy does the task appear, Impossible so many a year. Nor shall your incomes only be, But breakfast-table, also, free. How, with a fight for place in view, Statesmen find out what they can do! But soft, green friends, too prone to trust, Oft promises prove pie's mere crust. That income should be taxed no more, Once on a time you heard before. On that pretence was duty laid Upon "succession," and prepaid. But when relief, thus bought, fell due, Dishonoured was the bill—mind you! The thing could not be managed. Why? "Because it can't," was the reply. And whichsoever side shall win, These office keep, or those come in, If the redress now promised, then They fail not to refuse again, Upon the renovated plea Of its impossibility, THE Income-tax we've heard how long

Upon the renovated plea
Of its impossibility,
They'll disappoint, with glad surprise,
The expectations of the wise.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

A GRATIFTING proof of the advancement of education was afforded by a young Officer, who, being asked by his Colonel what a Reredos meant, replied that it was the Rear Division of the Army of Martyrs.

Dabid Libingstone.

BORN 1815. DIED 1873.

WE doubt, till doubt in the most sceptic yields
To the chill certainty of death, at last:
Death, that has reached him through the four-fold shields
By courage, use, hope, love, about him cast.

Another heart, hungry for roaming, still:
Another brain, athirst for knowledge, stayed:
Another manly life and iron will,
To Afric's darkling Sphynx in tribute paid.

"And to what end?" So springs to thought and tongue
The ready question. That our maps may stand
Their blanks filled in with names and figures, wrung,
A life for each, from Nature's close-clenched hand?

To help us widen wastes—e'en now so wide— Of brutish dwellers, and, more brutish far, Of fierce man-hunters, who a-hunting ride, Dogg'd by worse curses than death, dearth, or war?

To set new problems more hot brains to fire? Hurl more high hearts on desperate emprize?

To find new fields for Christian desire

To teach and train, to raise and civilise?

With all these wastes, that waster, wider grow, Amid our whited homes, and weeded fields; These savage hordes, embruted, blind, and low— The wild root, that wild fruit, uncultured yields,

Was there not work for all hearts of his aim Whose loss we mourn, on this our heathenry?

More ignorance to teach, vice to reclaim, Than Central Afric hides, 'twixt sea and sea?

As strange discoveries to be made here,
Of unexpected dearth for harvests kind:
Of more unlooked-for spring-heads, sweet and clear,
Where drought or bitterness we looked to find?

It may be some will say his work was waste,
As the waste realms, wild races, where 'twas wrought;
No harvest to his seed or sickle traced,
Of food for higher life, or richer thought.

But are such men vouchsafed unto their race
To be swept by as naught? Is Heaven so free
In lending greatness, or are we so base
In its appraisement, that "what use?" must be

The measure of our judgments, when we hear Of some great soul that, on its work undone, Hath sunk aweary, with the goal so near, Seemed but a hand to stretch, and it was won?

By their own scale great souls gauge things and men; Their ways and weights are not our weights and ways; Only their vision goes beyond our ken, Reaching to larger lights, diviner days.

"What good?" 'Tis well the question should remain Unanswered, to our asking, who so use Mammon's equivalents of loss and gain, We deem things worthless which that test refuse.

"No good to thee," this forfeit life may say,
"And yet all good to me, and souls like mine,
That give the lie to doctrines of the day,
And devilish hold much they call divine.



ON A BROKEN EGG-SHELL.

Inspired Being. "Whence, O whence, Ladies, whence, O whence came the marvellous Instinct that prompted the minute Being originally contained in this fragile Shell to burst the calcareous Envelope that secluded it from the Glories of the outward World?"

Chorus of Admiring Ladies. "WHENCE, O WHENCE, INDEED, MR. HONEYCOMB!"

Master Tommy. "P'RAPS THE LITTLE BEGGAR WAS AFRAID HE'D BE BOILED!"

"Knowledge, like other life, springs, fruits, seeds, dies To live; nor seeks our judgment of its worth; Prized or unprized, alike, its harvest lies In hand of Heaven—to garner, or give forth.

"And they that sow the seed, oft see no fruit;
Nay, oft lie dead or ere the bud is blown:
But not the less they dig about the root,
Trusting in growth for good, where seed is sown."

So trusted he, this Scotsman, humbly born, Yet of a lineage so proud and high, It brooked no ill-gain bring its poortith scorn, No ill-deed shame its cottler ancestry.

Through life's rough places winning upward way,
Feeling new strength with each new height attained,
He girt him life at duty's call to lay,
Nor e'er looked back, nor hand from plough refrained.

Since thirty years ago and three, began The labour of his travel to and fro The blank zone that across mid-Afric ran, Whose mysteries he gave us, first, to know,

Like one who for shell'd pearl or coral's wreath, In the sea's un-sunned depth adventures leap, And to the watchers seems to stay beneath Longer than living lungs their breath could keep,

Then rises, pale and proud, and shakes his hair
Free from the brine, and strikes through cheers to land,
And for past dangers little seems to care
For joy of the rare treasures in his hand,—

So this bold diver, in mid-Afric's sea, Un-mapped, un-plumbed, would sink, and re-emerge, Till men thought what had been again must be, And still watched for his rising o'er the verge.

This time he will not rise, till that great day
That brings all men's deserts and deeds to scale;
Then, blest the souls that as true weight shall weigh,
As that which warmed this husk, so worn and pale,

That dropped off, almost as in sight he came Of evening rest, and honours fairly won; Bare heads, to welcome back the shrivelled frame, As befits life well lived, and work well done!

THE OLDEST CANDIDATE.

WE do hope that Captain the Honourable RANDOLPH STEWART will be returned for Kirkoudbright (pronounced something like "Kirkoubery," we believe) without opposition. His gallant services are known to us all; but it is his tremendous age that chiefly ontitles him to the reverence and suffrage of his countrymen. He tells us in his address:—

"I was been within sight of the glorious old Stewartry hills, and come before you as one intimately connected with the Stewartry and Galloway generally for a period actording over many conturies, whilst in more recent years my father was your Lord-Lieutenant, and my great-unule your representative in the Parliament of Great Britain."

Surely, such a fact has only to be mentioned to ensure CAPTAIN STRWART'S return. Father of the House! Methuselah, rather. Elect him, Kirkoobery, if he were ten times a Conservative. Punch for STRWART!

SEPULTURE AND SHOP.



From such sordid apprehension From such sordid apprehension
I am thankful I am free;
Mercenary thoughts don't mention,
Never when you talk to me.
Yet, though public good is reckoned
First consideration due,
Private interest comes the second
In a business point of view.

What's the odds? In social station
Parties will the same display
Make in practising cremation
As they do the present way.
Plumes of sable, brass plates burnished,
May no longer be the style;
Still the funeral will be furnished,
And, besides, the funeral pile.

Doubtless the superior classes
Will require superior coals,
Or fine wood, with which the masses
Won't have means to bless their souls.
What the dickens can it matter
In the earth if people lay,
Or in air are pleased to scatter
Goods for which we take their pay?

Sculpture in the City.

The Albert Monument in the City.

of passing notice. It is a very neatly-executed work, remarkable, chiefly, for the smoothness of the equestrian figure's clothing. A perfectly unwrinkled uniform, represented as sitting close to the body, suggests the idea of a statue of the late Prince Consonr, accounted as a Field Marshal, as he appeared when he rode out of a bandbox.

NO CAMPBELL.

A SCOTCH Baker having got fined for adulterating his bread with alum, acquired, among his countrymen, the appellation of MACALUM More.

HINTS TO CANDIDATES.

When you have made up your mind on the chief political questions of the day, telegraph to your agents and leading supporters to meet you at the station, and to arrange with the ringers to strike up a peal on the church bells the moment you arrive within the precincts of the borough.

cincts of the borough.

Engage a saloon carriage for the journey, and exercise a generous but unostentatious liberality towards the servants of the company.

Make your way from the station to the principal hotel in a carriage and four, with postilions in sleek white hats and jackets of the colour which the constituency you aspire to represent have from time immemorial associated with the political principles you profess—you yourself wearing a large rosette, of the same tint, on your left breast, and a brilliant sain searf to match, and bowing, and smiling, and kissing your hand, all along the line of progress. If she services of a stout brass band are available, let it precede you, playing loyal and constitutional tunes.

Time is prescious, and antagonists are wary: therefore, lose not a

Time is precious, and antagonists are wary: therefore, lose not a moment on your arrival, but at once throw up the centre window and address the crowd, which will be sure to have collected in front

and address the crowd, which will be sure to have collected in front of your hotel.

Both in your speeches and printed addresses take every opportunity of introducing good round words and phrases—such as the law of primogeniture, the assimilation of the franchise, intoxicating liquors, Denominational Education, the incidence of local taxation, the Imperial Exchequer, and the relations between Capital and Labour. If nature has not made you an orator, be brief; and it will save you much trouble and heutation if you at once avow yourself a supporter of the Prime Minister or the Leader of the Conservative Party (as the case may be), and declare that your opinions on all the great questions of the hour are the same as those professed by one or other of these eminent statesmen.

Attend any concerts, lectures, or other entertainments, which may be given while the election is in progress. Arrive rather late, accompanied by six or eight members of your Committee, and make your way to the most prominent seat in the room. Propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, or to the Mayor for his kindness in taking the chair, at the close of the proceedings.

Be hearty and genial with every person with whom you come

in contact. Interest yourself in the history, antiquities, com-merce, and society of the place, visit all its public institutions, show how agreeable you can be in private life, and make some small pur-chases of the retail tradesmen.

how agreeable you can be in private life, and make some small purchases of the retail tradesmen.

Show your attachment to the Establishment and your tenderness towards Nonconformity by attending service both at the Parish Church and the largest Dissenting Chapel in the town; and open your purse freely should there be (as most probably will be the case) a collection for some charitable object.

While you will be careful to neglect no opportunity of ingratiating yourself with that powerful element in every constituency, the Licensed Victuallers, you will do well not to forget that the advocates of Total Abstinence and the Permissive Bill are a numerous and influential body, whom it is desirable to consiliate and win over to your side in the impending struggle.

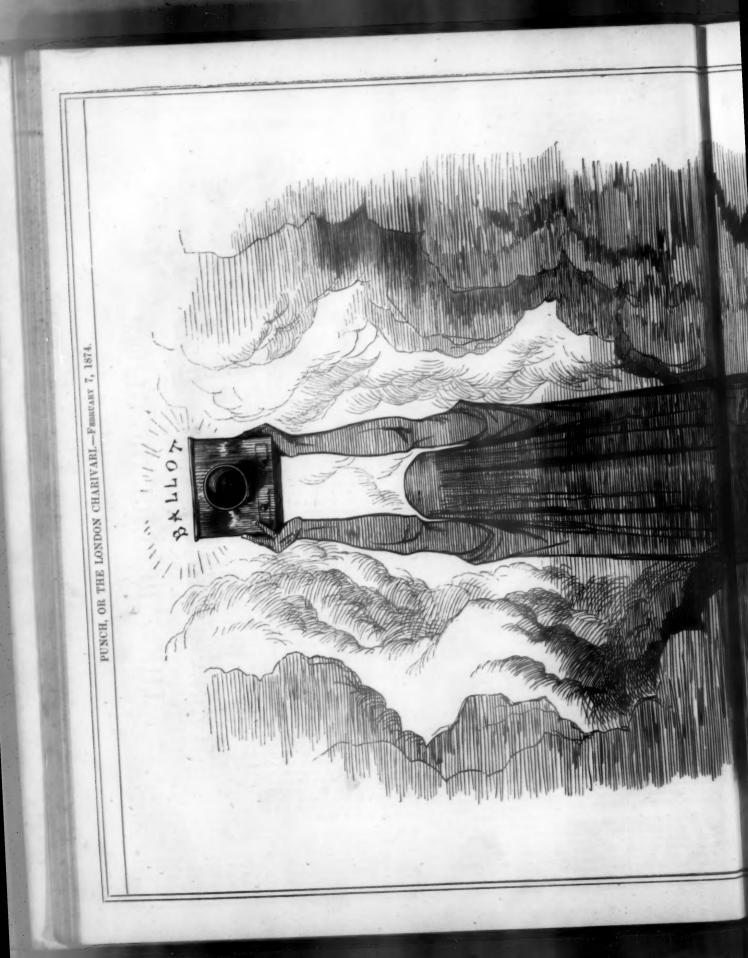
Contribute something to the columns of the local paper—a letter on the high position the town holds for cleanliness and salubrity, or a few verses on the ruins of its ancient castle, or a notice of a curious fossil lately discovered in a neighbouring chalk quarry.

If you are standing for a sung compact borough of about 10,000 inhabitants, defy the weather, brave the muddy streets and lanes, be careless of your own health and comfort, but canvass every elector personally; and if you do not find the voter himself at home, be affable and pleasant with his wife, or daughter, or mother-in-law, or other female representative.

Be prepared to answer any questions that may be put to you about the Gold Coast, the Straits of Malacca, the Game Laws, Open Spaces, the Opening of Museums on Sunday, Pew Rents, Primogeniture, the Permissive Bill, Auricular Confession, Vaccination, Co-operative Stores, a Free Breakfast Table, Home Rule, Local Taxation, Female Suffrage, Disestablishment, and the Deceased Wife's Sister; and when in doubt, fall back on the total and immediate repeal of that most unjust, most iniquitous, most inquisitorial, &c., &c. impost—the Income—tax.

Never loce your temper (especially if you should be beaten), be

d t, n a, ed a is he and we will be wise at the control of the con





THE "REALMS OF GLOOM."

(BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.)

THE THEY OF CLOOK,

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(CONTINUED PROM JAM. 10.)

The Visitors-Arrival of an Animal to suit mo-Bacitement.



The Three Ladies, my old friend the REV. W. PUL-LINGER, myself, a Young Lady in a Riding-habit, Lady in a Riding-habit, and the tall Dismounted Visitor, who, not being able to get a chair, politely declares that he rather prefers standing." Queertaste: bolt upright in a corner. Politeness, like

virtue, is its own reward.

Previous to the introductions, which must follow of course, I find myself taking it for granted that the Dismounted Visitor is the father of the Young Lady in the Riding-habit. That there is not the slightest resemblance between them, I should be ready to admit; but I suppose it's the fact of suppose it's the fact of their both having come on horseback which has sug-gested, and, by this time, really fixed the idea in my

asked me "How I've been this long time"—(to which question a precise answer would require a review of my physical condition for the past ten or twelve years, with corroborative evidence from my medical man's ledger, which, of course, would take some time to obtain, and a general summing up)—and I'have answered, that, taking me altogether (that is, not in isolated details), "I've been very well," the conversation seems to flag, until it occurs to me not as something by like at the conversation seems to flag, until it occurs to me very well," the conversation seems to flag, until it occurs to me, not as something brilliant, but as at least a return for polite inquiries, and, in any case, less depressing than silence, to ask him with a sort of tender heartiness—

"And how have you been?"
The Four Ladies and the Dismounted Visitor are watching this seene with, apparently, as much interest as though it were the keenest encounter between two of the greatest wits of the day.

"Well," replies Pullinger, in a confident tone, "I've been-married."

Married."

Hereat the Ladies all smile. So does the Dismounted Visitor, and node approvingly. I notice that he only stands on one leg at a time: keeping the other in reserve, like a stork. At this first point, which he, evidently, puts down as scoring one to PULLINGER (the state of the game being, PULLINGER "one" to my "nothing," he relieved guard with his left leg, which comes on duty whila the right leg retires for a little temporary relaxation.

retires for a little temporary relaxation.

Happy Thought, on hearing of Pullinger's having been married, to say, "Indeed! I am glad of it!" because the Ladies are present, and one of them is, probably, MES. Pullinger.

It now occurs to Pullinger that the time has arrived when he will introduce his Ladies. The First Lady is all black velvet and Astrachan, and wears a veil, which, reaching to the tip of her nose, discovers the gleam of a pair of eyes which must be very brilliant, as they, even now, appear like bright lights behind a wire-gauze blind. But this, with the exception of the mouth and chin, is all I can see of her. It is Mus. Pullinger. The next Lady he introduces as Miss—I think he says—Oxlewom, or some name like that, but he is so indistinct I can't catch it; while the Third Lady he says is "My cousin, Miss (Something or other)," and again I can not understand him. He explains that "Mr." (another name I can't catch as we bow politely) is the gentleman with whom he is staying now, about five miles from us, and the Mr.

Happy Thought,—Mr. X.—"an unknown quantity."

with a childish-looking face, and a vague smile. I mention, in order to interest her, that I am in search of a horse. She bows, and looks pleased, but says nothing. Perhaps she would have spoken if it hadn't been for Mr. X., who professes to know "seasothing about a horse," he says, "when he sees one."

Happy Thought,—As he isn't seeing one now, of source he knows

Happy Thought.—As he isn't seeing one now, of source he knows nothing at all on the subject at this moment.

I don't say this, as it might be thought rude to a strange visitor. The conversation is drying up, because it is so difficult for me, in the centre, to talk all round, specially when I have to trust to catching their eyes in order that, as I haven't got an idea of their names, each one may know when I am addressing her, or him. Another difficulty is, that I can't allude to them in speaking to Huller I.

Happy Thought.—When a party of strangers is taken to make a call in the country, wouldn't it be better if each one brought his or her card into the drawing-room, and presented it personally? How

I can only speak of them to PULLINGER and his half-veiled wife as "Your friends." "Won't your friends take a glass of sherry?" "Won't your friend" (the Dismounted Visitor); "take a biscuit?" and so forth. The Dismounted Man will take a biscuit and a glass of sherry.

Dondardek is summoned.
"Very sorry," she replies, "but Mistress 'as gone out, and took

the keys."

A blow. Very awkward, and looks so absurd. If they'd only stuck to their refusal this wouldn't have happened. Doddende having been thus brought on to the scene, is not going to have her having been thus brought on to the scene, is not going to have her

having been thus brought on to the seens, is not going to have her part out down; she continues—
"You see, Ma'um," addressing Mus. PULLINGER, "Mistress don't expect visitors as a rule, and she seldom goes out herself, but always do carry the keys, and so she never give it a thought to say to me, 'Here's the bunch,' before Mistress went out this morning."

I do wish the old idiot would go away. What an extraordinary household PULLINGER will think ours. But I'm afraid of interfering with her. She has already called me Masten Grorge, and has begun to tell them how she recollects me from a boy, and what sort of a boy I was, and what a good Aunt my Aunt has been to me, and how I ought always to take care of my excellent relative (implying, as it were, that I generally looked her up in a room and beat her), and how (seeing her audience enjoying it, and thinking that I do too, because I am obliged to smile—confound it!) she remembers me, on the eventful day when I gave up petticoats and was fitted by my because I am obliged to smile—confound it!) she remembers me, on the eventful day when I gave up petticoats and was fitted by my first tailor, and how I used to fight and kick her [Dodderder], with many other pleasant and interesting anecdotes, which would go on (I feel sure) for another hour—Dodderder being "i' the vein" and having quite an exceptional field-day of it—if it had not been that the front gate bell suddenly rings, whereupon she disappears, and (as I expected) the visitors rise, with many apologies for detaining me so long from my work, [they have heard about my being engaged on the compilation of Typical Developments,] and commence quitting the room in a sort of procession, with much the air of relief that would be exhibited by well-bred people on getting away from an amateur pianofortist, who has been giving his services for a charitable object.

Dodderder etturns. "O, Sir, why it's another horse come to

DODDRIDGE returns. "O, Sir, why it's another horse come to

the gate."

Some one has brought a horse to show me.
PULLIMORE says, "That's lucky, as we can all have a lock at

him."
It gives them an excuse for getting out of the house quietly. I feel that they'll never pay me another visit.
The horse is in the lane, so Doddardor says.
Some loading, do-nothing labourers, and some very dirty children, are in the lane too. Lounging, laughing coarsely, and staring rudely. What a scene for visitors!
There's quite a crowd to see the new horse.
I look up the lane for the animal, but only see my Aunt in the distance. She is arriving, and I now see her digging the Coachman in the ribs with her parasol, and urging him to increase his speed, under the impression that this unwonted crowd signifies a fire or some dreadful accident to me. Commotion!

Happy Thought.—Ma. X.—"an unknown quantity."
Then Mr. X. says he hopes "I'll make a call upon him."
This gives a sudden turn to the conversation; and so it happens that the Young Lady in the Riding-habit is not introduced at all.
We talk of the country, of the weather, of the shooting, of the fishing, of croquet, of the neighbours, in a jerky and forced manner, but the Young Lady in the Riding-habit is never appealed to, is never asked a question, never corroborates, never starts a subject; never, in ahort, speaks. I try to lug her in occasionally, in order that ahe may tell me who she is. She is very blue-eyed, pale-haired,



NECESSITAS NON HABET BYE-LAWS!

Guard (excitedly, to First-Class Passenger, who had evidently been dining—the Train has stopped suddenly, to the general alarm). "Did you Touch the Communicator, Sin!"

Piret-Class Passenger, "C'MUN'CAT'E! I WANG THE BELL JUST NOW FOR SOME BWANDY-'R'-SODA!!"

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

BRISTOL.-The "HARE and many friends" seems likely to be no

CHELSEA .- Air, by the band, " Weel may the Keel row."

DERDYSHIEE.—An ARKWRIGHT is standing both for the East and North divisions. In the coming time, when women have gained their rights, Arkwright's Wife may prove a formidable candidate.

DURHAM.—"Prass at any price" is the cry of the Liberals of South Durham. So it is at Hull, but, by a singular absence of coincidence, there it is raised by the Conservatives.

INVERNESS.—Has its choice of two Mackintoshes. The Inverness Mackintosh will be as well known as the Inverness Cape.

LICHTIELD.—History will most probably record a DYOTT of Lichfold as well as a Diet of Spires.

MONMOUTH.—What are Mn. POCHIN'S views on the Game Laws? NEWARK.-The Conservatives are backing the FIELD.

NOTINGHAM.—Only seven Candidates!

NOTINGHAM.—No opposition, at present, to Sir E. Lacon.
The constituency are evidently of opinion that it is well there should be at least one Lacon-ie Member in a place where the tendency to talk is a serious impediment to the wheels of legislation.

PRIERBOROUGH.—Only six candidates, but WHALLEY is one!

POOLE and WAREHAM.—At each of these places there is a gentle-man who would like to be hailed as "The Welcome Guest."

STOCKPORT.—Here the motto of the Conservatives is "Tipping, but no bribery.

TRUEO.—HOGO hopes to save his bacon.

"BUXTON for WENTINSTER."—Friends at a distance, who might be deceived by the similarity of sound, will please to note that it is SIE THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, and not Mr. JUHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, the popular comedian of the Haymarket Theatre, who is a candidate in the Liberal interest.

MEDIATION REWARDED.

A LETTER in the Pall Mall Gazette makes mention of a duel reported to have taken place on the Swiss frontier between two Gentlemen, one of whom was slightly wounded. There was, to be sure, another wounded man; but that was the Doctor in attend-

"It seems that the Medical Gentleman, on seeing blood, was either over anxious to render his services, or wished to separate the adversaries, when he received a sword-thrust in the thigh of a dangerous character."

Inconsiderately moralising on this accident, a goose would perhaps in too great a hurry apply to it the oft-quoted couplet:—

"They who in quarrels interpose, Must often wipe a bloody nose."

But then this would be talking like an Irishman who, in the old days of venesection, said to the Surgeon's Assistant bleeding him in the arm, "Sor, I've been tould this 'ud be a mighty aisy way o'cuttin' your throat." Intervention, in the case above referred to resulted in effusion, not from the nose of the mediator, but from his thigh.

Tributaries to the Thames.

On the prosecution of the Thames Conservators, the Richmond Select Vestry has been amerced by a Bench of Magistrates in a penalty of £150 for neglecting to divert the flow of the Richmond Sewage from the Thames. A Select Vestry is not, in general, a body of which the proceedings are particularly amusing; but let us hope, in the interests of sweetness and sanitary reform, that the fine which has been imposed on the Richmond Select Vestrymen will stimulate them to discharge their duty to the people concerned in the purity of the Thames, by affording them, as seen as possible, the requisite diversion.



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Female Exquisits. " QUITE A NICE BALL AT MRS. MILLEFLEURS', WASN'T IT ?" Male Ditto, " VERP QUITE. INDEED, REALLY WOST QUITE!"

RELIEF FOR REPLETION.

A SENTENCE in Mr. Göschen's address to the Electors of the City of London contains a word particularly worthy of consideration. The Right Honourable Gentleman objects to Mr. Dispacely's manifesto that it is, whilst pronouncing for the abolition of the Income-tax, "significantly silent as to the simultaneous relief to the consuming classes, on which, as an act of justice, every Liberal will most certainly think it right to insist."

What classes does Mr. Göschen mean by the "consuming" classes? Are not "consuming" and "sumptuous" convertible terms? What classes especially consume the most but those who fare sumptuously every day? How can people consume, at their own expense, without incomes wherewithal to purchase articles of consumption? The sumptuous classes must, in order to be sumptuous, enjoy large incomes. What consuming classes, then, are those who may be considered entitled to relief other than, and simultaneous with the repeal of the Income-tax? Paupers, whose consumption is nearly limited to gruel and molasses, are, of course, out of the question; but are Mr. Göschen's consuming classes those

that may be so called by a figure of speech, because, only just able to support themselves, they consume nothing in comparison with the rest of the community? The consuming classes certainly include the nobility, the gentry, the beneficed clergy, and all opulent merchants, traders, and pressional men. They likewise include all the opulent portion of the working classes, the chief consumers of butchers' meat and "intoxicating liquors." Does Mr. Göschen mean to say that the abolition of the Income-tax will be no relief to them? Then all that can be said is that it ought to.

CANDIDATES AND COLLISIONS.

Prace, as well as War, has its returns of killed and wounded. Street traffic is attended with great slaughter of people run over, and a still heavier butcher's bill is incurred through railway arrangements. The Times, in an article relative to a late homicidal collision, propounds a question which Mr. Punch has raised over and over again; but it will always bear repetition as long as Railway Directors, instead of abiding at their proper work, or in their proper station, continue to engage themselves in keeping watch over their mere pecuniary interests in another place:—

"Have not Bailway Chairmen and Manager.

"Have not Railway Chairmon and Managers and Directors more than enough to occupy all their time in the sole management of their lines without canvassing for seats in Parliament?"

without canvassing for seats in Parliament?"

Just now, at election time, the appeal addressed, as above, to the country by the Times, is particularly timeous. It suggests an answer plain to the meanest capacity, except that of a railway shareholder, mean in the sense of sordid, so much so, as to regard nothing but money. From that answer the constituent stupid enough not to know whom to vote for may yet be sufficiently wise to be able to infer whom not to vote for. The Vote and Interest of the free and independent British Elector should be favours for which no Railway Official need apply. If any exception to the rule thus proposed were made, it should be on behalf of subordinate officials, enginedrivers, stokers, and pointsmen, who, with regard to legislation for public safety, could contribute something valuable to the wisdom of Parliament. But circumstances oblige these men to stick to their duties, and would not enlightened public opinion limit their superiors also to their own?

A STATESMAN AT HOME.

A STATESMAN AT HOME.

"THERE's no place like home." The popular song of this title might be appropriately sung by a representative of the Home Secretary in a burlesque—with the permission of the Lond Charberlain. It is the opinion of many that there is no place like the Home Office for its present occupant, and, should the result of the Dissolution be a change of Ministry, we shall see if it will be better filled. In the meanwhile, that sweet official home has its bitters as well as its sweets. The London Correspondent of the Hampshire Independent observes:—

"Mn Lown is just new being pretty well and

"Mn. Lown is just now being pretty well and not altogether undeservedly abused, and, therefore, I feel bound to state a fact which is considerably to his credit, all the more as he is by no means a favourite of mine. He is very firm in resisting all applications for appointments. He tells the applicants that, if they want a poet, they must go through the proper routine of a competitive

examination. This was the reply which he made not long ago to a gentleman who holds very close relations with him."

This stoical firmness in resisting the solicitations even of closest friends is, doubtless, a virtue redunding very considerably to the credit of the Home Szeretarr, because its exercise necessarily costs him great pain. It is possible to imagine a Minister who might, in a sense, say for himself what Mephistopheles said—"I am the spirit that still denies;" but that is not Mu. Lowe. Everybody can tell, from the style of language in which he is wont to reject applications, how much it grieves him to refuse anybody anything. Many persons are so good-natured, and also so irresolute, that they are never able to say no, and it is quite manifest that our genial and benignant Home Secretarry would be one of them, if his benevolence were not controlled by a stern sense of duty; to which, however, the effort of obedience must be distressing in the extreme.

MORE EXAMINATIONS.



ms System of Competitive Examination, invented by the Chinese and adopted by ourselves, and ranking along with steam and steel-pens amongst the proudest trophies of modern civilisation, is likely at no dis-tant date to be tried in quarters where the Civil Service Commissioners can hardly dare to have hoped it would ever have been entertained, except as a subject for derision and ridicule.

We learn from an unim-

peachable source that the Clubs are so full, and the number of Candidates for admission so immense, that the various Committees are gravely considering the propriety of instituting a propriety of instituting a preliminary examination, with the view of admit-ting to ballot only those gentlemen who pass satis-factorily and obtain a prescribed number of

marks.
A proposed Examination Paper, marked "Private and confidential," has been brought under our notice, but as it hardly comes up to that high standard which we feel the Committee of the com mittees ought to aim at, we have drawn up a few questions which will at once be recognised as supplying a fair test of the qualifications of candidates for Club Membership.

PRELIMINARY PAPER.

For which no Marks will be awarded.

N.B.—It is indispensable that candidates return answers to all these questions, in their own handwriting.

State your name, age, residence (with letters of postal district), profession (if any), income, and family connections.

Were you at a Public School, and are you a Member of one of the Universities?

Describe your personal appearance, or, if more agreeable, enclose your photograph (cabinet size).

Give the names and addresses of three householders (one of whom at least must be married) with whom you are in the habit of dining. Give your reasons for considering yourself "a clubable man."

How long have you been a candidate?

Have you sought admission to any other Club; and, if so, with what result?

GENERAL PAPER.

(The answers to be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only.)

Coffeehouses, in the interval between 1600 and 1780, or, roundly speaking, from Ben Jonson to Dn. Johnson.

Speaking, from Ber sorson to Dr. Johnson.

Quote passages from English writers (Addison to Macaulay) in which mention is made of London Clubs.

Give short biographical notices, with dates, of Almack, Arthur, Boodle, Brooks, Button, Crockford, Old Slaughter, Pratt, and

BOODLE, BROOKS, BUTTON, CROCKPORD, Old SLAUGHTER, PRATT, and WHITE.

Explain "Athonœum," "Beefsteak Club," "Carlton," "Cocoa Tree," "Cosmopolitan," "Garrick," "Hogarth," "Hummums," "Bavage," "Thatched House," and "Windham,"—elucidating all the classical, social, political, literary, dramatic, and artistic allusions contained under these names.

Draw up a menu of a dinner for yourself and three friends, in the months of January, April, June, and October, respectively.

Trumps have been round twice. Your partner has played the Queen, your right-hand adversary the Knave. You have King, ten, and a small one in your hand, and it is your turn to play. What ought you to lead to win the odd trick?

Name a few of the eminent men who have belonged to the London Clubs since the commencement of the present century, and describe their idioxyncrasics.

their idiosyncrasies.

Quote an anecdote or bon-mot of any three of the following wite-George Selwyn, Horace Walfole, Brau Brumset, Luffrell, Lord Alvanley, Tom Modre, Theodore Hook, Rookes, Sydney

LORD ALVABLET, TOM MOGRE, THEODORE HOOK, ROOKES, STENEY SMITH, and DOUGLAS JERROLD.

What traces of the existence of Clubs do we find in ancient classical writers?

What is the style of architecture of the Athenseum, Oxford and Cambridges, Thatched House, and Travellers?

Tabulate the different growths of Claret; and mention the most celebrated vintages, since 1840, of Port, Château Lafitte, Chambertin, and Vin ordinaire. Give the latitude and longitude of "Johannisberg," "Epernay," "Cognao," "Curaçao," "Madeira," "Chablis," and "Schiedam."

Write a short essay on "Tobacco."

(Time allowed for this paper, 10 to 3.)

It is understood that the names of the successful Candidates, arranged in order of merit and with the number of marks each has obtained, will be published in the daily papers. It is not improbable that the three highest on the list will be elected at once, without

The Committees reserve to themselves the right of requiring a personal interview with the successful candidates.

DENIABLE INTELLIGENCE.

It is whispered at the Clubs that the street-sweepers of London are about, weather permitting, to hold a festive meeting, to celebrate the promised abolition of the Income-tax.

It is not generally known that once at least in every cause the junior counsel are permitted to jump to a conclusion when they go on a Spring Circuit.

on a Spring Circuit.

Now that the Royal Happy Couple are so soon to come among us, it will surprise no one to hear that in the ensuing season dinners will be generally given à le Russe.

It cannot be too widely mentioned that a duplicate of the famous Outram Statue has been ordered by the War Office, and will shortly be "inaugurated" by His Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CRUEP.

The sentimental gentleman who described himself the other day as being lost in thought, has, since then, been discovered sitting in

It is rumoured in high circles of provincial society that no fewer than two senior members of a School-Board near Stoke Pogis are ignorant of the width, and one also of the whereabouts, of the ignorant of the Straits of Malace

In his anxiety to please the advocates of the Permissive Bill, it is said that a Scotch candidate has, since the day of Dissolution, maintained a total abstinence from his usual animal spirits.

A rumour is current that the Jockey Club of Paris, wishing to evince its love of British sports and pastimes, has issued invitations

for a series of foot-balls.

We believe it is no secret that, somewhere about the middle of next week, PRINCE BISMARCH is expected to arrive at the Vatican, on a friendly private visit to His Holiness the Pope.

What is the derivation of the word "Club?" If you deduce it from a Sanskrit rather than from an Anglo-Saxon root, state your reasons for this preference.

Give the various meanings of "Club," with passages in illustration from standard authors, confining yourself to the period beginning with Chaucks and ending with Carries.

Sketch concisely the history of the Clubs of London; and state succinctly what you know of their forerunners, the Taverns and only to the fox.

Winter Music.

Although this year there is no winter, there are plenty of winter concerts, besides those which take place weekly at the Crystal Palace. In the Parks there are the concerts daily given by the thrushes, and in the streets the bands and barrel-organs are in continual play. Unchecked by any frost, the hounds throughout the country are daily in full ery, and make music that is melanchely succinctly what you know of their forerunners, the Taverns and



"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS."

Country Practitioner (about to go up to London on Business). "I SHAN'T BE MORE THAN TEN DAYS AT THE FURTHEST, Mr. Fawceps. You'll visit the Patients regularly, and take Care that none of 'em Slip through your Fingers—or get Well—during my Absence!!"

WHAT IT MEANS, AND WHAT IT DOESN'T.

(To W. E. G., exeunti.)

"How's this? All through our innings
We've played our very best:
Won games, and scored our winnings,
Made runs, and ta'en no rest:
Our batting and our bowling—
Over or under-hand—
Since the ball we set rolling,
Where's the eleven could stand?

" Yet what's this strikes the hearing With no uncertain sound? With no uncertain sound?
Quite the reverse of cheering,
From all about the ground?
Enough of your Eleven,
It plainly seems to say—
The loaf wants change of leaven;
Your lot has had its day!

" Fickle and fond beholders! Whose late applausive shout
Is changed for shrugging shoulders,
And hints, 'we'd best go out,'
We'ee not changed men or manner;

Then, why your change of tone. This crowding to the banner By our opponents shown?"

So asks, of the gainsayers,
Who backed him, late, to win,
The Captain of the players,
Who've been these five years in.
But could these changed on-lookers
Speak their minds about the play—
Off 'rers of odds or bookers—
Perhaps, through Punch, they'd say—

"Don't think we want the game played
As they played it long ago,
What's now played smartly tame played,
What's now played fast played slow:
That we'd bring back the old wicket,
Any more than the old beaux—
A hundred-years-since cricket,
Or a hundred-years-since clothes.

"But the game we have been watching,
As abroad played all about:
And some foreign tricks are catching,
And, if caught, must be stamped out.
And we doubt if your eleven
On the qui vive would be,
'Gainst the first rise of the leaven
That 's fermenting over sea.

"We don't want bounds of order,
Social landmarks, overpast;
We'd have cads kept to their border,
And cobblers to their last.
Swells and snobs ne doubt are brothers,
Both could learn the bat to ply;
But the one learns, while the others Have other fish to fry.

"Then there 's PADDY—that old trouble— Seeking still what he can get; Coaxing, carneying, flats to bubble, Till his whine is changed for threat: None can say that you've not put down Wrongs he felt when you began; Now the time's come to set foot down, And we doubt if you're the man.

"From the Russians, and the Yankees,
With their swagger, bounce, and frowns,
Have you earned a brace of thank-yes
By knock-unders, knuckle-downs?
Captains should not be heady,
Quick to raise, or swell, a squall,
But you have been too ready
To fight shy, and sing small.

"You boast you've kept the Club up At small cost, and all squared, As trifle made us dub-up, But all's not saved that's spared. If in small matters meanly You've behaved, as folks complain, Better lose pence serenely, Than by cheese-paring gain.

"The crotchety hobby-rider
You had no great cause to fear,
Till some cute cry-provider
Linked "our Bibles" and "our Beer"!
Then Chapel was too keen
To deal Mother Church a slap,
And your score had higher been
Had you run with the tap.

"Then you've had the misfortune In your team to undergo,
Some who'd neither keep time nor tune,
Whose each word was a blow:
They got you in hot water,
In scrapes they got themselves;
And those they gave no quarter,
Salute them, on their ahelves!

"This, or something very near it,
Your captaincy has cost:
For yourself—never fear it—
You will win back all you 've lost.
But Cutings, after Innings,
Are good for every side;
If cricket were all winnings,
Games, not balls, would be shied.

"Captains, perhaps, more lucky,
Have had, ere now, their day,
But never one more plucky,
Or gamer in his play.
They talk about your blunders,—
We own them—so may you;
But when all's said, the wonder's
That they have been so few!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

The Vaudeville and nowhere in particular. Advice ahead and Suggestions,



the best, and all very well is its way, for once, and away, and then have done with it.

There are, Sir, certain amusements which Your Representative has not yet done, and the chiefast is the Polytschnic.

Now that the holidays have finished, there is some chance of Coming to think of it, a place of Popular Instruction where Useful Knowledge is imparted viel roce, is something that ought to be highly prized by diners-out, loungers, and vapid conversationalists who scarcely read the newspapers, and seldom open a book. There are lots of such beings. To them a shilling sworth in the "Poly" would be a blessing. There, without poring over musty volumes, or spending pounds in books, they would learn (and be subsequently able to talk about it learnedly, and get quite a reputation for science at dinner-parties), for example, what India Rubber is (this subject they could introduce humorously at a whist party); what Sugar is made of; who invented Corkscrews; the difference between "Carbonic" and "Carbolio;" all about Soda (without brandy); all about "Potass;" particulars as to Salt, Mustard, Pepper, Bread, and the amount of starch in collars and potatoes; on all of which subjects they, by the outlay of one shilling, might realise hundreds in the way of subsequent betting. I mean in this form: "I bet you you don't know what India Rubber is made of." Some one will say "Elephants," another will suggest "Indian Water-Ratz' hides," and a third will, after some consideration, expect that it grows, but how, or where, or what as, he will be uncertain.

Try Cork. Ask how this is made. Bet always; only be prepared by a visit to the "Poly" when they are lecturing on such useful subjects. You'll get more knowledge of "Ashantees" out of dissolving views than out of newspapers or maps.

French and German might be popularly taught in this way, and I recommend the notion (free of charge) to Dr. Choff a turn the romantic Author has given to this hidden passion, but if Marie were made to marry J. K., then at the end of the piece there wou

Box-Bothwell (reading a letter from PENELOPE ANNE MARIE). But seeing that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate-Cox-Darnley. I hasten to inform you—

Box-Bothwell. Of my immediate union Cox-Darnley. With—
Box-Bothwell. Mr. Knox.
Both. Bravo! Three cheers for Knox!

Both. Brave: Interested in REGI 1 this does not appear too late for Mr. Wills to benefit by the suggestion, he is welcome to the amendment. In the meantime I sincerely hope that the piece may be as successful, without the above suggestion being acted upon, as it certainly would be were it adopted.

Verbum sap.
Mr. Arthur Chetl (late of German Reed's) has come out at the Globe in an adaptation of Le Reveillon. I hear of his having made an undoubted hit on the stage; he is "to the manor bern;" but, before I dare to report to You, Sir, his performance must be witnessed by the very eyes of YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—In March, at Drury Lane, we're to have Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia, a complimentary drama to the DUKE OF EDIN-BURGH and his bride, I suppose. The Grande Duchesse should be brought out somewhere. The Hleeding Num of Lindenburg is still at the Haymarket. Your Representative has been much bothered at the haymaract. Your hopresonative has been much bothered to answer satisfactorily a question put to him by visitors to the latter theatre: they say, "The Bleeding Nun? Whom does she bleed?" And they will go there expecting to see a cross between a Miss Mary Walker and a Sister of Mercy with a doctor's diploma. If they come away disappointed, it's not the fault of Y. R.

BOON TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

O THE breakfast table free! Tax off coffee, sugar, tea. For the Grocer (Scan it closer What a blessing that will be! Duties lowered, directly we Prices raised are safe to see. Great concession : Of the breakfast table free!

THE BRIGHT SIDE AND THE OTHER.

PERUSING the subjoined passage in the speech lately delivered by Mr. Bright at Birmingham, many if not most readers will very likely be disposed simply to say, Ditto to Mr. BRIGHT:-

"I appeal to any man who is not incurably prejudiced or hopelessly ignorant as to the fact, whether, at this moment, England is not a country incomparably better to live in than it was thirty or forty years ago? Look at her commerce and her industry, look at her wealth, look at the wages of her people, look at the organism of education, look at the greater security in this country, look at the comfert which is spread among the masses of the community, with greatly diminished pauperism; and then we must ascribe this, in large measure, to the course of policy which has been pursued by the Parliament, and which has been indicated and controlled mainly by the Liberal Party."

liament, and which has been indicated and coutroiled mainly by the Liberal Party."

Look on one side, and, certainly, see all that Mr. Bright points out as the fruit mainly of Liberal legislation. But look also a little at the other, and then see if England is indeed a country so much better to live in as to be preferable to what it was thirty or forty years ago, altogether and incomparably. Look at some of the products of our commerce and industry. Look at devil's-dust, look at shoddy, look at Manchester mildew, look at failures and panies, look at the adulteration of food and drink, look at the high prices of provisions, look at beef above a shilling a pound, look at poultry six shillings and more a couple, look at greese eleven and twelve shillings and upwards each, look at oysters half-a-erown a dozen, look at beer as it comes from the beer-engine in comparison with the beer which came from the barrel, look at our enclosed commons and open spaces, and at the progressive destruction of our walks and views, look at the straitened circumstances of the intellectual and professional working classes, whose moderate and hardly-earned incomes have not risen with the rise in the cost of living. England, on the whole, is no doubt a country, in respect of luxuries and accommodations, considerably, if not incomparably, better to live in now than it was thirty or forty years ago for great capitalists, successful speculators on a monster scale, and the striking classes in the receipt of high wages, of which they spend every farthing in present enjoyment. All extravagant people, no doubt, find this country very much better to live in now, as long as their means of extravagance last, than people in general found it then. None led jollier lives then than the grasping and squandering classes lead now, whilst they remain able to grasp a sufficiency to squander, and until, by-and-by, they break down and go to the bad. But, of course, as improvement is regarded as the result of Liberal policy, so must deterioration be ascribed

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

RISHOP VALENTINE



(Longfellow) are always fraught with interest and instruction, especially when interspersed with good engravings; but, unfortunately, of many of the most eminent characters who have adorned the past and illumined the present, the account handed down to us by nosterity is but mearre by posterity is but meagre and insufficient. What and insumctent. What would we not give, even in these days of high prices, to know something of the fireside life of CCOLAN-PADIUS OF TYCHO BRAHR? With what interest should we look on LOPE DE VEGA in all the sweet familiarity of the domestic circle; with what eager avidity peruse the private journal

of the domestic eircle; with what eager avidity per use the private journal of Winkind De Worder. The remarkable coalesiastic, who sheds so much lastre on the shortest month in the calendar, is no exception to a rule which the growth of civilisation and the spread of an insatiable curiosity will, before long, number with the reveries of the Mystics and the subtleties of the ancient Schoolmen.

A protracted search (and fees accordingly) among the archives of the principal nations, both ancient and modern, and several mornings spent in examining the records of a great Public Establishment where, if anywhere, some light might have been expected to be thrown on the history of one of its oldest patrons and firmest supporters—we refer to the General Post-Office—failed to add anything to what PENNIALINUS had already communicated to the world through the ordinary channels of the Press.

The place of the Bishop's birth is not known—the parish registers having been destroyed in the great Fire of London,—the Endowed Schools Commission are not able to say where he received his education; and we are yet in the dark as to the year in which he took Orders, and the exact locality of his first Curacy.

That he was popular, especially with the ladies of his congregation, tradition leaves us no room to question; that he composed tender verses far superior to those we now read in the stationers' windows, a reference to the Manuscript Department of the British Museum—Caligula XIV., ax 1416 (c)—will place beyond a doubt; that he could illuminate his poetry with the nicest taste, and the happiest adaptation to his purpose of all the usual emblems of affection, is abundantly proved by the examples which are still guarded with jealous care in the Monasteries of the Levant; and that he, who of all men seemed marked out to participate in the delights of domestic intercourse and family affection, should pass his life in joyless celibacy and solitary isolation, is a mournful revelation which only too forcibly confirms the truth of the sdag

no man knows what is in store for all the name of the Lady to We cannot even rescue from oblivion the name of the Lady to whom VALENTINE was hopelessly attached, although a rumour long prevalent in the neighbourhood where he resided, pointed to the daughter of his Churchwarden; and if this rapid sketch of the Bishop's life and times wants something of the fulness and details of modern biographies, we are sustained by the consciousness that it contains nothing which can pain the survivors, or wound the most sensitive and fastidious taste.

Family Reading.

A MAGAZINE story now in progress is entitled Second Cossin Sarah. This, we believe, is only the first of a series of tales which, when completed, will be found to comprise Brother-in-Law Benjamin, Great Aunt Mary, My Maternal Grandmother Witheringham, Mr. Minnypink's Wife's Mother, and many others of the like domestic tendency.

(H. R.)

Benwick has returned Captarn Home. Another Home Ruler! Ireland will have its own Parliament one of these days.



JUVENILE UTILITARIANISM.

- "WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, PAPA?" "To THE CITY, MY DEAR."
- " AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO THE CITY FOR, PAPA?" "TO MAKE MONEY FOR YOU, AND MAUD, AND MAMMA, AND BABY!"
- "YOU MEEDN'T TROUBLE TO MAKE ANY MONEY FOR BABY, PAPA!" "WHY NOT, MY DEAR ?"
- " HE'LL ONLY PUT IT IN HIS MOUTH!"

AN ELECTOR'S LAMENT.

Vote by Ballot? Vote be bothered! Vote by Ballot? Vote be blowed!

Never for them blessed Liberals wouldn't ha' voted if I'd know'd.

Call it Liberal? I say shabby, not to pay a poor man's vote.

Wot's that worth now when among em all there ain't a fi' pun note ?

Melancholy alteration—ain't it?—from the good old times, When they used at every 'lection ringin' for to set the chimes. Then it was the tradesman's 'arvest, witch the poor man reaped as well.

Every free and independent 'lector 'ad a vote to sell.

O the days witch I remember, never more sitch times as they, Druy to poll in a pheaton, ever sitch a little way.

Open 'ouse at each Committee—drink and wittles gratis free;

Ar the times as we 'ave seen, and now to think of them we see!

Treatin' now is made corruption, and the lawr is so severe, There ain't nothink nowhere goin', no not even a pint o' beer. Wot a change for to come over this here former 'appy land! Call it standin' for a Member when a drop he mustn't stand?

'Ere's a state o' things we've come to which before was never known.

Now a voter's vote and interest he can't call no more his own. Wot's a Briton's ancient birthright, witch I am forbid to use? Wy not for a mess of porridge let me sell it if I choose?

Now my vote I can't dispose of 'taint no good no more to me.
Who the man is for my money there ain't one as I can see.
And for takin' useless trouble I don't feel I got no call.
Witch, if so, would be a reason wy I shouldn't vote at all.

But for me between the parties though to choose there's scarce a

pin,
They've a trifle in their favour change as always went agin.
There's some hopes, however little, if so be they gain the day.
So the Tories I shall poll for, though I flings my vote away.

FINANCE AND LOGIC.

FINANCE AND LOGIC.

ALTHOUGH the Income-tax was laid on as a partial impost, it cannot, we are told, be simply as such taken off again. Some amount of indirect taxation, in some form or other, must, our Liberal financiers and friends insist on saying, be remitted, at the same time, to make things even. But, in the view of common sense, does not this evenness look very odd? They will have it that Income-tax repeal must be balanced by remission of duty on articles of general consumption. Of course they must mean articles chiefly consumed by the masses in general, and not by the Income-tax payers. Now the payers of Income-tax all keep a breakfast-table. Most of them keep as good a breakfast-table as their incomes will let them. They would share the benefit of a free breakfast-table with the masses at large. All classes alike consume tea. But all classes are not equally consumers of ardent spirits are your masses. If, then, you propose to repeal indirect taxation in such a form as particularly to benefit them, would not your surest way of effecting that object be to take the tax off the People's Gin?

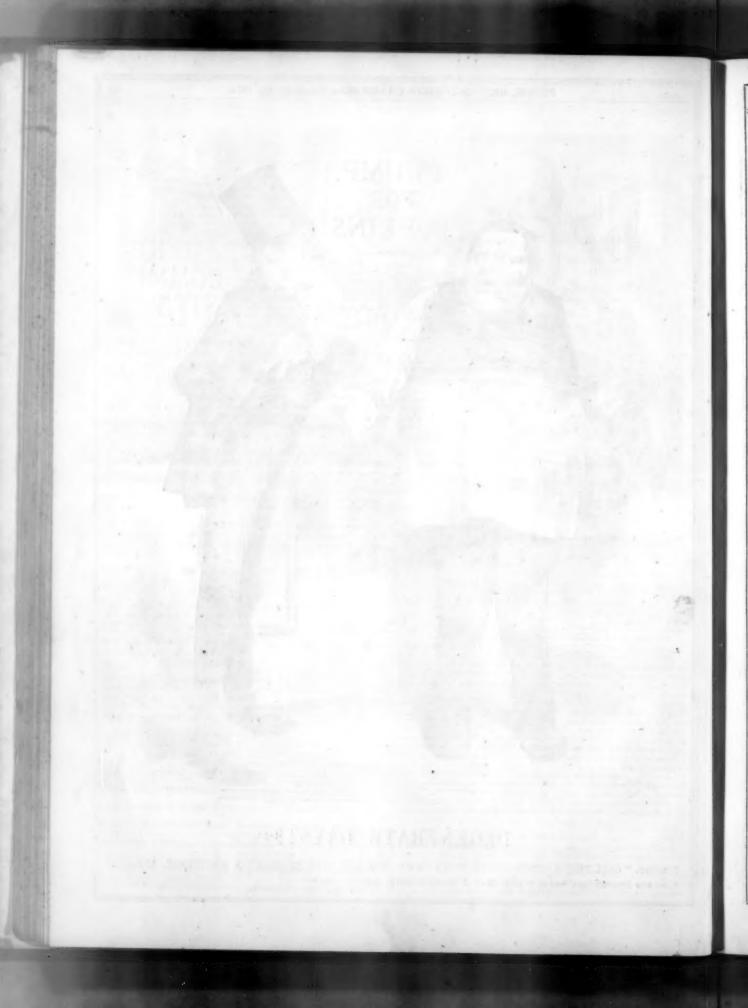
Groans in Guildhall.

Said Magog to Gog.
"This horrible fog!"—
"Has got," Gog replied,
"My chest all inside!"



DEGENERATE DAYS!!

PUBLICAN. "CALL THIS A GENERAL ELECTION? WHY IT'S ALL OVER IN ABOUT A FORTNIGHT, AND—"
FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTER. "AND NOT A FI-PUN-NOTE AMONG 'EM."



my

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

(An Incident during the Present Elections.)



pared with unanswerable arguments on the "Pew Rates," the "Road Rates," the "Contagious Diseases," "Harbour Dues," "Home Rule," "Woman's Rights," "Local Shipping Amendment Acts," "Sugar Duties," "Income-tax," "Sunday Trading," "Dissenters' Burial Bill," "Small Birds," and 'I Irish Fisheries."

From whatever side I might be attacked it mattered not. I hadn't a vulnerable point—not even in the heel.

My head was in the right place, so was my heart; but, alas, I had not calculated upon the treachery of—the Weather.

On Saturday night I rehearsed my speech to an admiring circle of friends, among whom were remained or rights.

On Saturday night I rehearsed my speech to an admiring circus or friends, among whom were genuino critics—unable, however, to detect a flaw in my reasoning; and we sat up till nearly four in the morning, deliberating. I say, advisedly, "deliberating," because we proceeded so very deliberately. As the small hours sped on, and grew gradually bigger and bigger, so we thought more and spoke less. Some one in a corner observed that it was time for bed, as though 4 A.m. had always been our fixed hour for retiring; and some one also wilntercond the information, as a brilliant discovery. though 4 A.M. had always been our fixed hour for retiring: and some one else volunteered the information, as a brilliant discovery which would take us all by surprise, that it was "getting late." Whereupon we searched for our hats, coats, and umbrellas, which seemed to have been holding a political meeting on their own account in the Hall, where they were all lying about in an exhausted state, with my hat in the chair, and, after arriving at correct conclusions with regard to our own property, we sallied forth into the street.

I walked home, and a cruel, treacherous wind was waiting for me round a corner.

round a corner.

I was not aware of the cowardly assassin's blow, and went to bed, I was not aware of the cownruly assessin's blow, and went to bed, shivering slightly, but merely attributing it to my fire having, in a most unsociable manner, gone out about an hour before I came in.

In the morning, when my Sunday hat was brought in to remind me of my duties, I strove to ask what the time was, but—my voice

I have been told at different times by enthusiastic friends, who have pressed me to represent something in Parliament, that mine was a "carrying voice," and that in certain modulations and inflexions it was very "fetching." The possessor of a voice that can "fetch and carry" ought not to be surprised if it occasionally does

go out on an errand of its own.

Up to this moment I had had full command over it; now, it had escaped, run away, perhaps descried to the opposite side, bribed by

the hostile Candidate, and, worse than all, it might never be heard

of again.

of again.

A case occurred to my mind of a friend of mine, who, on being rejected by the lady to whom he had been paying his addresses, had struggled with his emotions on a hearthrug, and, on partially recovering his equilibrium, had attempted to utter the words, "Farewell, thou heartless one!" when he found himself choking after the "farewell," then the word "heartless" got twisted in ais throat, and became something like "hearthrug," which made ker laugh, and caused kim to rush out of the room and out of the house, and when he tried to hail a cab he found that his voice had left him, and what is more, it did not return for years, when he at last, after travelling all ever the world, found it in the Southern Hemisphere, on a glorious night, singing under a balcony to the daughter of the Chief Magistrate, whom (the daughter, of course) he subsequently married.

married.

Friends came in to see me, and were horrified, petrified. Would it be all right for Monday night? that is, for the great speech? I feared not.

Each one impressed upon me his particular remedy.

The first said: galvanism. He regretted that the Polytechnic wann't open on Sunday, as there was galvanism always going on there. This lead incidentally to a discussion on the advisability of an Act for the Opening of the Polytechnic on Sunday; with galvanism. I could only listen.

My friend, who made the reconstitute, resudered that I hadn't a

My friend, who made the proposition, wendered that I hadn't a postet galvanic machine by me. Everyone had, he said. He hadn't; and no one who called that day had.

Number Two suggested "Cold Water Bandages." We had cold water, but no bandages. Some one observed that "any old rags would do."

We summoned the Landlady of my chambers, who provided rags. We made a great mess with sponges, basins, towels, and the rags, and in an hour's time I was rather worse.

and in an nour's time I was rather worse.

Number Three, who had assisted in this remedy, now observed that
"the Cold-Water Cure was no use, unless it was done under regular
advice, and on a system."

Number Two reductantly admitted that he was afraid this was the
ease, and wished I could go at once to Ben Rhydding, or some WaterCure Establishment in North Wales.

Number Four broke in with "Ah, yes; or Aix-la-Chapelle in

on a slate, "Can't go there and be back in time to speak to-morrow.

Nonsense."

All shook their heads. They reminded me of Jon's friends; but they only worried him, I don't remember any one of them proposing medical remedies to him. Galvanism and cold-water bandages would, of course, have been out of the question at that period of

would, or course, have been in a cavalry regiment, and has still a A Fifth (who had been in a cavalry regiment, and has still a dashing way with him), said, "I'll tell you what it is. Don't coddle. Take a good walk with no overcoat on; get hot; then go into a cold bath; rub well; and get to bed."

This I refused to listen to at all; and he retired in dudgeon.

Number Six. with the reputation for being a comic man, suggested.

This I refused to listen to at all; and he retired in dudgeon. Number Six, with the reputation for being a comic man, suggested this: "Take," he said, "a red-hot poker, and a glass of port. Stir up the latter with the former, and go to bed. Safe thing." It red-hot poker sounded so peculiarly pantomimic, that I at once declined it (on my slate in pencil, with thanks,) regarding it as a sort of remedy with which the Clown would insist on curing the Pantaloon, if the latter had lost his voice. "Inhaling," "Bronchial Troches," "Old Stockings and Eau-de-Cologne," "Lemon and Cayenne Pepper on a hot fiannel," "Champagne," "Mustard leaves," "Vapour Bath" were all taken into consideration, and their merits argued out by my council of friends, each one of whom voted for his particular remedy, and donounced the others as worse than useless.

Night came, and my voice had not returned. The last man to

Night came, and my voice had not returned. The last man to Night came, and my voice had not returned. The last man to leave insisted upon my putting a lamp under my chair, wrapping a flannel all round me, and making me sit there for half an hour. The only result was a horrid smell of smoke and burning, and my jumping up violently (my enthusiastic friend was actually holding me down by the shoulders), overturning the lamp, spilling the oil, nearly setting fire to the house, and spoiling the carpet, thus necessitating an early retreat to my bed-room.

My friend only said that he supposed it wasn't the proper sort of lamp for the purpose, and soon after left.

The Doctor arrived, and regretted I hadn't sent for him before.

Monday came, and Monday evening.

Monday came, and Monday evening.

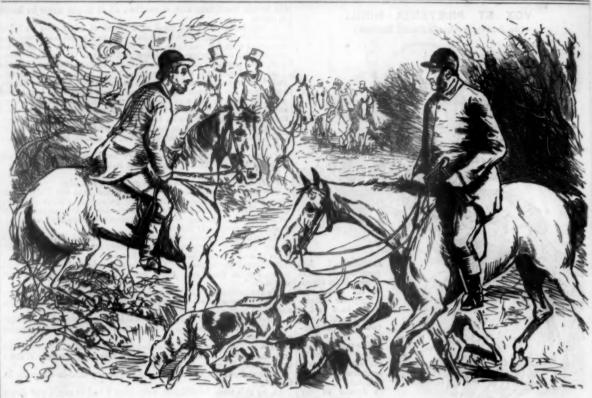
Menday came, and Monday evening.

The meeting was addressed by supporters of the Unpopular Candidate, who, on presenting himself, was unable to get any one to listen to him. On the Tuesday he was nowhere at the Poll.

He lost his election in consequence, he said, of my loss of voice. listen to him.

Weeze Villa, near Korf Castle,

THROTE HUSKISSON.



THE BITER BIT.

Pert Young Farmer. "Th' Ounds look Poor to-day, Governoe!"

Robust Huntsman. "Poor! So would fou look Poor if you Worked hard, wouldn't you?"

Farmer. "Well, then, you take it fretty Easy, I should Think!"

ELECTION EPIGRAMS.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

HE's in, below a Tory. O' my word,
He's lucky that he wasn't over-Boord.

Rt. Hon. W. Forster.

Against thee spiteful pictists spat prayers:
Too big a bird to catch with Salt like theirs.

Daniel Grant.

FORSYTH, forsooth, is foremost. DANIEL'S down.

It serves him right for shutting out Tow Brown.

J. A. Roebuck.

A well-earned laurel, brave and veteran knight,
"And at the eventide there shall be light."

Guildford Onslow.

A doubly bitter blow, O Knight of Grot,
A cousin's hand consigneth thee to pot.

Mr. Cotes.

The pen that now congratulates thee, Cotes,
Helped to secure thy sire North Shropshire votes.

Mr. Horsman.

Eh! nearly off, my Horseman. Only 5.

But turn in toes, sit square, and look alive.

Mr. Pater Taulor.

Mr. Peter Taylor.
Peter comes back to blubber if a gaoler Scores a garotting brute with extra whaler.

Mr. Ayrton.

O! mildest Indian, have they turned thee out?
This comes of too much gentleness. Be stout.

Mr. Whalley.

What, in again! Our happiness is thorough. A health to Earlswood, and to Peterborough!

Mr. Jacob Bright.

And thou extruded! Sadder this, and sadder! We thought our JOHN would be our JACOB'S ladder.

Sir J. Pakington.
Droitwitch, a very sneaking thing to do.
Maker of fleets, we'll find a berth for you.

On Three.

My Lucrapt, and my Potten, and my Odgen! Where's workman's confidence in working codger? Mr. Baines.

No "Baises of Leeds" upon the record found, And yet the world goes round, and round, and round!

Mr. Saul Isaac.
A Tory Jew! Why not? Or short or tall,
He 'll stand out proud among 'em, like Kine Saul.

How are you, Drax? We 've known you many a year.
Minds't Odin, BERKELEY, and that hobbled deer?

Mr. C. P. Villiers.
Gallant old Whig: hadst thou been bid retire,
Foul Wolverhampton should have felt our ire.

Mr. Fascestt.

Hast lost him, Brighton, to thyself unkind?

He sees too much—'tis Brighton that is blind.



WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Ancient Lady. "Let me Drive you, Miss Sharp. It is quite in my way, and I can't bear to think of your Walking Home all alone!"

Modern Ditto. "OH, I DON'T MIND WALKING A BIT, THANKS! BESIDER, I WANT TO SMOKE!"

Mr. Osborne.

We'll miss thee, OSBORNE. 'Tis a bore supernal. But quickly find another soat, our BERNAL.

Sir John Karslahe.

KARSLAKE the lucky. Hither cometh he, A goodly presence for H. M. A. G.

Sir J. Mc Kenna.

How is Ser Journ's precious Constitution? His "ad." declared "he was near Dissolution."

Mr. Jenkins.

High in the North, in fact at fair Dundee, High Jinke's Baby marmalading sec.

Sir Richard Wallace.

Ugly's our House, and dull. He lacks not nous; He wants a contrast, perhaps, to Hertford House.

Friend and Foe.

Man is but human. So it was not surprising to read on the polling day, that at Launceston a majority of the Licensed Victuallers were supporting the Conservative DRAKIN, in preference to the Liberal DRENKWAYER. The question has been asked whether the Pontsfract Publicans were equally amiable to another successful Conservative Candidate—Major Waterhouse.

ROME AND NEWFOUNDLAWS.—Which of the Roman Emperors was it who keny be supposed to have been accustomed to talk dog-Latin? NESO!

"MAGNA EST PECUNIA, ET PREVALEBIT."

(By an Ancient Agent.)

They may ellence nominations,
And lay the hustings low,
Till Election-times as quiet
As a Quaker-meeting grow.
With frown and fine and prison
The use of "sugar" damn,
Hang "the Act" is terrorem
O'er the meek head of "the lamb:"

Plant round Electioneering
Law's man-tray and spring-gun,
Kill its pleasures and its profits,
Cut off its funds and fun;
Try re-casting the old voter
To a Puritanie speen,
E'en take audacious pet-sheets
At the dark "Man-in-the-Moon:"

They may sorub Jone Buss, or rub him,
With, or against, the grain,
To work off the old leaven,
And soour out the old stain;
But, spite of Acts and Judges,
Exposure, fine, and gool,
There 'Il still be cakes and ale.

Canvase and Registration
You may turn to ropes of sand;
See promises, like pie-crust,
But to be broken stand;
Bid falsehood, from all pensities
Relieved, go, smooth and smug,
And drop into the Ballot-Box
The card it's kept so snug;

From opposite directions
You may approach your game.
To shame put bribed and bribers,
Or rob lying of its shame;
Make it harder for sharp agents
Safe the needful out to shell.
Or easier for sharp voters
Both sides, in turn, to sell:

But you'll new-spot the leopard,
Sooner than turn the lamb
From following after sugar—
A taste sucked from his dam;
To the mast you may nail your colours,—
True blue, or blue and buff,—
Only one colour you'll find "fast"—
The colour of "the stuff."

There'll still be wires for pulling,
And artful hands to pull;
Still "Purity of Election"
Will be more cry than wool.
While Candidates want voices,
And Electorates want tin,
The two wants in the market
Will manage to fall in.

And we, the grey Old Guardsmen
Of Old Election wars,
Who of fights ere the Reform Bill
Can show the stumps and sears,
Needs must snigger, when the green uns,
Still at their goose-step, say,
"Bribery and corruption,
Thank Heaven, have had their day!"

"Bribery and Corruption"—
Lor' bless your silly souls,
Let who will fight the battle,
They still will head the polls.
If a seat is worth paying for—
Paid for it ought to be:
What costs nothing is worth nothing—
By the rule of £ s. d.



THE LAST "FEATHER."

TD08-4 A.M.

Little Twister (to his Host, lighting his tenth Cigar, and having exhausted "The Spanish Crisis," "Dissolution of Parliament," and "Voyage of Challenger," &c.) "By th'by, Bloken, it strikes me there are several Points in this Tichborne Case that—"!!

[All we know further is, that about this hour a short Gentleman was seen to leave a house in Gravelotte Crescent hastily, without his hat, which was thrown after him!

The Situation.

(February, 1874.)

GLADSTONE spake unto the Nation,
"If you'd have me keep my station,
Vote your wish that I'd do so."
He dissolved; and then the Nation
Answered, without hesitation,
"Dearest WILLIAM—you can go."

Motto for a Minister.

MR. Lowe, on the part of his Ministerial colleagues, accepts the accusation, and glories in the avowal, that their acts have been those of a "harassing Government." The late Chamcellor of the Exchequer and present Home Secretary appears to aim, on principle, at gaining popularity by systematically making things unpleasant. His motto should be, "What's the odds so long as you're miserable?"

Independence Triumphant.

The return of Mr. Roebuck for Sheffield will be generally hailed as a truly cheering return of old times. Would the Honourable Member for Sheffield have been elected under a system of open voting? Intimidation is now as little possible for Trades' Unions as it is for Landlords; and the Workman who votes by Ballot defies rattening.

A BEERY BLUNDER.

THE arrangements for voting by Ballot have evidently been designed with an express view to the accommodation of the illiterate voter. It was doubtless thought that, having only to put his mark X to the right of the name of the candidate whom he intended to vote for, he could hardly by any possibility make a mistake in performing that simple operation. There is, however, reason to believe that several seats have been lost to the Conservative party, because many of the voters for the Publicans' Candidates were so carried away by their enthusiasm for beer, excited above measure by excess in that beverage, as to score three marks after the name of the man of their choice—thus intending to indicate him as the representative of X X X.

Taxes on Music.

It seems there is a proposal in France "to put a tax of ten france per annum on every piano throughout the country." Any Chancellor of the Exchequer who would have the courage to impose a similar tax, say of ten pounds a year, on every barrel-organ, or other instrument of street-music in England, would deserve a peerago, and ultimately Westminster Abbey.

A Service Returned.

DISRAELI Household Suffrage brought about; Then called a Parliament which turned him out. GLADSTONE the Ballot gives, and, when he goes Next to the country, gets returned his foes. This measure seems a payment for the other; As though one good turn had received another.

TEMPERANCE BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.



Superficial consideration of these figures may suggest the conclusion that the Publicans have behaved very ungratefully to Mr. GLADSTONE in answering his appeal to the country

by voting against him. The Licensing Act certainly does, at first sight, appear to have worked well for Bung. How it was likely to profit him has, indeed, been fore-told. It was pointed out that tipplers, limited as to time for tippling, would perhaps be thereby incited to make the most of their time. Tempus fagit is a bacchanalian as well as a moral legend; witness drinking songs which our forefathers used to sing after dinner. Now, if Publicans, in consequence of the Licensing Act, sell mora liquor now in less time than they used to before, they have to thank the Licensing Act for a boon equivalent to less work for more wages. Proportionate thanks are due from them to Mr. Gladetone.

Perhaps, however, the great increase in the consumption of "intoxicating liquors" which has ensued the Licensing Act, may really merit the greatitude, not of the Publicans, but of the Grocers licensed to purvey beverages of that description. It may have taken place not in public but in private house. "Old Tom" may have become a greater favourite in the family circle—a creature more generally domestinated. Perhaps, to constitute a really free breakfast table, it would be necessary to abolish the duty on "Cream of the Valley."

A PARTING SALUTE.

THOUGH the large Public who love strife, Felt he was sore bereaving it, Nothing in ATRION'S public life Became him like the leaving it.

One soothing balm 'gainst Liberal smart

May thankfully be pitted;

From the St. Stephen's play his part
I' the Hamlets is omitted.

And when we count up Tory gain, And groan o'er Liberal ravage, None of one item will complain— "Exit the Noble Savage."

THE WAY TO WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

THE WAY TO WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

At a recent Conversatione of Friends of Progress, a paper was read by Progresson Brankers "On the Way to Obtain the Rights of Women." The learned Professor pointed out that among the objections entertained by legislators to the concession of political equality with themselves to persons of the softer sex, the strongest one was founded on the belief that women were really more soft than men in their intellects as well as in their feelings. This idea, he said, was suggested by various monstrosities of attire, many of them mostly combining absurdity and unsightliness of appearance with expense. It was not unreasonable for thinking creatures to infer from stupidity and folly generally manifest in appearance with expense. It was not unreasonable for thinking creatures to infer from stupidity and folly generally manifest in adopt all the very most particularly the elective franchise. To refute this natural, but, he hoped, erroneous notion, would be displayed by them if they were entrusted with affairs hitherto regarded as above or beyond them; particularly the elective franchise. To refute this natural, but, he hoped, erroneous notion, would be a necessary step to the attainment of those dues which were now demanded for women a large by certain of their number commonly called strong-minded. These, therefore, he would recommend to initiate, and try and establish a Society for the Reformation of Female Costume. This reform should include no eccentricity; not so much even as any affectation of plainness; it should simply contemplate the abolition of unbecoming and ridiculous fashions and excess of apparel; for example, ohignons of false hair, long trailing drapery below, dresses preposteriously short above, and high-heeled boots and shoes. When men as we he generality of women dreasing themselves in a manner indicative of some reason and understanding, and not of tasteless and enselses variety, they would then give her receipt to the contraction of the strongers of the second dresses and the

never would give a part in the government of the country to creatures evincing a deficiency of mind in even their own clothing.

Miss Greymans had listened with attention to the discourse of the learned Professor, and, in the main purport of it, agreed with him. But, as to the reformation of female costume, she was fully prepared to go very much farther than the limited extent which had pointed out. As to female costume, she scorned being content with any partial reformation. She, for her part, would say reform it altogether. In dress, as well as in political and social position, let women who would be truly free place themselves, with regard to mean, on terms of absolute equality. She was ready to join any society of women who would make it a condition of membership to adopt all the very most particular specialities of male attire, and that not only in the domestic circle and conjugal life, but likewise everywhere, abroad as well as at home, and whether they were married or single. In short, their erry should be, "No more Petticoats, and Knickerbockers for Ever!"



A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

Depressed Liberal. "Bu' DON' YER SEE GLA'SHON WAS GOLN' TO 'BOLISH TH' INCOME-TAXBH ?"

Jocund Tory. "O, BOTHER THE TAX! LETSH 'AVE THE INCOME FUST!!"

SHROVE-TIDE SNIPPINGS.

A very ancient, and it is fearlessly asserted, invaluable receipt for pancakes, is known to exist amongst the archives of a Monastery in Greece, but the entire diplomatic body at Athens have failed, up to the present time—their latest telegram is now lying before us—to persuade the Monks to allow a fac-simile to be taken of this precious MS. by means of photo-

graphy.

Sufformers is the only classic author who mentions paneakes. He describes them in his well-known unctuous style, but, strange to say, without settling the point which has so long been hotly contested, as to the material in which they were originally fried. The treatise in which he leaves this question as he found it is one of the scarcest of his works, but a rumour has just reached us that there is a copy in the Public Library at Fribourg.

Those who have carefully studied the superstitions and traditions of the rural peasantry are not averse to tell us that many of them still cling to the belief, that if they steadily think of something which they wish to happen the whole of the time they are engaged in eating paneakes on Shrove Tuesday, without speaking or gazing out of the window, and fast till next morning at breakfast, they are sure to find a piece of money where four crossroads meet, when next the moon is at the full on a windy night.

The Pancake bell ought to be rung by a fresh rope, which has been bought in the dusk, with new silver, by the senior Verger.

The Pancake bell ought to be rung by a fresh rope, which has been bought in the dusk, with new silver, by the senior Verger.

If the church-clock strikes while the bell is still ringing, the peel of all the oranges (or lemons) which have been used at dinner must be carefully collected and burnt, with three cheers, before the family retire to rest; or the same thing will happen which befel the people in an outlying village in Shropshire, towards the close of the century. (See Bizzimone's History of Salop, iti., 64—the rare edition with the cancelled leaf.)

There are certain things which, by universal consent, ought never to be done on Shrove Tuesday, when it falls on that day. For instance, you must not sit on the damp grass or walk by a running stream; you must not cross the boundary of the adjoining county; you must not answer any question which a stranger may address to you if he has a patch over his left eye; and you must on no account, however small, look over your shoulder when you are turning the corner of the street.

On the other hand, you may choose Shrove Tuesday for depositing money in a Post-Office Savings Bank, or wearing a new hat for the first time; and if you have a light-handed cook, and a vigorous appetite, and a sound digestion, and your affairs are all in order, and you have no one to care for but yourself, and your medical man raises no objection, you may venture to eat a pancake.

may venture to eat a pancake.

FEMININE INTELLIGENCE.

OUR esteemed friend Mrs. Malaprop has no patience with the people who want Women to have votes. She declares that, for herself, her nerves would never bear the shock of having anything to do with the Electrical Franchise.

COME TO HIS MAJORITY!

GLADSTONE'S worst foes cannot lurch* us Of one gift—GLADSTONE'S dower— The Abolition of Purchase, In Army promotion, or Power.

Your Sub must now reach his grade By competitive examining—
Though marks may sometimes be made,
By a Strasburg-goose style of cramming-in.

So Election fi'-pun-noters
Under lash of the law must lie still,
Though of sugar for sweet-toothed voters
There's more than meets the eye still.

But now bribery and treating
Are put down by Law's authority,
DIZZY his new House meeting,
Has not purchased his majority.

He is still the Mystery Asian, If Yankee wings he fly on, Of Caucussian, t if not Caucasian Stock the triumphant scion.

Men, or Ministers, in Minority, Responsibility's test shun; But now he has reached his Majority, What he'll do with it is the question.

Last term, spite of BENTINCK'S rough rage, To his Educational glory, Resulted in Household Suffrage, Conservative chief auctore!

If his movement in the minor key Be a clue to that in the major, His performance in the finer key, Will be a startler, I wager!

Who knows but we'll see our Dizzy, In the rôle of Arch-deceiver. To a bob turning Hodge's tizzy, If sell than give vote he'd liever.

Or, for reasons anti-rabbleish, meant To teach MIALL death is birth, Reforming the Church Establishment Clean off the face of the Earth.

Though for re-dividing the pound BULL Feel gratitude infinitesimal, Who knows but Dizzy 'll be found full Of designs for a coinage decimal

That local taxation he'll settle,
On a scheme cheap, pleasant, and stable;
And please both pot and kettle,
Freeing Beer and Breakfast-table.

What he 'll pay off old Tory arrearage, At Young Oxford's bran-newest sum-

Take skittle-balls of our Peerage, And Allotments of our Commons:

Bring about reconciliation
Of Capital and Labour,
And—O mystery plus quam Asian!—
Make each man love his neighbour.

In short, when the future I gauge, All in brightness seems to awim, For if he have, at length, come of age, What an age should, at last, come of him!

Educational mystery-monger! Marvellous medicine-man! We burn, we are thirsty, we hunger, For the lucky-bag, pregnant of plan,

Crammed with the eggs of amazement,
Warm from the nest of the mare—
Who would know all by that phrase meant,
When those eggs hatch, should be there?

6 "Lurch," to rob alyly; "He lurched all awords o' the garland."—Coriolanus. † "Caucuas," a "preliminary party meeting." —American Dictionary.



A CLINCHER.

"GET UP, AND SEE THE TIME, EVA. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL IT." " No MORE DO I,"

"O, YOU HORRID STORY-TELLER, I TAUGHT YOU MYSELF!"

FAIRLY SOLD.

THERE are probably very few members of that generally bread-and-butter-eating community, the British Public, who have not frequently partaken, without knowing it, of the article described in the following extract from a letter of the *Morning Post's* Corre-spondent at Paris:—

"Butter, like all alimentary substances, has vastly increased in price. An enterprising merchant exhibits what he calls 'Produit nouveau, Margarino Mouries, remplaçant le beurre pour la culaine. Economic incontestable sur le beurre; il coûte moitié moins cher, et on en use moitié moins." This butter is made from the fat of beef, and costs 10s. per pound."

In merry England, however, this article does not merely replace Butter for the kitchen, but also for the breakfast-parlour, where it is eaten, not under the name of Margarine, in bread-and-margarine, but that of Butter, in bread-and-butter. It is bought for Butter, and it is sold for Butter; only the buyer believes it to be what it is sold for, whereas the seller well knows that it is a product of beefsuet; and he serves his enstomer with the latter commodity at the price of the former. The "enterprising merchant" of Paris, who sells Margarine as a substitute for Butter, and does not sell his customers by selling it as Butter, and at Butter's value, has very likely found honesty to be the best policy. That policy might, perhaps, be adopted with advantage by an enterprising British Cheesemonger.

A City Feast.

WE read, with feelings which it is hardly possible to conceive, and altogether impossible to describe, that "a festival given at the London Tavern by the Weavers' Company was made, or became the occasion, of a somewhat imposing Conservative demonstration." The Weavers, no doubt, felt that the great event was at hand which the leader of the Conservative party long ago saw "looming" in the future.

FISH AND FLY.

SWEET WILLIAM, did you ever fish
For trout with mimic flies? The British nation, as you wish, Does not appear to rise. 'Tis clear you've failed to imitate The genuine insect, quite; You've taken nothing by your bait: The people would not bite.

No doubt that Income-tax repeal
Had been a taking fly,
If you had managed to conceal
The naked hook thereby.
But what would Income-tax replace?
You did not mention that.
How could you hope, in such a case,
You'd even hook a flat?

The tax on income is black-mail,
Laid on the payer's purse,
He fears he little would avail
If you imposed a worse.
He thinks there was an after-thought
Which underlay your plan.
You should have told it, to have eaught
That much defrauded man.

From the Far West.

WE read the other day, in an American newspaper, an account of how a lot of Cattle, seized by a sudden impulse, leapt upon a Railway just as a train was passing. The writer might have added, had he thought over the matter, that the impulse which seized them was a fit of Cattlelepts y.

PIG AND PIG-DRIVER.



of the Shambles, the following item of intelligence, ex-tracted from a newspaper, will be interesting to all of you; and it will some a warning :-

" HEAVY FINE FOR "Heavy First for Sulling Diseased Meat.—At the Town Hall, Sheffield, yesterday, William Elf-vey was fined fille for offering for sale the carcase of a pig, the same being unit for human food."

pretty market.

THE SPRING MEETING, FEB. 1874.

FINAL HEAT.

(A Second Isthmian Ode, by Punck's own Pindar.)

Eight months, and more, have past Since Puncu sang last The glories and the shames Of Britain's 1sthmian Games, And painted, neck and neck, White with the feam-wreath's fleck, The steeds that swept the chariots along, Of Dizzy Sphinx-like, and of GLADSTONE strong. Now, once again, he sues The Epinikian Muse To guide the pencil, and to point the pen, That paints the conflict of these mighty men.

Now for five years the piny* crown Hath shadowed Gladstone's frown; Hath shadowed GLADSTONE'S frown;
And who of men can say,
But he that, through the burden of the day,
That garland's spiky twine,
Keen needles of the pine,
Hath round his temples worn,
How, like a crown of thorn
The bright but bitter bough Can into furrows fret the brow That its contested diadem hath borne?

Lo, now we hear, again,
The rival chariots thunder o'er the plain;
Again, the same strong charioteers behold,
With loose hair and tense rein,
And thews' and sinews' strain,
Behind their rival steeds, on smeking axles rolled!
But "Peace" and "Progress" are not now the names
That GLADSTONE's team of harmessed coursers claims;
I read, instead, branded upon their backs,
"Economy," "Repeal of Income-tax;"
While "Bung" and "Bunkum," still to Dizzy dear,
Scarce altered, reappear
In the euphonious pair "Our Bibles" and "Our Beer,"
A team that works, in concert, side by side,
Mangre strange contrasts in such names implied.

Sudden the challenge to the race was given, Launched like Jove's bolt out of a clouddless heaven; And scarce was time the chariots to prepare, To have the harness yare,

* A garland of pine was the prize of the winner in the Isthmian Games.

Steeds featly groomed, and bitted fair, When rose the cry, "They're off!"—and off they were!

And then was seen, 'spite of friends' favouring cheers,
How work of five long years,
Upon the stoutest charioteer will tell;
And most on him, who, in each race,
Had joyed to force the pace,
And urge his steeds not wisely but too well.
While Dizzx, with his team well in command,
Hath held his patient hand,
Nor thrust it forward, with more law,
Than backward he could draw,
Nor, for speed risking smash,
E'er overplied the lash,
Nor, with too eage? pole,
Pressed for the goal!

Pressed for the goal!

See him creep up and on,
Ere the first mile they 've gone,—
Neek and neek, head and head, and nese to nose,—
Till, nose in front, then head,
Then neek, then quarters, led;
But as ahead he dashed,
Chariot with chariot clashed,
As with a dextrous twist
Of reins and wrist,
The sharper chariotses the stronger caught,
And, hurled out of the course to grief behold him brought!
And now, grim GLADSTONE, queered and cleared,
In front the Sphinx-like Disay hath appeared,
And ever, with each langth,
Growing in skill and strength,
Further and further still shead he shows!
While, dropping still behind,
In temper touched, and wind,
Gaunt GLADSTONE, ne'er so gallant though he be,
With a protesting frown
The proud if painful crown,
Wrenched from his brow—his rival's prize—must see!
And, checked and checking, second at the post,
Must own the race is lost—
The race, not always to the strong—
Lost with the crown that may be worn too long!

SITTINGS IN ERROR.

Strring at a pic-nic on a little mound of earth, which in your short-sightedness you choose as most convenient for a sent, and discover, when too late, is in reality an ant's nest.

Sitting with your legs cramped on the knife-board of an omnibus, while your two neighbours' two umbrellas are both dripping down

sitting with your legs cramped on the knife-board of an omnibus, while your two neighbours' two umbrellss are both dripping down your neck.

Sitting (reverentially, if possible) at church, in front of some spoilt children who examine your back hair.

Sitting on a costly pair of Chelsea china figures, which, for safety sake, you put in your cost-pocket rather than allow them to be packed and carried to your house.

Sitting st your case in the enjoyment of a snoose, while the train stope at the station at which you should get out.

Sitting for three-quarters of an hour after the ladies have retired, in order to hear langy stories, or talk polities or shop.

Sitting on your wife's pet pussy-cat or pug-dog, which in the dask has not been noticed saleep in your arm-chair.

Sitting on a bag of grapes, or plums, or apricots, or paches, which you are bringing home from Covent Garden in a cab.

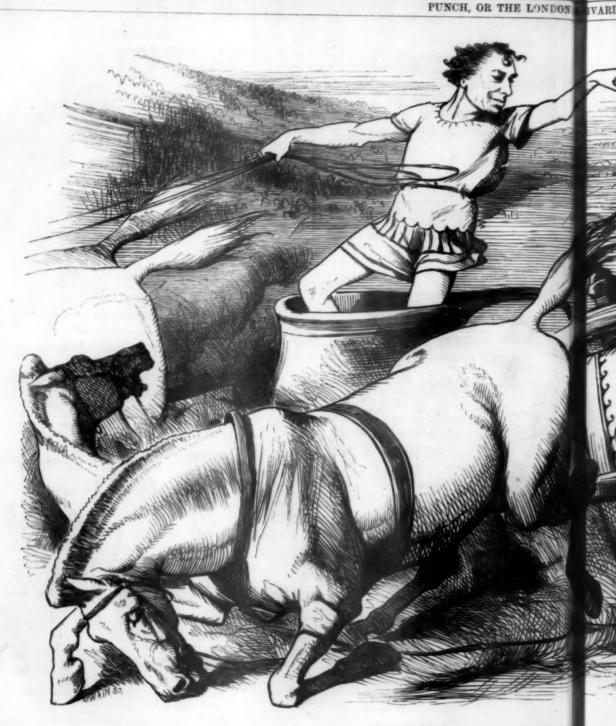
Sitting in the stalls (whare you go to see good acting) just behind a lot of ladies, dressed in the height of fashion, with their back hair decked with flowers, and with ribbons in profusion piled up in a pyramid on the tip-top of their heads.

Sitting on a pair of stockings which your wife, good soul, was darning, and which she hid so hurriedly (with her needle sticking in them) underneath the anti-macassar, when visitors disturbed her in the afternoon.

A Contrary Wind.

On Candlemas Day the sky was dun; One general cloud concealed the sun; And Winter ought, says the ancient rhym To have most of it gone at Christmas time Whereas there was frost, a great deal mor After the factival than before. Accordingly, this year, Winter's flaw Blew right in the teeth of that old saw.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON



NATIONAL SPRIN

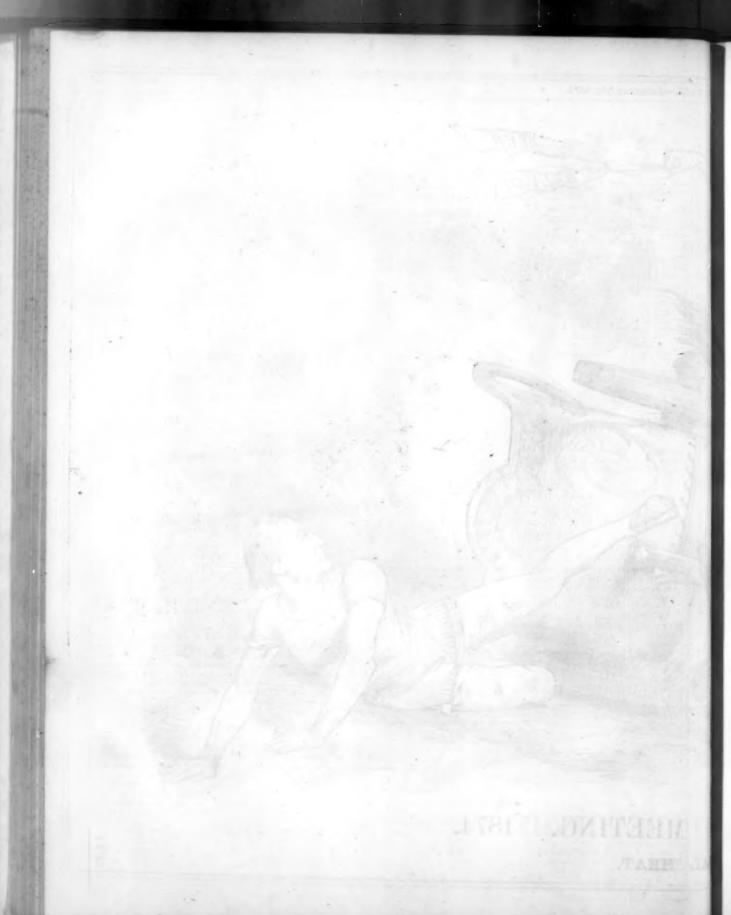
THE DAL

VARI.-FERRUARY 21, 1874.



MEETING. 1874.

AL HEAT.



OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The Horse at the Front Gate—On View—Mr. Jarvie—Digressions and Notes—Interview proceeding.



RANKLY, I don't wonder at there being a crowd to see this horse.

To begin with, it isn't a orse—that is, I mean it's

a cob. a cob.

Its head appears to me
to be too large for its neck,
and, as it stands still, it
has a way of moving its nas a way of moving its cars unevenly, on a sort of one-down-t'other-come-up principle, which suggests interior mechanism (it being what you'd expect in a toy, with strings, some wires, and a musical wires and a musical baker cart behind), and

inspires mistrust.
The animal's neck, too, tracing him thus backtracing him thus back-wards, seems to my eye to be indeated, though, per-haps, on reflection, this effect is simply due to the mans having been cut by an inexperienced hand. As to the hair of this mans,

As to the hair of this mane, I never saw anything so rusty-looking, day, and untidy. Reverting to the toy, if the mane had been nailed on carelessly, it couldn't have looked worse. Carrying my eye along him downwards—we are all examining him now, as my Aunt has descended from her fly, and I have introduced har to lin. and Mrs. Pullimers, but have been totally unable to introduce the rest of the party, whose names I haven't been able to estable.

Example 12 Thought.—"Who shall be nameless." This seems to be a quotation out of something, occurring to me at the moment. Make a note of it, and look it out afterwards.]—and to whom, therefore, my Aunt inclines herself somewhat

stiffly.

The person who has brought this animal "for me to see" is a tall man with a short body, and such very long jerky sort of legs, as to have the appearance of being only loosely attached to his waist, perhaps supported to the division line in the old-fashioned way in which a school-boy's lower half used to be fastened, with evident buttons all round, to his upper half. It is not a division of halves in this man's case, but—(Happy Thought)—putting him as a sum in proportion one-fifth is to the whole, as his legs to his body; that is—

One-fifth: whole: : legs: body. Algebraically, and evidently,

One-fifth be called a sum in anatomy. [Note it down and see if something systematic and scientific can't be got out of it when I've leisure.]

Mr. Jarvis's legs—Jarvis, he informs me is his name, and I see no reason, judging from his personal appearance, to doubt him, no more than I do his statement that he is landlord of the Wig and Chicken in the next village—Mr Jarvis's Legs—(Capital title for Christmas Number of a Serial. Mr. Jarvis's Legs. Subject to be divided into His Stockings, his Boots, his Slippers, his Pantaloons, and so forth by popular authors, every story sensational, with a picture of Mr. Jarvis's legs on the cover—(Happy Thought)—write to Porcaod and Graolley, Publishers, and propose it]—Mr. Jarvis's legs are obtrusive and kick out, independent, I am convinced, of the Jarvis above, who has nothing to do with them; in fact, his head's too far off, and too far back, to trouble itself about looking after such mundane matters as feet and legs; and, as he advances towards me, legs first, he realizes just half the notion of Old Joe's action in the once popular nigger ballad where he (Ole Joe) was described as "kicking up ahind and afore." Mr. Jarvis kicks up "afore."

He wears a gay-looking straw-hat, after a rather nautical fashion. In fact, taking merely his head, whiskers, and hat, and seeing just so much of him as would be visible in bed if he had a bad cold and were obliged to keep his shoulders covered, I should say, "This man is a sailor."

man is a sailor."

Bringing him a little way out of bed, convalencent, and making him ait up with his check coat on, I should say, "This man is a

But producing him, entirely, with the independent legs in tight enough trousers, and ending in long-toed boots, I should say, "This man tines.

has a betting-book in his pocket, and he knows more than meets the

has a betting-book in his pocket, and he knows more than meets the eye about two to one, bar one."

Summing him up altogether, I am inclined to regard Ma. Jarvis with suspicion. But by this time I should regard any one who came to sell me a horse, even my own Grandfather, with suspicion.

By the way, talking of my Grandfather, with suspicion.

By the way, talking of my Grandfather, I'm not sure that he wouldn't have done me, if he had had the chance, though I venerate his memory. I have a reason for saying this. A man once said, in my hearing, "Ah, Old So-and-So! I remember him! He was a rum customer, and a regular wicked old sinner."

"Sir!" said I, warmly, "you are talking of my Grandfather. Prove your statement, Sir, or—"

Well, he did prove his statement; at least, he told me such a story of my Grandfather's canduct, on one particular occasion, as thrilled me with horror, and his facts were carroborated by a friend of his who was present. However, this is only a family anecdote, and only mentioned here to show that you can't always trust even your own Grandfather.

Happy Thought.—But, if you could, why should there be are actual practical prohibition in the Prayer Book against the enormity of marrying your Grandfather? If the compilers of that excellent devotional work had not contemplated (perhaps from experience) the wickedness of a sly old Grandfather (Grandfuther Dos Jusn—sort of name for a Pantomime), they would never have placed such a prohibition on record.

But to proceed. The above being merely notes, made (saving Mr. Jarvis's ipresence and the crowd) while they think I am taking down Mr. J.'s address and the points of the horse.

"There's a little 'orse," Mr. Jarvis commences, "as you won't

Now then. "There's a little 'erse," Mr. Janvis commences, "as you wen't

often see."

No; once is enough. But I keep this to myself. My Aunt, PULLINGER, and party all attention. They think I'm going to be taken in by Jarvis.

I brace myself for the encounter. I'm for the prosecution: Jarvis for the defence: the Horse is the criminal; visitors the Jury; crowd in the lane represents the public in court.

I commence by shaking my head.

This means, generally, that I don't like the animal, taken as an animal altogether; though of course I don't know how he'd suit me in parts.

in parts.

The next move is Mr. Jarvis's.

IDIOTISM IN IRELAND.

It is not often that, even amongst the worst accounts from Ireland, we meet with any report, such as the following, of an—

"ATTEMPT TO UPSET A TRAIN.—An attempt to upset a train was made last night near Limerick. Some malicious person placed an iron gate and some wooden fences, brought from an adjoining estate, across the rails; but the engine-driver, feeling the jerk, fortunately stopped the train before harm

In Ireland religious and political distinctions do not, as a rule, extend to railway trains. The Irish character is exempt from the taint of abstract malignicy. It is improbable that the train which some exceptionally malicious person attempted to upset near Limerick was either a Protestant or Catholic train, or one distinguished by decorations of either orange or green. The subversive impulses of the Irish mind are generally expended in endeavours to upset the figurative train whose locomotive is the Imperial engine. As for the attempt above related, it was probably the act of some idiot, who, had he been placed in an asylum, might there, by cultivation, have had his intellectual faculties so far developed as to have enabled him to see more fun than that of trying to upset a railway train, in voting, at the time of a General Election, for a Home Ruler.

FESTIVAL AND FRANCHISE.

FESTIVAL AND FRANCHISE.

Is is well, perhaps, that the Parliamentary Elections were mainly over by the 14th instant. Thereon there is supposed to take place another election, namely, the choice of mates by the cock-chaffinch (Fringilla cœlebs) and all the other winged bachelors asserted by tradition to be accustomed to pair with feathered spinsters on that anniversary. With the latter election, to be sure, the former would not have interfered at all, but it might perhaps have caused some hindrance to another, that by which, in imitation of the practice ascribed to the plumed bipeds, the plumeless creatures on two legs are wont to celebrate St. Valentine's Day. In this exercise of the elective franchise the rights of women are admitted, and the idea that they are admissible once in four years only is a popular error. We shall see, perhaps, if a Conservative Ministry will be liberal enough to extend female suffrage to the choice of political Valentines.



AGONISING!

Damon. "Hullo, Pythias! What's the Matter?"

Pythias: "O, MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE—TUT-T-T-T-" (Objurgations)—"I'VE BEEN WRITING TO MY TAILOR TO GIVE ME ANOTHER INCH AND A HALF IN THE WAISTBAND, AND COMPOSED A VALENTINE TO MY ADORED CLARA, AND—O!—I'VE PUT 'EM INTO THE WHOME ENVELOPER—AND THEY'RE POSTED!!!"

[Breaks dougn! WRONG ENVELOPES, -AND THEY'RE POSTED!!!"

FIRST THOUGHTS.

EVERY Morning. A Triplet of Thoughts for Every Day in the Year. A book lately published with this title has set us pondering the possibility of the human intellect regularly originating three fresh thoughts every morning for a whole year—a total of 1095 thoughts, with three extra reflections for Leap Year. On special occasions, such as birth-days, wedding-days, holidays, fine days, and rent-days, we can believe that the mind might be capable of so gigantic an effort; but on all ordinary days—and they are the majority in the lives of most of us—it is to be feared that the meditations of the bulk of mankind would neither dazzle by their brilliancy nor bewilder by their profundity.

We have tried the experiment for one week, in good health, furnished apartments, and a tolerably quiet neighbourhood, and the result, earefully noted down each morning of the seven, is now lying before us. It was not sufficiently encouraging to induce us to persevere in the practice.

persevere in the practice.

Sunday

Sunday morning! How delightful! I need not get up till ten. I hope it is not going to rain.

I wonder whether the tailor sent my new coat home last night.

Monday— Another week of work!

Glad to see there is no fog this morning. I suppose I must get up.

Tuesday—
I wonder whether I have been called.
By Jove, it only wants twenty minutes to nine! I must have overalept myself.
How cold it is! I hardly think I have time for a bath this morning.

I will not play Whist again in a hurry.

What atrocious stuff that whiskey of Puddicomer's was! How villanously that girl cleans the boots: I must speak to MRS. PINKEY.

Thursday-

What a row those confounded Cats did make in the night! I wonder whether I shall hear from Cassiopela this morning. How stupid of me to leave my slippers down-stairs!

I really must complain if that dog goes on barking in this way. It seems rather windy this morning: I hope it will dry the streets. Five minutes more, and then I will get up. Saturday

Rain again! and I wanted to go to Croydon this afternoon to call on the NAVENB I know what I will do-take Cassie and her cousin to the Eclectic

to-night. What a blessing! to-morrow is Sunday.

BISMARCK AND BOOBIES.

PRINCE BISMARCK, whenever he expresses himself, generally contrives to be perspicuous, but the following passage in the speech he lately delivered at the opening of the German Parliament may appear to present an exception to his usual lucidity:—

"The legal prescriptions which were adopted in favour of invalids of the army, immediately after the war, have not supported in every point the trial of experiments since made."

There are, perhaps, some fools who flatter themselves that they understand this statement, and, under their delusion, may remark that the success of legal prescriptions adopted in favour of invalids could only have been expected by authorities who had appointed Lawyers to perform the duties of Medical Men. It is really astonishing how obtuse some people are.

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AN EXTINGUISHER FOR THE LATIN RACE.

Mr. Luskington Philpetts (proud of his foreign east of countenance). "There's precious little of the Saxon about me, I can Tell fou. My Provie, the De Louchetons de File-POTENCE, CAME OVER FROM FRANCE YEARS-AGES AGO!"

Mr. Chaffington Smiley. "AH! BEFORE THE EXTRADITION TREATY, I SUPPOSE!"

Obvious Asinism.

THE Bible Society Monthly Reporter reports that the Bible Society's Committee "have had a Russian Bible specially bound for presentation to Her Imperial Highness the ARCH-DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, of Russia, on the occasion of her marriage." Several donkeys have, of course, suggested that it was bound in Russia. They have all brayed. It was bound in England.

OVERPLOWING WITH SPIRITS.

THE Licensed Victuallers are greatly elated at their successful efforts on behalf of the Conservative party. They are inclined to think no small-beer of themselves, on account of this display of public zeal.

"THE GREAT UNWASHED."-Our Statues.

QUERCUS ROBUR.

ROBUR is a word for Oak. Robur is a word for Tea Spirit; which implies a joke, Made with oak-leaves if it be,

Robur, worthy of the name, Anyone may make who will.

Take your acorns, malt the same,
Mash, ferment them, and distil.

Will that prove good spirit? Try So to make it; then you'll tell. What with whiskey if it vie? What if brandy it excel?

Only this; that if the true Robur prove a gift, easayed, Recollect, good people, who Told you how it should be made.

SONG AND SENTIMENT.

Anono the many dozens of new ditties lately published, we notice one beginning in a sentimental manner—" Why I love thee, ask the Roses.

ask the Roses."

This seems just such a song as little Alice might expect to hear sung to her in Wonderland, where the roses, if appealed to, would be sure to make reply. But where, out of a fairy tale, are roses ever found to answer when one speaks to them? and although we may know something of the language of flowers, should we clearly understand them if they really made reply? Putting sentiment aside, one would say the song is hardly so polite as one might think it. "Ask the roses" is at best an evasive sort of answer, and, taken as an think it. "Ask the roses" is at best an evasive sort of answer, and, taken as an artful shifting of the question, seems equivalent to the vulgar schoolboy phrase of "Ask my eye!"

Change of Vowel.

Lo, the Conservatives annex Another seat in Middlesex! They shout, elated, cock-a-whoop, Hooray for HAMLETON and COOPE! In Middlesex 'twas once a thing Ever of course to yoke for Bayer. Ever, of course, to vote for Bysa; But now the votes of old and young Are polled upon behalf of Bung.

Literary Echoes.

We see a new book advertised, called Six Weeks in the Saddle. This, it has been rumoured in some literary circles, will be followed before long by A Fortnight on the Coach-Box, and there are whispers of a sequel, called A Month after the Bridal.

Dangerous Sympathy.

THE brewing interest will be potent in the new Parliament. Protestant Electors be on the alert! There must be no leaning shown by your representatives to the Vatican.

Middlesex to Wit.

Mr. Coope was not far below Lord Gronge Hamilton on the poll—this shows the advantage of coope-ration. The new House will be singularly constituted. Clergymen are, of course, always excluded from that assembly, but this time it will not contain even one Lehmann.

DEVELOPMENT IN FRANCE.



certainly continuance continuance of that ascent in moral and intollectual development, the commencement of which was indicated the other day in the capital of France by the phenomenon of setual attention to some performent. actual attention to some performances of Ham-ners of Ham-ners of Ham-ners and the services of the part of audi-ences who really found themselves very considerably pleased with what they heard, is they heard, is evidenced in the following mes-sage which ar-rived by the Wheatstone wire

" PARIS, Feb. 8.

"PARIS, Feb. 8.
"The Court of Assize at Melun have condemned PRINCE SOUTED, who lately shot PRINCE CHIEA in a duel, to four years' imprisonment, and his two seconds, and those of PAINCE CHIEA, to two years' imprisonment."

The serious enforcement of the laws against duelling, thus commenced.

clearly betokens an upward step in that ladder of being on whose lower round stands the savage, or swings, if you prefer to think so, the anthropoid ape. To minds disposed to take pessimist views of the future of France, this indication is truly "cheering." There is now hope that Frenchmen are beginning to discover the essential brutality of duelling, and that of duelling not only as regarded by the sentiments, but also as estimated by the intellectual faculties, which likewise distinguish men from brutes. Let us remember, however, that our fore-fathers, at a time within man's memory, were, with respect to an "affair of honour," no more human, either in point of feeling or intelligence, than our contemporaries and neighbours across the Channel have been hitherto. Society in England, not very many years ago, was so stupid as well as so iniquitous as to require that whose-ever had received a grave insult, though merely verbal, should, on pain of infamy, vindicate his reputation by inviting the author of the affront to a combat, in which he who had offered him an indignity would have at least an even chance of also killing him.

an even chance of also killing him.

The necessity thus imposed on every gentleman enabled any genteel black guard, who might wish to murder him, to force him to allow him an opportunity of making the attempt, at the risk only of the blackguard's own worthless life. For that purpose, the blackguard needed do nothing more than brandish a whip in the gentleman's face, or give him the lie. This prejecterous atrocity of social law has been obsolete in England for about these thirty years. It is only just now that things are, as above instanced, beginning to be managed better in France. But they have now, at last, begun; and the French, so long celebrated as a logical people, appear to be in a way to show some cause why they should be so styled, in so far as they seem to be getting, at length, to understand the logic of duelling.

OUR "WANTS" COLUMN.

Wanted, as Companion to a Single Lady of aristocratic connections, refined manners, and elegant tastes, a Grey Parrot, young and handsome, with a copious vocabulary and some knowledge of French. The bird must always have resided in county families, and be prepared with a written guarantee that it has never been known to utter a word which could offend the most fastidious ear. A comfortable home, and no Cats. Price no object, but the successful candidate will be required to come a month on trial, Call, with the bird, on Miss Tuffler, 10, Telemachus Terrace, W., the first Wednesday in April.

first Wednesday in April.

A Professed Cook is open to an appointment in the household of a Nobleman or Gentleman, residing at least four months in the year in the West End of London. She has been habituated to the services of two female Kitchen attendants, and could not undertake to supply breakfast at an earlier hour than 10°30 A.M. She would have no objection to appear in the drawing-room or housekeeper's apartment every morning, to take instructions as to the necessary arrangements for luncheon and dinner for the family, but she could not engage to prepare servants' meals. Saturday afternoon and Sunday evening to be at her own disposal, together with one night in the week for visiting or receiving her friends. Vacations—a month in the Summer, a fortnight at Christmas, and a week either at Easter or Whitsuntide. The question of pecuniary compensation can be discussed in a personal interview, and the advertiser will be happy to call on any lady, by appointment, after luncheon, for that purpose. Letters addressed to Miss F. S. G., care of Mr. C. Kale, Purveyor of Garden Produce, 106, Mirabel Street, N., will receive due attention. due attention.

Lad Wanted. He must be quick as lightning, sharp as a needle, still as a mouse, close as wax, and honest as the day. As the Advertiser has an invincible objection to the sound of sneezing, no boy liable to a cold in the head need apply.—O. D. D., 1, Great Commerce Street, E.C.

Wanted, by a Single Gentleman, respectable apartments in a quiet house, in a quiet street, within sight of the Monument. There must be no smoke either from the chimneys or tobacco; no There must be no smoke either from the chimneys or tobacco; no musical instruments; no cats, dogs, birds, children, or other domestie pets; and the average length of service attained by the last four servants should be at least three months. The house must have a south-west aspect, and not be overlooked either in front or behind, and be within a convenient distance of a pillar-box, a drinking fountain, a newsvendor's, a Literary Institution, a Fire Brigade Station, and a bowling-green. The Advertiser, who is nervous, fidgety, eccentric, irritable, very difficult to please, and unable to

bear the slightest noise without giving immediate notice to quit, is leaving his present lodgings because the stairs creak, and the servant let two dishes fall on the kitchen floor within one week. To prevent unnecessary applications, it is as well also to mention that in the rooms he previously occupied the contiguity of a water-butt to his bedroom wall proved an insupportable irritation. Address, stating terms, which must not exceed 12s. a week (all extras included), "Peculiar," Post Office, Pinktrip, Essex.

Wanted, a large quantity of Second-hand Wooden Legs. Apply "with the legs" in brown holland cases, between six and seven, at 445, Cripplegate, E.C.

A Widower, whose liver has been affected by a protracted residence in tropical countries, requires the services of an active, accomplished, energetic lady to superintend the education of his four daughters, whose most prominent characteristic is the ungovernable violence of their tempers; and to undertake the management of three self-willed old servants. She must presses a cheerful disposition and perfect temper, have no relations within fifty miles, and be skilful at all games of cards. A personal interview is indispensable, but as a necessary preliminary an untouched carte should be forwarded to Nicholas Tiffin, Esq., Chutneypore House, West Lambeth. Lambeth.

Wanted, by a General Agent, a Menagerie, an Orchestra, a Cargo of Caviare, an Iron Church, a second-hand Balloon, a pair of Black Swans, a White Elephant, a Tortoiseshell Tom-cat, several Acres of Ground suitable for building purposes in the immediate neighbourhood of Hyde Park, a Diamond Mine, a pair of Silver Snuffers, an Organ, a quantity of old Bell-ropes, and fifty General Servants who know their work—and their place. Apply (with samples) to A. Y. Z., International Hotel, Upper Ten Thousand Street, S. W.

Advice to an Amphitryon. By an experienced Diner-Out.

Ar your banquets never allow the Wives to sit opposite their Husbands. Not only flirting (i.e., fun) is rendered utterly impracticable under such conditions, but there is a Gorgonism in each other's eyes which petrifies their tongues when they catch sight of one another. Let every Wife be seated on the same side as her Husband, and as far from him as possible: then, although it may be mostly carried on in undertones, you will never find the conversation for a single moment cease.

NEW DEFINITION OF A TAP-ROOM. - A place where Spiritualists

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CAUTION.

Host, "JUST ANOTHER WEE DRAP FORE YOU GO-" Guest. "Na, Na, a'LL TAK NAE MAID! I'M IN A NEW LODGIN', AND I'M NO VERA WEEL ACQUAINTED WI' THE STAID! ""

THE PROPHET JAMAIS.

IT will be recollected that, whilst the French troops were occupying the present capital of Italy, M. Rounen, Imperialist Minister, declared that Italy should go to Rome—"jamais!" M. Jamais has now published a letter in the Ami de l'Ordre, recommending the Bonspartists to bide their time during Marshal MacMahon's seven years, at the end of which M. Jamais thinks it, will arrive. Accordingly, M. Jamais predicts that—

"The intermediate régime will never dare to meet the verdict of the country. When universal suffrage is called upon, I am convinced the citizen class, cured of its extravagances (the great majority of the electors), will be in accord to re-establish what the insurrection of Paris broke to pieces."

M. Jamais may possibly prove a truer prophet for the Bonaparte dynasty than he did for the Papacy. There is no knowing what seven years may bring forth, especially in France; and the prophecy that, one of these days, there will be a NAPOLEON THE FOURTH, may by-and-by be fulfilled, notwithstanding that at present it can hardly be mentioned without provoking the exclamation—"Jamais!"

. Channel Insular Government.

THE Standard announces that a vacancy in the judicial bench of Jersey has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Briar, formerly a ship-captain, and for several years, up to about twelve months ago, harbour-master at St. Helier's. According to our Conservative contemporary, "Judges in the island of Jersey are appointed without any regard to their special aptitude for the duties of that important position by reason of any legal knowledge they possess." The Judges derive their office from the Sovereign People, who elect them. No doubt they do indifferently administer justice. Thus much for Home Rule in Jersey. Who imagines that it wouldn't do equal wonders for Ireland?

REWARKABLE.

ONE of the quietest places in Ireland is Clonmaeneise. You wouldn't have thought it.

ELEGY ON AN EX-MINISTRY.

THERE lies a Government, from care and strife,
Where now at last its members find release.
They should enjoy repose; for, e'en in life,
As everybody knew, their end was peace.

Peace they so leved, that, though to pay for aught Above all woes they deemed affliction sore, High was the price at which that peace was bought; And may it, in the end, not cost us more!

To one supreme intent their minds they gave;
They made economy their sovereign good.
Their chiefest purpose was expense to save,
And show as large a surplus as they could.

This all-important object to obtain,
On smallest means that offered they would seize,
And all their energies were wont to strain,
With view to skin a flint or pare a cheese.

Hence, in all humbler service of the State, Retrenchment without mercy they pursued. Thus hard dismissal, and the pauper's fate, Unhappy clerks and dockyard workmen rued.

Men cared not for the glory of the earth,
They, whose sole question touching public land
Was how it best would pay, as money's worth.
Why should a useless Epping Forest stand?

Ah, what avail economies none feel
But those they pinch! Alsa, what signifies
A sight of good you 've done the commonweal
When individuals all denounce your eyes?

hey sacrificed the Irish Church, intent On justice; loyal friends they rendered cool;

Redressed a wrong which grieved a sentiment: And reaped reward in clamour for Home Rule.

To all true Liberals liberty is dear.

Restrictions for estrangement gave them cause.

Why vex and anger them that love their beer

By Sabbatarian sumptuary laws?

And some there were, in cynic cort that stood Against all comers with a suit to press; To make things as unpleasant as they could They tried, and O with what complete success!

But nothing, if not good, of them that rest!—
A war they did against abuses wage.
To do as they thought fit they did their best;
And will have made their mark on History's page.

Very New Music.

"Wny I love thee ask the Noses," a Hebrew ballad. Companion to "Why I love thee ask the Roses."
"Melody for an Elderly Spinster," a fantasia. By the Composer of "Song of the Old Bell."
"Four, Afternoon! O so late!" Companion to "One Morning! O so early!"
"There's nothing like Bitter Beer!" A new Bass song.

"There's nothing like Bitter Beer!" A new Bass song.
"Then You'll Re-member Me!" Song addressed by an ex-M.P. to his late constituents, in view of a future election.

A MATHEMATICAL CERTAINTY.

The celebrated problem of squaring the circle is by most people considered to be utterly insoluble. Yet, assuming that the puglistic ring may be regarded as a circle, there are knowing ones who well know how to "square" it when they like.

JUSTICE FOR JOHN BULL.



in respect of parties, as follows:—

"Mr. Glaserows's majority—by means of which he corried such colossal measures, affecting vitally for good or for evil the institutions of the country—was not an English majority. In fact, if he had kills?"

"Tank about the slaughter of war!" said Maron O'Rourke. "Isn't it the pace that kills?"

had to deal with English Members alone, he could probably not have even attempted any one of those measures; for although the parties in England were pretty evenly balanced, there was a slight Conservative majority. Hence in the late Parliament England was completely over-borne by the leaser Members of the Kingdom."

Mu. Berr, and the rest of you, Gentle-men of Mn. Berr's party, allow us to congratulate you on the prospect of Home-Rule—for England.

Something About Dr. Beke.

ONE of Dr. Berre's scientific attendants Own of Dr. Bran's scientific attendants reached the summit of a mountain before the eminent Eastern explorer, who was somewhat out of Breath, could arrive. The worthy and learned Doctor was evidently amoyed, but forgave the man on account of his previous good character, but remarked that, in case he should at any future time be find up in a police-court, he would not then be able to say that he had "never been up before the Beke." Such is life in the East.

Lines to a Young Lady.

Farn Densir, who allows her shirt To trail belind her through the di-librate the michanine that prevail of Donormy the Drougle-tailed.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

SAME SAME OF STREET

Still engaged with Mr. Jarvie about the Horse.

There seems to me to be an air of depression about the cob. Perhaps he's shy, and doesn't like being exhibited in the public road. Janvis's legs form an isosceles triangle (on their own account, he having nothing to do with it), his hands thrust themselves (under Janvis's direction here, as being nearer the head) into his trowser pockets, so as to rumple up the waistecat on each side, and Janvis's head drops down towards the left shoulder, as though there were a strong wind blowing at his right ear. He looks critical: he looks knowing. In spite of his nautical straw hat, he has nothing whatever of the sailor about him now. Even his whiskers, which, under another aspect, did convey something of the mariner to my mind, now suggest more of the Barrister.

Imagine at this moment Janvis in a white wig and bands, and his photograph would do for ten out of fifteen barristers. He has no moustache; and I do not believe in a Barrister with a moustache. I don't think that moustachies should be worn by either Barristers, Anglican Clergymen, or Milkmen. This, however, has nothing to

I don't think that moustachies should be worn by either Barristers, Anglican Clergymen, or Milkmen. This, however, has nothing to do with horse-dealing.

Feeling that it is his turn to move in the game, JARVIS says, repeating himself to begin with,

"Yes, you won't see such a little 'orse as that every day. Reg'lar good plucked 'un."

good plucked 'un."

Happy Thought.—A reg'lar good "plucked 'un." must mean that the animal has failed in passing a veterinary examination.

As Janus wouldn't understand this joke, and as (besides Pullinger, who's a Clergyman, and mightn't like joking) there's only one gentleman (the Equestrian Visitor) present who may, or may not, be up to it, I decide upon not risking it. Shall note it down, and arrange it for one of Syder Santh's good things. Then people will say, "How witty 'so like him!"

The Tall Equestrian, who cannot possibly be interested in my being taken in and done for by Janus or any other horse-dealer, observes gratuitonaly.

being taken in and done for by Jarvis or any other horse-dealer, observes gratuitously,
"Yes! he's not a bad stamp of animal."
Whereat the Ladies appear interested.
Now what does he mean by a "bad stamp"? If he were a bad stamp he wouldn't evidently be worth a penny. But that he should be only "not a bad stamp" doesn't seem to imply that he is a good stamp, but is very nearly being a good stamp. It's as if you said

of a bottle of spurious Eau de Cologne, "Yes, that's Eau de Cologne, only it's not Jean Maria Farina."

As the Equestrian Visitor appears to know something about the matter, and as Jarvis has at once seen (I catch his eye) the importance of chlisting such respectable and unprejudiced evidence on his own side, I feel bound to ask the last speaker, "What he means by that observation?"

"Well," he replies, "it's a good serviceable beast. It's what I should call a good slave for the country."

Oho! Then we're not horse-dealing, we're slave-dealing. I reply, "Ah, I see what you mean," and I think I shall, presently.

MR. JARVIS seizes the opportunity.

I reply, "Ah, I see what you mean," and I think I shall, presently.

Mr. Jarvis seizes the opportunity.

"Ah, he's all that, and more. He'll do his thirteen mile an hour easy, in a level country. I've taken him to Scragford, round by Hillfield, and back, in a day, with a waggonette full."

He takes for granted that we know the country. The Tall Equestrian does, or pretends to, and says, "stiff work."

"Nothing to him," returns Jarvis, jauntily, as if he had dragged the waggonette full himself. (The Horse looks sleepily on, all the time, but, like the prisoner at an English Criminal trial, "his mouth is closed," and I pity him.) "Nothing! He faces his hills from first to last as though they were mole-heaps"—

"Praps," I interrupt, sharply, with a side-glance at my Aunt and the Ladies, "he'd stumble over mole-heaps."

My Aunt, and the Ladies, don't enjoy my little fun, just thrown in as it were to lighten the entertainment. They are gradually coming to admire the horse. They began by pitying him, because of his woebegone appearance; then they pitied him more on hearing the account of the work he had done. The next step was to admire him as a hero, while compassionating him as an uncomplaining martyr, and, finally, they burst into singing his praises.

"He really is a pretty-looking creature," says my Aunt.

"Only wants a little more care and attention than I can afford to give him, Ma'am," says Mr. Jarvis, artfully.

"Yee," says Mr.S. PULLINGER to her husband, "I think when we bought Luby for the children, he wasn't a bit better-looking than this."

"No dear," replies PULLINGER to her husband.

"No dear," replies PULLINGER, "and he's as handsome a pony—
not quite the size of this—as I've ever seen."
(Ahem! Does PULLINGER wish me to buy Luby, I wonder?)
The Lady in the Riding-habit observes, "I think he would turn
out very well."
"Of course," observes my Equestrian Visitor, "he'll never be

showy. But" (to me) "you don't want a Park hack: you want something useful, for double work, and up to your weight."

Now he is at it. I've only known this gentleman half an hour, I've not spoken to him three tires, and yet, in a matter of horses, he professes to know exactly what I want.

If anything could set me against buying this horse on the spot, it is this remark of the Equestrian's. At the same time, I feel that is the same time, I feel that it is the same time of the same price as a donkey, I would buy it; because, after all, if you are mounted at all, you may as well be mounted in first-rate style. Still I admit, that for the country, I do not want a hack intended only for the Park. Again, I do want something that I can both ride and driven. Now, evidently, one conduct a strenger, like this general would have (that is, I do word them) if I could afford them. But I can't. Therefore, when a stranger, like this Equestrian Visitor, who can only judge of any means by the house, and by my atm's appearance and mine, talks as that I don't want a Park hack, but something to do "double work," and a really useful (not in any way ornamental) assinal, it is as if he had imperimently said, "You "for a poor seril, with saily un sighth of my income, and you want in the bear of the country with, and asset the appears of the country with, and asset the appears of the property of the sail of the country with, and asset the appears of the property of the country with, and asset the appears of the property of the proper

their departure. PULLINGER and I Equestrians on their horses again.

Happy Thought .- To ask PULLINGER, just before he's off, what he

"Ah!" he says, slily, "I never would advise a friend about a horse unless I knew the animal thoroughly. I bought one the other day for fifty, and sold him a week afterwards for twenty.

"Well, Sir, are you going to have him?"

"I don't know."

He continues: "When he's been properly looked after for a week or so, you 'll see how he 'll come out. Quite a gentleman's cob; look in better form, and he in better fettle, too, than nine out of ten that fetch double his price, and ain't worth half it. You may work him all day and all night, too, and he 'll always be the same. Gay and light-hearted, and never sick nor sorry from one year's end to the other."

Happy Thought.—What a cheerful disposition and what a constitution! On the other hand I did not know that horses were ever sick (I've seen'em on board ship in boxes, and a bad see on, and they 'we been quite well—I mean, never once called for the steward), or sorry. What should they be "sorry" for fact, and is now that horses are seen the young of the steward, are say, on seened thoughts, Jarvis is probably using the old leading the horse, and asying, "Pretty creature!" quite affectionately. Dodding is watching her in strong admiration of my Aunt's intrepidity in going so near the horse's mouth. What sanoys me is, that they are both (mistress and maid, united sees, amounting to—no matter—but they're old enough to know hetter) playing into Jarvis's hands.

I come to the point without further dalay.

"Hew much do you want for him?"

Ma. Jarvis's eyes me sternly and resolute.

"stry guineses," says he; "not a penny less; and he's well worth eighty to you any day of the week."

I am staggered. Twenty-five, or thirty, for a mild-looking, shaggy, uncared-for-looking animal, with a dent in his neok, an overgrown head, large feet, and a ragged tail, would have been to my mind enough. I don't see where the Sixty is in him. If he worth hat, it is simply and solely on account of his cheerful temperament and healthy constitution. That is to say, he's worth it inside. Judging from the outside, I should say twenty pounds.

Happy Thought.—"Outside price," Twenty. "Inside price" (disposition and constitution), Forty. Total, Sixty.

I pause. Now to ask about the tr

SPIRITS AT TABLE.



Y an eye-witness who seems, from what he says, to have been likewise an ear-witnesswe are told that at a banquet which SIE ARTHUR GUIN-MESS gave last week to the Conservatives at Dublin-

"The tables pre-sented a most dazzling array of massive plate, and ground under every delicacy pro-

The report σf groaning tables tempts one to inquire whether it is likely there were any spirits present. For some unfa-thomable reason, tables, of all furni-ture, appear to be commonly

affected by the spirits. Table-turning, table-rapping, table-lifting, table-leaping, all these are ways in which the influence of spirits is made tabularly

manifest. Indeed, when Hamlet cried, "My tables, meet it is I set it down," he may have been invoking some spiritual penmanship. As for what occurred the other night at Dublin, who knows but the spirits of departed bonvivants, were actually present when the tables did their groaning? To think of how when in the flesh, a man had injured his digestion by indulging without stint in "every delicacy procurable," must be surely quite enough to set his spirit groaning. Moreover, further to reflect upon the dull and dismal oratory which every diner-out at public dinners has been bored by, could hardly fail to make a table mean with piteous remembrance, when called upon to act as the mouthpiece of his spirit. of his spirit.

University Intelligence.

THE Oxford Crew rowed up to Sandford. This was out of compliment to one of their Eight, who is a Merton man. There is some talk of the establishment of a new College, to be called the Sandford and Merton College, with Mr. Barlow as Master.

THE VERNACULAR.

An advertisement recommending a saline medicine thus commonces:—"'I am out of health,' is a common exclamation." Is it common? Do not people, generally, say, rather, "I am out of sorts?"

" THE Circle."-The Wodding Ring.



NEMESIS.

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"O, Mamma! Such a Shame! You know that lovely Valentine that Margaret Scott sent me, and that I apterwards sent to Mary Wilcox!"
"Yes! Well!"

"WELL, MARY WILCON MUST HAVE SENT IT TO GRACE BARNET, FOR GRACE BARNET HAS JUST SENT IT BACK TO ME!"

PUNCH'S PERI IN PARADISE.

AT LAST!

Leave luscious Tom Moore to bewarble the glories Of Paradise barred to his Peri forlorn— For his Peri, give Punch the great teacher of Tories, And for Eden, long-forfeit, the Treasury bourne!

In the Tom-Moorish legend, the Peri 'twas given
To the portals of Paradise access to win,
When she brought there the gift that was dearest to Heaven—
The tear of a sinner bewailing his sin.

So Ben, Punch's Peri, the key talismanic
To the gates of his Downing Street Eden must find,
Through Protean changes, and labours Titanic;
In teaching a class, sore to learn disinclined.

He hath digged for his key-stone—who knows in what diggings!
For his talisman dived—in what depths, through what grief!
Made Tories, bewildered, submit to what Whiggings!
Blown what bubbles prismatic of speech, bright as brief!

For the dumb has found words, wit for dull, wind for weary; His brains, time, and tongue to his party has given; Has brought gift after gift that he thought—patient Peri!— Might turn out the passport to Downing Street Heaven.

First, picklock Protection he tried on the portal That bars Place's Eden to daring desire, When he brought from the battle to Corn Duties mortal, The sigh of a PREL, and the smile of a Squire.

"The smile of a Squire?" quoth the Messenger Angel, Who does Peter's office at Downing Street door, "Smiled aince Corn-Law repeal, ruin's certain evangel, Is precious, no doubt, but we need something more.

"Then the sigh of a Prel, from the smart of thy arrows— Barbed ever, oft poisoned, and levelled too low— May prove how, at times, eagles suffer from sparrows, But as passport to Paradise Place is no go."

Away flew the Peri, a fetterless rover
O'er the wide-spread domain between Chaos and Crown,
For Democracy's doctrine Protection flung over,
And blithe, at the gate, Household Suffrage flung down.

But "No," quoth the Angel, "Reform Bills for pass-keys
Can serve only those who have faith in their power,—
As infallible Popes have believed in their Mass-keys,—
Not those who adopt them as toys of the hour."

Back again flew the Peri, unwearied, undaunted,
Of all cries swept the earth and the air, far and near,
Then knocked at the gate—with "At last, see, what's wanted,
Triple Talisman—Ballot, and Bible, and Beer!"

The Messenger Angel bowed low-on their hinges
The gates flew back swiftly, constrained to obey,
And the last thing I saw, was the Peri's wing-fringes
Into Treasury Paradise cleaving their way!

Pontifical Troops.

REFERENCE to Continental affairs, a contemporary announces that-

"Considerable agitation has been produced in Switzerland by the publication of an Ultramontane pamphlet entitled An Appeal to the Pioneers."

Perhaps the "Appeal" ostensibly directed to the "Pioneers" was in reality rather addressed to the Sappers and Miners.



PARADISE AND THE PERI.

"JOY, JOY FOR EVER! MY TASK IS DONE— THE GATES ARE PASSED, AND HEAVEN IS WON!"

Lalla Rookh.

PHYSIC FOR FASHION.



paupers, hospital-patients, and other in-ferior persons. The very cream of the cream of fashionable society, therefore, would do well to ponder Dr. Gur's declaration that :-

"We are not able to say how many men, presumably healthy to begin with, would perish by consumption if made to serve by day, or sleep by night, or, worse still, to occupy both as living-room and dormitory—the case of soldiers—a given narrow space for a specified time."

Is not a staircase leading to a drawing-roam, a given narrow space which, not seldom, at a crowded evening party, a number of Ladies and Gentlemen, jammed together, are obliged to occupy for at least a certain if not a specified time? Then, as to the ball-rooms in which the nobility and gentry are accustomed to dance till morning, are they not often very much overcrowded; and must not those who overcrowd them on those occasions suffer from overcrowded; and must not those who over-crowd them on those occasions suffer from overcrowding; both night and day; all the more, inasmuch as they turn the former into the latter?

THE NEW HOUSE.

THE Parliament is complete. Certain Scotch and Irish Counties. THE Parliament is complete. Certain Scotch and Irish Counties, which emerge from a modest obscurity on the recurrence of a General Election, have at length contributed their constitutional quota; and we now know how many Liberals have been returned to "harass" our few surviving venerable institutions, how many Conservatives are burning to restore Ireland its Church and the Army promotion by purchase, and how many Home-Ruless are determined to have a Mace, and a Speaker, and a Reporters' Gallery, all to themselves, in the down-trodden City of Dublin, the capital of trampled Ireland.

in the down-trodden City of Dublin, the capital of trampled Ireland.

A little closer analysis than the newspapers have attempted of the composition of the new Home, undertaken wishout any political bias, and with no leasing either to one party or the other, will form a fitting conclusion to the observations we have thought it our duty to make on the General Election of 1874.

The House appears to contain but few members of enalted rank or position; but which as this deficiency is an evidence of the dayment of that tide of democracy which is to sweep away all our remaining bulwarks and Palladiums, is a question which must be left to deep thinkers and far-accept politics and to determine. Cortainly, a family t, a Laised, a Sheriff, and a Don, do not constitute a very imposing array. Or the other hand, the Working Classes are more momercusty represents that here has been generally supposed. To prove this assertion, it is only a single found proven the assertion, it is only a single found proven the sanks—and the window that comes with asse camot fail to guide its delication, for there is only a single found member in the rank of the time has been and framely not be altogether a sinceure, which is the more remarkable, because Walter, and a Welff, claim a word of respecting found in the whome and a Finch (not forgetting Cawley) must not be passed over without honourable mention.

Several articles of considerable utility will be found in the W House—amongst them a Frand, a Ball, a Bell, a Bagge, and a But; a Coope; a Hood and a Tighe; a Locks and Chaine, a Patten and two Davenperts. A couple of Gardaners with Raikow will be found in the well-made and two Davenperts. A couple of Gardaners with Raikow will be found in the land of the province of the composition of the sanks—and two Davenperts. A couple of Gardaners with Raikow will be found in the land of the province of the composition of the sanks—and two Davenperts. A couple of Gardaners with Raikow will be found in the land of the province of the province of the p

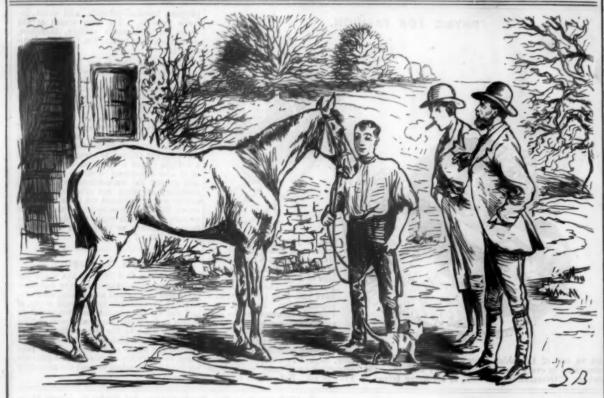
with Pease, Peel, Hay, Reeds, Cotton, and Cordes to occupy their attention night and day.

The Country element is undoubtedly prominent. Brooks, Wells, Knowles, and Beaches; Hills and Mills, Caves and Crosses; a Closs, a Woodd, a Holt, a Heath, and a Moore; a Dyko, a Torr, a Bourne, a Freshfield, and a Russell, have all a pleasant sound even now in February, and will be still more agreeable in the hot debates of Summer.

Summer.

The accommodation will be ample and varied, comprising a Hardcastle and a Temple, Chambers and Villiers, Booths and a Wheelhouse. Every reasonable wish has been anticipated. Here you will encounter two Chaplins and a Monk; there you will find Bass, and Allsopp, and Guinness, Lush, and a good supply of Cavendish. Dyott has not been overlooked, and Cates and Salt will be forthcoming. There are two or three descriptions of Cole in readiness, together with a Colman; and Cotes and a Mackintosh are known to be already provided. Other attractions will consist of a Walker, a Horsman, a Ryder, and an Estcourt; Hunt and Scourfield; Portman and Newport; a Pennant and a Bannerman; Home and Smollett; Bruce and Wallace.

There are some striking personal characteristics. One Member is



A DOUBTFUL DEAL.

Master (inspecting new Horse, sent home last night). "H'm! Ha! Don't like him so well as I did Yesterday! Don't like his Shoulders! Don't like his Fore-legs!"—(Pause)—"I sat, Charley, do you think it is the one I Bought?"

"FIRE-PROOF"

(IN BUILDING AND CABINET-MAKING).

Look aghast at the fate of the pompous Pantechnicon, Chicago and Boston to blazes assigned; Spite of Suaw and steam-squirts, see the flames, without check, lick on,

And the stoutest of "fire-proof" to ashes calcined.

See the pillars, the beams, and the girders of iron,
The trust of the builder, writhed, wrenched, warped awry,
Till the stays that should hold what their framework environ,
Fire-twisted, tear down all 'twas hoped they would tie.

O, blind breasts of mortals! nor such the delusion Of the builders of structures called "fire-proof" alone; Wills of iron, in Cabinets set, work conclusion As fatal as girders of iron in stone.

As I gaze on this ghastly Pantechnicon ruin,
Where the metal most trusted has brought the walls low,
I think of a Cabinet's recent undoing,
Which the means used to strengthen have helped to o'er-

Such a girder was LOWE; such a pillar was AYRTON.
What a rending, and riving, and wrenching were seen,
Engendered by their rigid strain, and unfair tone,
Their resistance too stubborn, their tension too keen.

Nay, the tie-beam itself of the Cabinet building, Had it shown but more equable force under flame, Not yielded, at times when the worst thing was yielding, Nor held out, when resistance to grief surely came.

We had not now sighed o'er a Cabinet sunken
From the zenith of power to the nadir of fall,
On high hopes collapsed, and on large promise shrunken,
Disunion for union, and gloom over all!

MAN IN BONNY.

MAN IN BONNY.

Some question has been raised about an alleged particular in the manners and customs of the natives of Bonny. Those negroes are asserted—and denied—to be anthropophagous. They were a short time ago at war with their neighbours of Calabar, whose habits doubtless resemble their own. If the Bonny laddies, as let us hope they may be called without offence to Scotchmen, are cannibals, so likewise, doubtless, are the Calabarians. It will perhaps be recollected that the Bonny commander was a Chief named Ja-Ja, and that the blacks of Calabar were led by a General whose denomination was Oko-Jumbo. Suppose Oko-Jumbo had been defeated and alain by Ja-Ja, would Ja-Ja have also eaten him? If Ja-Ja, on the contrary, had fallen, would Ja-Ja have been eaten by Oko-Jumbo?

Civilised and Christian nations confine themselves to merely killing one another. But it has been argued that our remote progenitors belonged to races accustomed to follow killing with esting. That human nature is capable of this practice, whether Ja-Ja and Oko-Jumbo are addicted to it or not, nobody denies, and there is no small reason to identify the Fiji with the Cannibal Islands, celebrated in song.

small reason to identify the Fiji with the Cannibal Islands, cessbrated in song.

Anthropophagy is characteristic of a low grade in human development, but is not that development distinctly human? Have zoological sages any idea that the like of it distinguished the anthropoid apes whom they claim for our common ancestors? All monkeys at present known are strict vegetarians—as well as tectotallers, Sin Wilfrid Lawson. Not even the Gorilla is so much as carnivorous, although—see the gaping and grinning specimens of him in the British Museum—his teeth look like a tiger's. Still less does Gorilla eat Gorilla, as there is too much reason to believe that Nigger cats Nigger. It is needless to refute the notion, originated, perhaps, by some ignorant showman of an itinerant menagerie, that the innocent Orang-outang ever does anything of the kind.

Were the simious ancestors of Oro-Jumo and Ja-Ja creatures that lived in trees, hung on to branches with their hind-hands, and lived upon fruit which they generally plucked with their fore; or used they to devour their enemies of their own species, and had



ONE MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Bob Longley (with modest fereour). 44 O, Jack! O for a Woman's Love! O for a true-hearted Woman once, owce in one's Life, to throw her Arms round one's Neck, and tell one she Loves one!"

Little Jack Horner. "An! If you'd had as nucl of that kind of thing as I have, Old Man, you'd be percess three of the whole concern!"

THE CONQUEST OF COFFEE.

"Twas the battle of Plassey Immortalised CLIVE. By the march on Coomassie Shall Wolskiky survive. With that feat WOLSELEY's name Shall stand coupled for aye; So did Wellesley win fame On the field of Assaye.

Abysinnia's campaign
Covered Napien with glary;
And Ashanti's will gain
Wolseley like place in story.
And King Coffee Calcall
A conquest won o'er,
With the thrashing will tally
Of King Theodore.

Save in this, that KING COVERN Is fain to cave in; By the prudence whereof he May whole save his skin. Let him eat humble pic, Never mind the plain grust; With a heap of gold buy Poace—and down with the dust.

May that gold-dust repay
The cost of its taking;
The expenses defray,
Of costly war making,
For the sake of repute
Which asked intervention;
And with no other fruit
To expect, that 's worth mention.

Malapropiana.

A NIECE of MRS. MALAPROP, who is just A SIECE OF Mass. ALALFACT, who is just now going through a course of mathematics, somewhat puzzled her good aunt the other day by asking her whether it was proper, among the comic sections, to make any allusion to the Puns Asinorum?

COMMERCIAL.—A Correspondent, seeking information about "Cickno's Officea," is advised to look into the Post Office Directory for 1874, page 5089.

Why did it not occur to Mr. Diseaux to save himself all the difficulties of selection, by choosing his Vice-Presidents, Under Secretaries, and other subordinates, by Competitive Examination? (Public opinion is, perhaps, hardly enough enlightened to look with favour on the application of an Educational test to Cabinet Ministers; and indeed, in some cases,—that of Lord Privy Seal, for example—it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to frame a set of appropriate questions.)

There is a Board in existence, hardly a stone's throw from Downing Street, which would have been charmed to carry out such a scheme as we have ventured to suggest.

The first examination of the kind might have been conducted with some indulgence, and a due allowance for the backward state of real education amongst us. A little knowledge of accounts, and a moderate acquaintance with the financial history of England, past and present, would not have weighed too heavily on candidates for the honours and emoluments of a junior Lordship of the Treasury. The future lay Lord of the Admiralty could not have complained if he had been called upon to explain the difference between a brig and a aloop, or to distinguish larboard from starboard, or to prove

they their four hands habitually at the throats of their kind? Is a Cannibal the descendant of a carnivorous, or an improvement on a herbivorous Ape? It is hoped that distinguished Professors, by whom we are taught that our first parents were Marine Ascidians, will discuss these questions to the enlightenment of unscientific ignorance.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE FUTURE.

Why did it not occur to Mr. Disparent to save himself all the difficulties of selection, by choosing his Vice-Presidents, Under Secretaries, and other subcrdinates, by Competitive Examination? (Public opinion is, perhaps, hardly enough enlightened to look with favour on the application of an Educational test to Cabinet Ministers; and, indeed, in some cases,—that of Lord Privy Seal, for example—it would be discust, if ast altogether impossible, to frame a set of appropriate questions.)

" MOST MELANCHOLY."

"Two thousand pianeforte frets" are offered for sale. We shall not compete, suffering too much already from vexations of this sort in the musical neighbourhood in which we try to exist.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

QUERY (from a Correspondent).—When a street runs into another street, what is the remedy at Law?

The Answer.—Consult a Solicitor.



AN INTERPELLATION.

Master Dick (his "first appearance" at "a dinner-party," and puzzled by the strange Waiter—the Greengrocer of the neighbourhood). ""Ma, has 'Pa bought that Man, or on't Hirrd him ???"

COLLIERS AND CORMORANTS.

THE Sheffield Daily Telegraph informs consumers, already subjected by producers to excessive extertion, that at Mother-well:—

"At a mass meeting of Scotch miners on Thursday, 3,000 colliers resolved to work only four hours per week, and only eight hours per day, in order to reduce the output, and to keep up prices."

On first sight of this intelligence, it is natural to ask, What if all the flour merchants and druggists, and all other dealers in sulphur and oatmeal were to unite in resolving to sell those articles sulphur and oatmeal were to unite in resolving to sell those articles to not one of those 3,000 Scotch colliers under a guinea a pound or so of the food, and as much as an ounce of the remedy? On reflection, however, you see that dear oatmeal at least can little affect fellows whose every meal consists mainly of meat or poultry. But suppose the butchers and poulterers combined against them, as they combine against the public, what then? And could not the vintners agree to raise these rapacious colliers' Champagne to some four or five pounds a bottle? Perhaps they will try.

The Lions of London.

It is said that the Chemistry of Nature is at work on LANDSEER'S Lions at the base of Nelson Stylitzs' Column in Trafalgar Square, corroding them by means of the sulphurous and other acid vapours which help to constitute the London atmosphere. What is to be done to prevent the Lions from being eaten? Each of them might be supplied with a coat of paint; but who is the artist that shall come after Sir Edwin Landseer, and paint his Lions?

OUR CRITICAL NEIGHBOURS.

ESTIMATING the probable constitution of the new Ministry, the other day, a contemporary said:—

"The DUKE OF ARERCORN will most probably become Lerd Lieutenant of Ireland, LORD HERTFORD, Lord Chamberlain, and LORD HARDWICKE Master of the Buckhounda."

This announcement, should a translation of it get circulated in France, will probably occasion French journalists to make incisive remarks. It is to be expected that some of them will express great indignation at that English brutality which places the Vice-royalty of Ireland on a footing with the office of an arch-lackey and the superintendence of a kennel.

No Bigotry!

In the judgment of the Rock it speaks well for the stanch Protestantism of the people of this island that in no English, Welah, or Scotch constituency has a single Papist yet obtained a seat. This fact may serve at once to allay fears and to rebuke beastings of the spread of Popery. No doubt that it attests a good deal of stanch Protestantism; but does it not also, besides that, evidence an unpopularity of Popery not merely theological? Suppose the Roman Catholic Bishops in Germany had accepted PRINCE BISMARCE'S laws. Suppose the POPE had consented to grown Victors EMMANUEL Suppose Cardinal Culler had denounced Home Rule. Then would the Rock have had the pleasure of recording the exclusion of Roman Catholics by British constituencies from Parliament?

SELF-MADE MES.

THE March to Coomassie has been performed. We may now expect a Coomassie Quadrille.

We wish one or two more Working Men had obtained seats in the new Parliament—a Carpenter, for instance, who, if a man of brains, might have worked his way to the Treasury Bench.

Shirley Brooks.

BORN APRIL 29, 1818.

DIED FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

THE relations of Punck and its readers have grown so cordial, that the strokes of death among its Contributors have become subjects of sorrow far beyond the circle in which the dead were valued as fellow-workers and loved as friends.

The death we have now to mourn deprives this Journal, for the second time, of a most able and active Head.

SHIRLEY BROOKS has been taken from us in the full force of his buoyant and genial activity. Like so many soldiers of the Pen, he has died, as a good Knight should, in harness, and at his post. His memory will be cherished by all who knew him, and by those most who knew him best. Few men have ever brought to the hard service of the Periodical Press more natural intelligence, a mind better equipped for its work, a more self-sustaining purpose to do his best in all he attempted, and a more loyal determination to render true and due service in all he took in hand.

During the years—alas too few!—of his Editorship of this Journal, its Staff have found in him—who was ever the pleasantest of comrades—the most considerate, sagacious and kindly of Chiefs.

Of his achievements, beyond the pale of Punch, and in very various fields of Literature, of his acquirements as a scholar, his brilliancy as a wit, and his genial and gentle qualities as a man, this is not the place to speak.

But it is not unbecoming, even in these pages, to say that these graces were so blended in him, that, large as is the public loss in his death, it is little compared to the blank that death must leave in his family and among his friends.

Nor can any better wish be offered to his successor in the Editorship of this Journal than that he may be guided by as fine a taste, as clear a judgment, and as well directed a sympathy, as was Shirker Brooks.

ANOTHER blithe voice missing from our mirth, One more bright blade to our wit-combats lost, One springing seed of life the less on earth, Nipt by what seems to us untimely frost.

Still our small band grows smaller: still there show Fewer old faces, and more empty rooms: Till, shadow-thronged, our table seems to grow A place of memories—a field of tombs.

What though new growths spring to replace the old,
Though seats be filled as merrily and well,
Though young hands spring pencil and pen to hold,
And new themes find new wits the laugh to swell?

The life of Punch lives on, and knows not loss;
His deaths are theirs whom death robs of a friend;
Then let a timely tear his laughter cross,
And seemly mourning with his motley blend.

But three Springs have been green, since we stood round To hear the clod fall on MARK LEMON'S bier, The wild-flowers yet have hardly claimed the ground, Where sleeps the Chief whose memory still is dear.

Now our worn mourning must for him be donned,
That took his place, whom we left sleeping there,
Wondering, as homeward from the Church we wonned
Who likeliest to fill best that empty chair!

And he was chosen, whom in heart we knew
The brightest, blithest, readiest and most bold,
The keenest eye to point wit's arrow true,
The deftest hand to plant it in the "gold."

But more, because, beside the ready wit, The well-stored memory, the pointed pen, We know his temper for right ruling fit— His genial art that charms in guiding men.

So he has sat, the focus of our board,

The best jest, sunniest presence, cheeriest voice,
The centre of our council, deed and word,
And none has e'er misdoubted of the choice.

It seems but yesterday that he was here,
The busiest in the business of the hour,
With ready judgment, quick wit, vision clear,
Full of the easy consciousness of power.

The clasp of his kind hand still seems to cling
To mine, his blithe voice still rings in my car,
E'en while this poor memorial wreath I fling,
With brother's hand, on his untimely bior—

Untimely!—Yes, to those who count by time :
But who can say how long his life has been,
Gauged by the toil, the thought in prose and rhyme,
Experience of things heard and read and seen,

Recorded, in those swift growths of the brain,
Leaves of the tree, whose sap no winter stays,
That spring to die, and die to spring again,
But sum who knows what toil of nights and days!

And who that marks God's way in nature traced,
The million germs to round one life that die,
Shall say that all this work, or aught, is waste—
Meteors that fade, e'en while they fire the sky.

To tell our sons what our friend wrote or thought Little or nothing may o'er-float Time's foam; What he was we know best, with whom he wrought, And they who sit, sad in a darkened home.



OUR RECRUITS.

(Men (/) are now Enlisted half an inch under the Minimum Regulation.) Private Smallbones, "O, COME IN HERE, JACK, AND LET'S 'AVE A BLOW-OUT OF SWRETSTUFF!

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

Besides the election of a Speaker, the swearing-in of the Members, and the thorough cleaning of both Houses, there are many interesting ceremonies and customs connected with the inauguration of a new Parliament, which demand our unprejudiced attention.

On the day appointed by proclamation for the Parliament to assemble, the Hereditary Great Chamberlain or his deputy (who has previously supped with the High Bailiff of Westminster) proceeds alone, at daybreak, to the House of Lords, unlocks the door with a new silver-gilt key, makes three bows on the threshold of the Chamber, turns the woolsack, and places upon it a cocked hat and a bouquet of the choicest garden herbs. He them, retreating backwards, visits the House of Commons, and deposits on the Speaker's chair a copy of Magna Charta and a piece of red tape. The Heralds whose duty it is to pass the night preceding the opening of a new Parliament in the House of Lords and Commons alternately, each with a drawn sword at his side, and a detachment of the A Division of Police in the lobby, take their departure the moment the Great Chamberlain has said in a loud voice (in Norman-French) "Six o'clock," being conveyed in their tabards, through bye-streets, to their private residences in a waggonette.

The custom of searching the vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament for conspirators and combustible materials, is familiar to all of us; but it may not be equally well known that any one can procure admission to view the proceedings (except the lineal descendants of those who were concerned in the Gunpowder Plot) by the simple process of obtaining an injunction in the Court of Chancery.

The first Member of the House of Commons who appears at the table (which must be a new one for the occasion) to be sworn, is entitled to a pair of white kid gloves embroidered on the back with the Speakers's Secretary the size he takes and whether he prefers French or English manufacture—and the last is presented with an extra copy of any Blue Book he likes to sel

A CAPTIVE OF COOMASSIE.

In the Times' Special Correspondent's account of the Missionaries in captivity at Coomassie, there is a passage which will give not a few readers some satisfaction:—

"On the 9th of August they arrived at a village about twelve miles from Coomassie. They there mot a Frenchman named Bonnar, who had been captured at Ho, on the cast side of the Volta. When the Ashantee army approached he remained in his factory for the purpose of selling them powder and guns; but they took the powder and guns for nothing, and himself into

Served him right. So fare all caitiffs who sell guns and ammunition to our savage enemies. Such is the natural wish of every Briton; but with a qualification. If the guns which M. BONNAT sold the Ashantees were of Bromwicham make, and the powder was only just strong enough to burst the guns, then indeed a British patriot might pity that poor Frenchman.

THE CUP OF PERSECUTION.

THE CUP OF PERSECUTION.

THE Bishop of Breslau, Mgr. Förster, is one of the Ultramontane Bishops who have had their goods distrained upon for fines incurred by disobeying the Prussian laws. The diocese of Breslau is bisected by the Austro-Prussian frontier, and Mgr. Förster has applied to Austria for protection. To this request, says a contemporary, "the Austrian Government is not believed to have made a reply;" but Austrian papers assert that a certain castle "is to be held in readiness as a refuge for the persecuted prelate, should his house be rendered utterly uninhabitable by the removal of his household furniture." The castle thus stated to be reserved as an asylum for Mgr. Förster is the Castle Johannisberg. There, indeed, he will find a refuge, and not only that, but also, you can imagine, a solace for persecution. Will he not drown his sorrows in Johannisberg? Then, if it please his Lordship, he can sing Hoc est bonum. As the boys and girls say—How awfully jolly for Bishop Förster! FÖRSTER!

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

THE nervous Gentleman who lost his head the other day, while addressing his Constituents, is considered to be none the worse for the misfortune.

The Mace is always cleaned and reburnished. The Sergeant-at-Arms, escorted by a detachment of the First Life Guards, conveys this Palladium of our liberties in the dead of night to the Bank of England, where the Master of the Goldsmiths' Company, attired in full Court dress, is waiting to execute the necessary repairs. Two sentries are posted at the door of the chamber in which the Mace is lodged, until it is ready to be taken back to the House, when the same formalities are again observed. The Lord Mayor is required to be in attendance. be in attendance.

The Clerks at the table in both Houses are provided with new wigs, all the expenses being met out of the fees paid by the promoters of private Bills.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the Sergeant-at-Arms can claim double fees from any Peer or Member of the Lower House who presents himself in a white hat to take the oaths and his

Any Peer or Member detected by the LORD CHANCELLOR or the SPEAKER asleep during the despatch of business, is liable to be called upon to address the House on the matter in hand; but this wholesome custom has long fallen into disuse, and may now be regarded as absolete.

No smoking is allowed in either House.

Commercial Prospects.

THE subjoined extract from the Times is all very fine :-

⁴⁴ THE INDIGO TRADE.—Last month the value of indigo imported was greatly in excess. The value was £227,009; in January, 1873, £186,922."

This excess in the importation of a valuable dye and pigment may be gratifying; but, if it goes on increasing, will not the large quantity of indigo brought into the market make things look very blue?



THE HORSE OF THE FUTURE.

(DEDICATED TO ADMIRAL BOUS.)

Communicative Nimrod (to Stout Party on Puture Cob). "O, Capital Run! Fox broke Cover near South Molton, in North Devon; took us right through Somersetshire and Gloucestershire into Oxfordshire without a single check; Killed three Miles from Chipping Norton, and here we are! Splended Fox!—one of Sir Huxley Spencer Darwin's breeding, and must have stood over Three Fret right!"

"OUR OPENING DAY."

MARCH 5, 1874. (After Guido's "Aurora.")

SHALL Old Nick have all the dance-tunes, the Old Masters all the

myths, "Autumn Leaves" and "Railway Stations" left our MILLAIS and

our FRITHS?

No; in Hellas' lovely legends Punch, at least, will claim his share, So here goes for his "Aurora," after Guido's fresco fair!

Above the stately door-way of the Rospigliosi Hall, The rosy-fingered Lady of the Light begems the wall; As, scattering flowers, she wings her way before Apollo's team, While the young Hours, around him, dance in the Sun-God's beam.

So Punch, if not al fresco, will cartoon his "Opening Day:"
Round Punch's Phoebus Punch's Hours shall wing their joyous way;
And the Opening Day of Parliament shall his Aurora be,
And new-arisen Dizzy in his car-borne Phoebus see!

Of Apollo "the far-darter's" long-bow feats let Homen tell, But for each inch e'er Phœbus shot Dizzy has shot an ell: And what is Phœbus' old light to the new light Dizzy shows?— Let's hope it may not prove a case of "light come" that "light goes."

And round him, like the circling Hours, let Ministers revolve,*
In Party and Department to knit knots and resolve:
The Hours lead on the Graces, but be one grace by them sought,
That to disgrace they be not, like their predecessors, brought.

And though for choice I'd searcely seek even an Oxford Grace
In GATHORNE HARDY'S air of pluck, or Sal'sbury's darkling face,
Or DERBY'S brow of knotted will, and bull-dog jaw to match,
Or in CATERS'S eye of lightning, or 'neath Northcote's sandy
thatch;

. The new Cabinet Ministers, like the Hours, are twelve.

And though a good many square pegs set in round holes I see,
"Dolphins in woods," as HORACE sings,* and also "bores at sea"—
And though the Home Office must bear its Cnoss, perhaps his

Of the two Crosses, this and LowE, may prove this Cross the less.

Though there be Squires that feel at first, p'raps, " neither here ner

there,"
Hoised from a Quarter Sessions' Bench to a Department chair:
Though misses we are sure to have, and muddles not a few,
Let's hope our new-born Graces from their Phoebus may take one.

As sun in sky new life evokes with every quickening beam, What new life has our Phoebus into old cries served to stream? If the sun to paint us pictures takes photographic pains, What pictures has our Phoebus developed from his brains!

Upon films how transparent, breathed on his chemic glass, What evanescent pictures made for permanent to pass! What negatives to positives, and vice versa changed, What flats as seeming solids, shows as substances arranged!

Nothing, in fact, the Sun-God in photography can do, But Dizzr, our Apollo, does as well, and better too. Self-made, and sui generis, perhaps autotype he'll prove, And "permanent" proclaim himself—— until he likes to move!

"Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum."
 Horaca, Do Arto Postiol, 30.

ROMANTIC ATTACHMENTS.

IN a Play lately brought out on our Stage we are shown Mark STUART beloved by JOHN KNOX. This confirms us in an idea we have long entertained that HENRIETEA MARIA nursed a secret passion for OLIVER CROMWELL.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Finishing off Jarvis.



M!" I say, "Sixty's a long price.

Mr. Jarvisdoesn't appear to think that it is a long

"He 'll do your work," re-plies Mr. Jarvis, "for many years to come," He is eviyears to come." He is evidently spreading the price over the time.

over the time.

My Aunt is still feeding him with bread. She treats him much the same as she would a bird. Dopparnes in the background admir-

"Pretty breature!" says my Aunt. Ain't he, Mum!" sighs Doddenings, and tame!

I smile. The smile is intended for Janus, in order to show him that I do not regard the animal from my Aunt's—that is, the pet Lamb point of view. Janus sees, however, when the same per t

best for his same, and replies to my Aunt, not to me,
"Yes, Ma'am, he'll come to follow you about just like a dog, he
will. He'll do anything a'most for those as he knows is kind to
him."

There seems to be an exception, or mental reservation, in Janvis's mind implied in the qualifying word "a'most."
"Well," I say, coming straight to business, "let me have a week's

trial."

JARVIS shakes his head.
"No, Sir," he returns, emphatically, "if he ain't sold by tomorrow,—I've had another offer for him, but I'd rather see him
placed where I know he'll be well cared for "—hero my Aunt gives
the beast an apple while Doddride goes for some sugar,—between
them they seem bent on turning the cob into a dumpling—or do
they imagine that this will be his staple food to be included in the
weekly groceries?—"if he ain't sold by to-morrow," JARVIS continues, "I shall put him into a sale, and take what he'll fetch. I

Happy Thought .- I might buy him for half the money at the

Happy Thought.—I hages
sale.

"I wouldn't mind," I observe, deliberately, "giving thirty"—

"Can't do it, Sir," says Jarvis, taking hold of the bridle with
a determined air, and preparing to mount the cob and ride off.
"Can't do it. Such a noffer's absurd, ridiklus. No," says he,
pausing before putting his foot in the stirrup. "I'd take fifty.
Why, he cost me forty-five guineas."

Happy Thought.—" Well, and look what a lot you've taken out
of him!" I say.

"Not a bit. He's

"Taken out of him!" exclaims JARVIS. "Not a bit. He's improved twenty pounds worth since I had him. I only part with him because I want a bigger animal, and can't keep two. No. Fifty. You may either take him or leave him. But you won't get such a chance as this again."

chance as this again."

He is on the point of mounting; but doesn't.

I think over "fifty." Suppose after I've got him I find he has a something in his foot: or a trick of—well, Heaven knows what—but a trick. Or if, in short, generally, if he im't worth the money?

"I'd better get Thorr, the vet, to look at him," I say.

"Thorr himself wanted to buy him," returns Janvis, confidently, "and p'raps he'd ha' come to you with him faked up for sale, and have got seventy for him. No, no," adds Janvis, winking knowingly at my Aunt, and shaking his head; "I know Thorr, and what he wants to buy, I know well enough I can sell."

I heatigate. There are other horses headles this. Why, won't

I hesitate. There are other horses besides this. Why, won't JARVIS let me have him on trial? And yet, on the other hand, why should I doubt JARVIS?

should I doubt Janvis?

"I'll tell you what I'll do," says Janvis, after a silence. "You shall'drive him to-morrow where you like, any distance, and ride him too, and I'll just charge you merely for his hire. Why Mister Hoxrox, of Springfield, he'd have that cob every day on hire if I'd let him. But I won't, 'cos he's not careful enough. Now I know I can trust him with you, Sir."

Very good. I accept. Jarvis has clearly made a concession, and I meet him half-way.
"Your man," says Jarvis, looking at the gardener, "can take

him now. My man," who, up to this time has merely been a gardener, and my man, who, up to this time has merely been a gardener, and nothing but a gardener, suddenly tries to look as much like a groom as possible. He is an honest, good-tempered, slouchy, clodhopping sort of man, not brilliant, but what my Aunt calls "worthy and honest," and I think old Doddenber has set her cap (such a cap!) at

He is as near sixty as it is possible for any one to be without seing fifty-seven again. And so for the matter of that is

"You can manage him, MURGLE?" I say to him, doubtfully. I fancy that though he puts on a bold front, MURGLE is really afraid of the cob.

MURGIE smiles more to himself than me, as if it were absurd on my part to ask him such a question as that.

The crowd in the road has now dwindled down to only five or six loafers with pipes. I think I eatch them nudging one another and grinning. They've known old MURGIE for years. They're either sneering at his pretending to be a groom, or at me for having gone of ar towards purchasing the horse.

JARVIS says, carelessly, "I'll call in on you to-morrow evening or the day after," and, JARVIS's hand having touched JARVIS's straw-hat by way of saluting my Aunt, JARVIS's legs take him off, at an easy, sauntering pace, down the lane.

MURGIE retires with the cob into the stable, and I hear a great deal of "way," "woa," "stand still then, will yer?" "Get up!" and so forth, given in a tone sufficiently loud to reach me in the garden. MURGIE evidently is implying, "There! I know how to get on with a horse! (Get up, can't yer?) I'm something more than a gardener, I am! (Come over, will yer?)"

We re-enter the house, thoughtfully. The crowd lingers on for a while. Nothing more happens. Crowd disperses. "To-morrow," I say to my Aunt, "I'll take you out for a drive, and try the horse."

Happy Thought.—To telegraph for GLOPFIN who knows all about a horse, and ask him to come with me. Do it.

LEGISLATION AND LADIES.

THE present Government are commonly said to have been raised In present Government are commonly said to have been raised to power by Tory reaction, but the subjoined extract from a well-informed contemporary seems to show that their supporters in the House of Commons include not a few gentlemen whom ladies at least will regard as the truest of Liberals:—

"WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The number of Members returned to the new Parliament who have voted or declared in favour of woman suffrage is 217. The gain by the removal of opponents is 162. The heatile majority is consequently reduced from 107 to five. The list of these who have voted for the Bill includes the Prime Minister and several members of the new Cabinet."

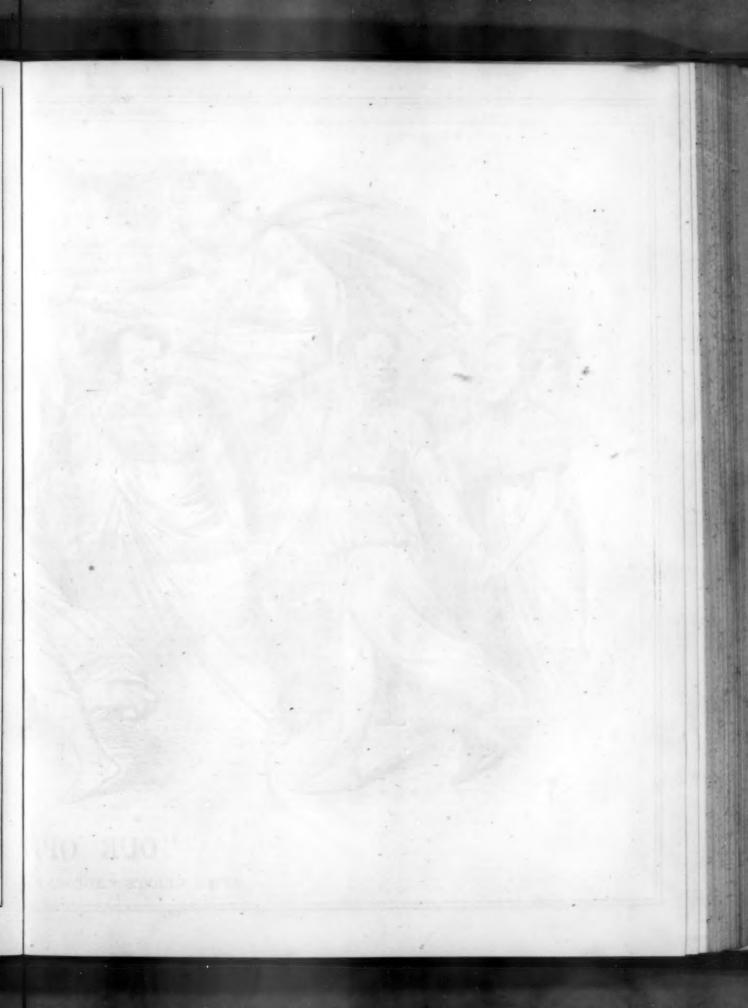
It thus appears that Feminine Emancipation is now no longer a

It thus appears that Feminine Emancipation is now no longer a party question, at least in the Legislature. It may be a question which will divide parties out of doors; that is to say, not garden parties, but dinner parties, of the kind sometimes called bear-parties, consisting of men only, who dine together as Ma. Spungeon once suggested that they should dance. At evening parties, where men dance otherwise, there can be no difference anyhow between them and those they dance with, which they will confess to their partners.

There are, however, politicians in whose estimation Women's Suffrage ranks with the crotchets of the Nonconformists' Committee, the United Kingdom Alliance, the Liberation Society, and the Anti-Vaccination League. They think its discussion in the House of Commons should be confined to Wednesdays, when Honourable Gentlemen at large, and for the time being out of confinement, are allowed to discuss insane ideas. But is Agricultural Labourers' Suffrage an absurdity? and has not Female Suffrage the advantage in all reason compared to that? Are the nymphs less intelligent and worthy of political rights than the swains, the milkmaids than the shepherds, ploughmen, and carters? Is a washerwoman less capable of giving a proper vote than a man who lives by turning a mangle? Is not Household Suffrage at present incomplete?—for what is a household without a woman in it? Would not consistent legislature?

Reynard's Last Resource.

Anone recent news appeared the statement that a fox, the other day, chased by Mr. Garth's foxhounds, ran into the Easthampstead Union Workhouse. Reynard, if he acted with his usual sagacity, must have had a strong love of life. Otherwise, rather than go into the Workhouse, he would have preferred going literally to the dogs.





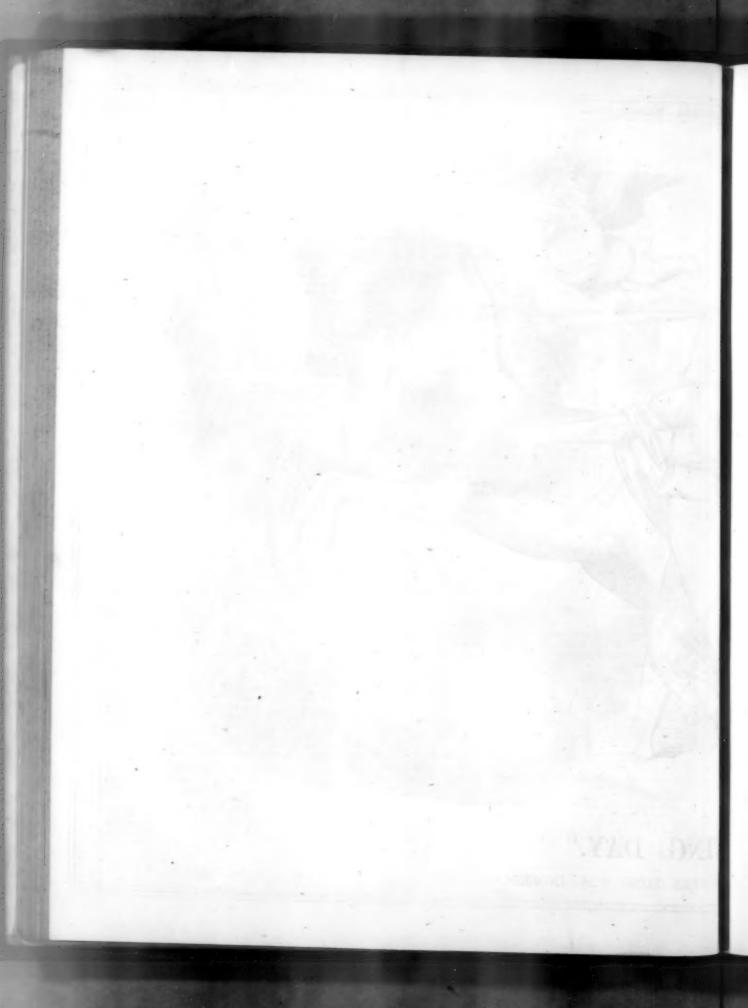
"OUR OPENI

AFTER GUIDO'S "AURORA"-(4 V



ENING DAY."

"-(VERY LONG WAY, INDEED).



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Princess's.



HE Author (MR. W. G. WILLS) of MR. LEVING as Charles the First and Eugene Aram, has thrown away

Eugene Aram, has thrown away a grand subject in his treatment of Marie Stuart. It is neither a good drama, nor a good poem.

Yet, had the leading parts been in the hands of powerful artists, the minor characters carefully east and carefully played, had the piece been produced with such care as is now the rule and not the exception at most of our chief Theatres, and had the Stage Management been thoroughly emoient, Marie Stuart, despite its faults as a drama, despite its weakness as a poem, might have achieved a temporary success, though

despite its faults as a drama, despite its weakness as a poem, might have achieved a temporary success, though it could never have attained a lasting popularity. The Author began by not doing justice to himself; and the Astore, following suit, have not done justice to the Author.

The bills announce "the whole produced under the direction of Mr. Alfren Nelson and the personal supervision of the Author, Mr. W. arrangements, one must not be too hard on Mr. Nelson, but divide the blame between him and his talented supervisor.

Your Representative would here observe that any English Author who treats of Mary Stuart without the flight from Fotheringay, without the imprisonment, without showing Elizabeth, and without the scaffold and death of the Catholic Queen, knows very little of the way to get at the popular mind.

Your Representative played the caves-dropper on this occasion, and was not surprised at what he heard—a conversational summary whereof he now proceeds to give for the benefit of those concerned in the Education of the People, and of Mr. Wills in particular, to whom such hints may be useful in future.

Inquiring Person (in the Stalls, to Weil-read Friend). I say

Inquiring Person (in the Stalls, to Well-read Friend). I say (referring to programme). Who was Chastelard?
Well-read Friend. Kh, Chastelard? (Thinks his friend has made a mistake, but, on looking at the Dramatis Persone, sees he hasn't.)
A, ves-Chastelard—(thinks)—well—(notices other people behind him interested in his reply)—he was a post, who—let me see—it's difficult at this moment to recal—

Inquiring Person (with vague memory). Wasn't he choked by a crumb after writing something? (Considers.) Yes—there was a picture of him some years ago in the Academy.

Well-read Friend (puzzled). No—that was—at least—(doubtfully)—was that the name—Chastelard? (Wishes he'd read up all about MARIE STUART before coming to the Theatre.) At this point enter MR. CHARLES HARCOURT as CHASTELARD.

Regular Playees (in Pit, to Companion). That's 'ARCOURT. Was at Drury. Lor! recollect him ever so long.

Companion. O, he's Chastelard. Who's he? Mary's father?

Regular Playees (who seen gets at the thread of the plot). No. He's in love with Mary. I suppose he's the villain afterwards.

Companion (surprised). They call him "Young Chastelard."

Hogular Playgoer (puzzled). I don't know. Perhaps he's in disguise. You'll see (positively), he'll be the villain.
Companion (all attention). I can't hear what they 're saying.

The Act goes on, and nothing particular happens, except that "Young Chastelard" is sent up the stage in disgrace, brought down the stage, and restored to favour, petted, anubbed, made to hand things to Marie, has roses given him which he pinches without making any wry faces over the thorns (on the principle of "grasp your nettle," I suppose), is called "Chastelard," and "poor Chastelard!" is told that he might be fitted for some "light and graceful post"—which seems to suggest a fancy lamp-post in the Court garden—is suddenly, and much to his surprise banished, when he says that he will "set" the Queen "in the shrine of his memory"—the use of which simile, by the way, twice in the course of a short conversation, rather detracts from one's notion of him as a fertile poet. He has just before observed—

A prize, my liege, Set like a jewel in my memory."

Presently with much emotion, evinced by blinking, gasping, and hanging his head, exit Young Chastelard. He's back again, though, in less than five minutes, and accepts Mary's offer to take him with her to Scotland. End of Act I.

Act II. A Front Seene played in the broadest Seeteh dialect. Local colouring this, and, no doubt, the humour of this seene would be highly appreciated, wherever the dialect should happen to be intelligible. As it was—except when the Provost uttered the word "breeks," whereat there was a laugh or two—the seene was a somewhat dull.

Then as was focus 9. "Bdishurch Gotto."

what dull.

Then came Scene 2, "Edinburgh Gates." Arrangements supposed to have been made for the arrival of the Queen, but, apparently, for some long-expected visit of Hengler's Circus Troupe. In the book the stage-direction says, "Distant cheering heard, and gun fived," Yes, there was the cheering, as heartily as it ever is done on the Stage; but as for the gun—all that we, in front, heard, was a sories of what resembled the sound of blows from some heavy mallet on some wooden block. Whether anybody's head was being injured by the operation Your Representative cannot say, but should think not.

Mr. Wage. Why, don't you see? Circus just arriving, Clown behind wishes to give a hint that John Knox is coming on. So he gets a hammer, and— Quiet Person. Ah, I see. Yes-knocks.

Then enter JOHN KNOX, with such a brogue!! Quiet Person, in Stalls. I say, is he really speaking Scotch?

Mr. Wagg. Well, I think so; because it's very much as spoken in some parts of Yorkshire.

in some parts of Yorkahiro.

It turns out that John Knox is not only a Low Churchman, but a Low Comedian. I do not know what reading Mn. Rouser intended of the character at first, and am inclined to think that he meant to be serious and impressive throughout, but, after a few minutes of it, finding that the audience were inclined to laugh at the character, he kindly surrendered his own private view of Knox as a tragedian, and brought him out more like Box or Cox than Mr. Knox. This gracious condessension on the part of the intelligent artist tended to lighten the piece considerably.

The one event of importance in this Act is that "Young Chastelard" appears to have been brought over to Scotland merely to be horridly snubbed in public on his first appearance in Edinburgh. Here is a Gallery episode, to be taken for what it is worth:—

Bill (unread in Scottish history). I say, who's JOHN KNOX?

Bill (unread in Scottish history). I say, who's John Knox?

Tom (superciliously). Knox? You just get brought up at the P'lice Court, and you'll see.

P'lice Court, and you'll see.

I forgot to say that the Circus notion is kept up by the entrance of a procession, and of Mary Queen of Scots on a white horse. When she had dismounted, the horse didn't do anything—no firing a pistol, or breakfasting with the Clown (John Knox might have gone in for this), and so the Circus part was a trific flat.

The Third Act commences with Young Chastelard" playing a game of "La Grace" with a Lady. Two sticks and a hoop. "As the scene opens," say the stage-directions, "a few last bars on the lute from Marie."

What this means is not quite clear; perhaps it is poetry. Your Representative did not notice the few last bars, or the lute.

"Young Chastelard," who (wonderful for his time of life), finishes his game sweetly and gracefully,—he is "La Grace" itself—and then insults Lord James Murray, who is a very unsympathetic person in maroon-coloured boots.

maroon-coloured boots

marcon-coloured boots.

Mr. Wills makes Lord James call the Queen, "an instrument of Ultramentane schemes,"—meaning, I suppose, Papistical plots. An anachronism. The word "Ultramentane" had no such significance in the time of Elizabeth as it has recently acquired. Lord James Murray, it is true, charges Knox with having used the phrase. Knox might have been literally "over the heads" of his congregation in the pulpit, and beyond them in his teaching, but he never got as far as anticipating the political slang of the nineteenth century. Then comes a Scene between the Great Calvinist—the Protestant Performer—and the Catholic Queen, in which Jahn Knoze is funnice, in funnice, in funnice, and the Catholic Queen, in which Jahn Knoze is funnice, in funnice, in funnice, and the Catholic Queen, in which Jahn Knoze is funnice.

Performer-and the Catholic Queen, in which John Knox is funnier

than ever.

To pass over such an interesting event as the appearance of 'Young Chastelard' with a lute, on which, thank goodness, he only made one meaningless noise and finished, we come to the seene in "The Small Private Chapel of Marie," as the book of the play calls, it, meaning the Queen's Private Chapel.

The book goes on, and describes the Seene according to Mr. Wills' mind's eye, or as he would probably have written in the stage-direction, to the "small private eye of the mind of Wills,"—"Beautiful Norman stained-glass window: altar, with large crucifix: candles at either side."

Poor Mr. Wills! The book was in print, I'll be sworn, ere he had cast his eagle glance—that is, his Wills's birds'-eye—o'er the seene as "his friends in front" asw it.

The Beautiful Norman Window was so remarkably like the



"HOIST WITH HIS OWN 'POMADE'!"

Customer (worried into it). "WELL, I DON'T MIND TAKING A SMALL BOTTLE-Barber. "BETTER 'AVE A TWO SHILLIN' ONE, SIR; IT OLDS FOUR TIMES AS MUCH AS THE OTHER-

Customer (turning upon him). "O, THEN IF I TAKE THIS SHILLING BOTTLE, I SHALL BE DONE OUT OF HALF MY MONEY'S WORTH!

THEN I WON'T HAVE ANY!" [Escapes in triumph !

Kaleidoseopic Chromatrope, which was one of our childish delights at the Polytechnic, that everyone's gaze was at once fixed on it, expecting it would revolve, or evolve, or involve, or in-and-out-volve, or perhaps break out into illuminated advertisements. It didn't; and disappointed everybody. I don't wonder that the Scottish people (bigoted, no doubt) were furious about this stained-glass window. The stage-directions go on to describe the scene:—"Altar, and large crucifiz." Invisible. In a side-chapel I caught a glimpse of two professional Ritualists performing some service, but what it would be difficult to say. Perhaps one was saying "Mass" and the other "Vespers," both being mentioned in the book as occurring at the same time. Mass, however, as a matter of fact, is only said in the morning, and Vespers in the afternoon or evening: however, perhaps the professional ecclesiastics were a trifle nervous about this time, or their watches were wrong; or, for some other cause or another, they got the services muddled up.

revening: newerer, perhaps the professional ecclesisatics were a trine nervous about this time, or their watches were wrong; or, for some other cause or another, they got the services muddled up.

"Candles at either side"—Mr. Wills, perhaps, means on each side. However, if he left it to the choice of the Stage Manager, I can answer for there having been candles on one side at all events.

"Each," continues the direction in the book, "on entering, dips the finger in holy water and crosses the forehead with it"—— This being just such a direction as would be written by a person who knew nothing whatever about the action he pretends to describe. These are details. But, as Mr. Wills has shown so much attention to details, he might have bestowed a little more care on them—or left them to the gentleman whom he was supervising; i.e., Nelson, his Stage Manager.

So the uninteresting work proceeds. John Knox gets his laughs, and, out of all character, is made to address St. Anthony, a Papist Saint. He finishes with a risky soliloquy, which is quite long enough, and then we get to The Fifth Act, in which there is just one spark of life and interest.

Here I must stop to quote:—

Here I must step to quote:-

Chastelard (prosaically for him). "Then" (i.e. "if we hadn't met") had I never heard those blessed words."

True, but remarkably commonplace. "The British fleet you cannot see, because it is not yet in sight" is something of a paral-

John Knox became a little more serious towards the end of the play, and with good reason. We all got more serious. But at last it ended, and so, my Readers, ends the full, true, and particular account given by YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A GOOD JUDGE.

To confer a distinction of the nature of knighthood as the reward To conter a distinction of the nature of knighthood as the reward of services, how meritorious seever, of a character very much rather clerkly than knightly, and, though eminently respectable, altogether the reverse of chivalrous, the intention, said to have been contemplated, was, if so, conceived in a spirit of gratitude somewhat minus a sense of congruity. The Times, lately, having announced that a certain nobleman had been offered a step in the Peerage, proceeded further to mention that further to mention that-

"It was also proposed to confer upon the RIGHT HON. RUSSELL GURNEY the Grand Cross of the Bath, in recognition of his labours in the Washington Claims Commission, but Mr. Gurney did not desire a distinction which seemed incompatible with his profession."

Here is evidence of the judicious and judicial mind. The Recorder of London has shown himself a good Judge. Has he not thereby clearly indicated the kind of honourable advancement which would suit his deserts?

PORTRY OF MOTION.

Here I must step to quote:—

Marie (romantically). "O, Chastriard, I would we never met."

The performances of Mile. Sara in characteristic dancing obtain applause. No doubt Mile. Sara excels in the Saraband.



VINOUS LOGIC.

Respectable Panusbroker (roused from his Slumbers at 3 A.M. by repeated Knockings at his or), "Well! What is IT?" Door).

Ebricous. "WHATSH THE TIME?"

Respectable Pouvabroker. "What! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE GOT HE OUT OF BED AT THIS TIME O' NIGHT TO ASK ME SUCH A FOOL'S QUESTION AS THAT?—POLICE! POLICE!!" Ebricous. "WELL, HANG IT, GOVERNOR-(hic/)-YOU 'VE GOT MY WATCH!"

A Mouthful and More.

The march into Coomassie was preceded by a battle with the Ashantees under their General Amanquatia. This was the battle of Amoaful, according to the spelling of some; the name of the place being spelt Amouful by others. Perhaps it will not escape observation that Amouful in sound nearly approaches a mouthful, which is a fulness far short of that filling of the digestive cavity to which Sie General Wolseler's gallant soldiers treated

A PUZZZE.—There has been a transfer of Seals, and yet the arrangements at the Zoo-logical Gardens remain unchanged.

A CUP OF KINDNESS.

(Anacreontic after Dinner.)

GENTLEMEN, the "ruby" pass-Let us fill a parting glass
Te our friend upon our left,
Of whose talents we're bereft,
Only for a time, we trust;
I am sure that we all must.

Gentlemen, whilst here I stand With this bumper in my hand, Look, it doesn't overflow, Though 'tis brimful of Bordeaux, Your attention when I claim, Need I Mr. GLADSTONE name?

There is one boon, as you know, Which, at least, to him we owe, Needs no eloquence of mine Tell you that is cheap French wine, Which has been named after him, "Gladstone"—Claret's synonym.

Blame his measures some we hear In the interests of beer;
But 'twas he that, anyhow,
Cheapened wine, they must allow.
Thus, to every candid mind,
Benefactor of his kind.

No Tectotaller, so far, Bent on closing every bar, More like Bacchus, riding cask, Tapped and flowing, so I ask, Bacchanalians, drink with me GLADSTONE'S health, and long live he!

MUSIC IN A MEETING-HOUSE.

Ow Monday last week, according to the City Press, a Lecture was delivered by the Rev. Newman Hall on "The Dignity of Labour." On this occasion "the proceedings were opened by prayer," and, in the course of them, "the organist delighted the audience with a well-chosen selection of operatic and other music," which included the Conspirator's Chorus, the Legend of Madame Angot, and other pieces from the comic opera of that name. The control of these performances, with the rest the comic opera of that name. The congruity of these performances, with the rest of "the proceedings," has been questioned; but why proceedings which included light music should not be opened as they were, what reason is there which might not as well be alleged against saying grace before dinner, and its attendant light conversation? It does not appear that any hymns were sung to airs from Madame Angot; and if there were, and they were specimens of average paalmody, such tunes may perhaps be deemed more appropriate to them than the graver kind of music called acared. Moreover, a little lively operation sacred. Moreover, a little lively operatic music must have been an agreeable refresh-ment after a lecture on "The Dignity of

The Bench and the Bar.

The Bench and the Bar.

Said the Master of the Rolls to Mr.

Basshawe, Q.C., who in Court, the other
day, had spoken of one of his witnesses as
"this gentleman," referring under that
title to a Licensed Victualler, —"Since
when has it become the fashion to call a
publican a gentleman? Since the last
general election, I suppose?" But, your
Honour, before that, was not a publican, if
sitting on a jury, always a gentleman of
the jury? And, besides, has not mine
host ever been acknowledged to rank among
the Landlords of England?

AN ALLIANCE OF AMAZONS.



Ir is positively, if not credibly, reported that, within the last month, the women of Southern Ohio have succeeded in shutting up half of the liquor-shops in the chief towns. This achievement they are said to have accomplished by systematically mobbing those establishments and pertent of their keepers, and pertent credibly mobbing the said to their keepers, and per-

their keepers, and persisting in singing hymns and praying at the top of their voices outside the "Women's Whiskey War." It appears to "work well," as some journals say of our Licensing Act; only that measure has been followed by a considerable increase in the consumption of "intoxicating liquors." What is to prevent the Women of England from

following the example of their sisters in America, by taking the Liquor Law into their own hands at the instance of the United Kingdom Alliance? A nature not generally gregarious beyond measure, nor flighty. The Police, who, if they created a disturbance and an obstruction, would compel them to move on, and perhaps take some of them into custody on a charge of being in that very state occasioned by excess in spirituous and fermented liquors. Commonsense, which, in respect of those stimulants, approves of moderation, and is averse from total abstinence.

In Boston it seems that a "Woman's Whiskey War" is rendered unnecessary, or is averted, by the activity of the authorities in enforcing a Prohibitory Law. Not only have grog-shops been suppressed, but the Police kave invaded the hotels, seizing and carrying off the stocks of cellars, including choice and old wines, to the value of from £600 to £2000. Let us hope that they and their employers in this exploit did not get very drunk upon their spoil.

The Freedom of the United States for the United Kingdom! There is a toast and sentiment for a Temperance dinner. It could be drunk in toast-and-water.

Instruction for Islanders.

Accomping to news from Australia :-

"Advices from Fiji state that the majority of the Fijians were in favour of annexation to British dominions."

The Fiji Islanders have experienced, and had enough of, the blessings of Home Rule. Their case, and their conclusion, might be a warning, if not an example, to others.

EMPEROR AND EXETER HALL.

THE contemptuous observations with which the late meetings in London, assembled to express sympathy with the German nation in its struggle against Ultramontanism, were noticed by genteel ecclosiasticism, will be seen to have had their sagacity attested by the letter which, touching the demonstrations of vulgar British Protestants above referred to, the EMPEROR OF GERMARY has written to EARL RUSSELL. It cannot be supposed that this was composed without the supervision of BISMAECE, who must, therefore, share with his sovereign all the seorn which cultivation and refinement, combined with a sneaking kindness for Popery, can, in the choicest larguage, cast on such an effusion as this language, cast on such an effusion as this

"It thank you sincerely for this communication, and for the accompanying expressions of your personal good will. It is incumbent on me to be the leader of my people in a struggle maintained through centuries peat by German Emperors of earlier day, against a power the dominion of which has in no country of the world been found compatible with the freedom and welfare of nations—a power which, if victorious in our days, would imperil, not in Germany alone, the blessings of the Reformation, liberty of conscience, and the authority of the last."

Of course the shallowness, the historical ignorance, and practical impolicy of all this will be duly shown up and ridiculed, by criticism which will not fail to treat the foregoing passage as an extract from a speech at St. James's or Exeter Hall.

The following declaration, doubtless, will be unanswerable, if not

conclusively refuted :-

"The latest measures of my Government do not infringe upon the Romish Church or the free exercise of their religion by her votaries; they only give to the independence of the legislation of this country some of the guarantees long possessed by other countries, and formerly possessed by Prussia, without being held by the Romish Church incompatible with the free exercise of her religion."

It will, of course, be sufficient condemnation of the stuff above-quoted to remark that it is written in the spirit of the Durham Letter and the Eccleriastical Titles Act. But perhaps, also, the United Kingdom will be congratulated on not having an EMPERION WILLIAM and a PRINCE BISMARCK to deal with Ultramontane Irish Bishops and Home Rule.

"A FREE BREAKFAST TABLE."-No more Reports of the Tichborne Trial.

FILTER AND FEVER.

THERE is certainly some truth in the advertising announcement

"Typhoid Fever is allowed to be caused mainly by impure water. This last is entirely obviated by using the Filters manufactured by," &c., &c.

Undoubtedly Typhoid Fever is allowed to be caused mainly by impure water. It is allowed, and more, ordained, in the constitution of the natural laws, it is also allowed by people who, without doing all they can to obtain pure water, use impure. But this last is not entirely obviated by using any filter of any kind. Filters only serve to strain off the feculent matter which thickens water and discolours it. No filter will avail to purge water of soluble filth. "Your water," says the Gravedigger, in Hamlet, "is a sore decayer of your dead body;" and, when a churchyard adjoins a well, the drainage which percolates the intervening soil gets filtered already in its passage into the well from the churchyard, and can be but little improved by further filtration. The best way not to allow typhoid fever to be caused by impure water is not allowing Corporations and Vestries to constitute the sewers, over which they preside, tributaries to rivers, whence people derive their drinking-water. Typhoid fever is, indeed, caused mainly by impure water, which flows in the mains laid down from waterworks supplied from contaminated streams. contaminated streams.

The Beward of Merit.

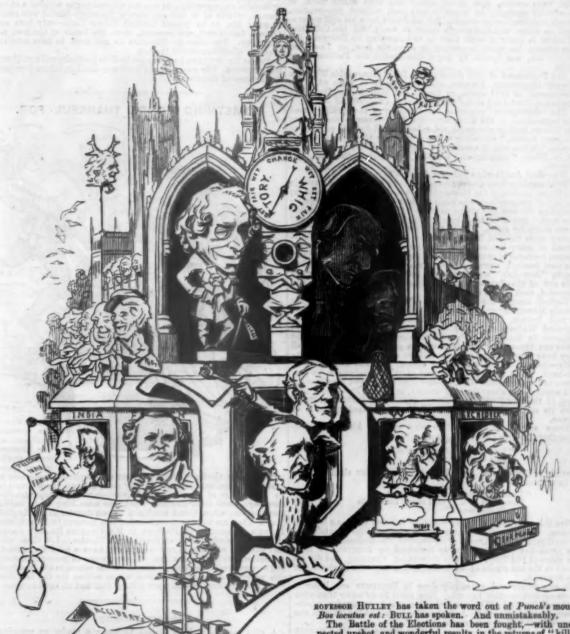
"We have much pleasure in announcing that Ms. W. B. Gundow, principal Private Secretary to Mn. Gladstone, has received the distinction of a Companionship of the Bath. Mn. Gundow held this confidential post for two years during Mn. Gladstone's tenure of the Chancellorship of the Exchaquer up to 1866, and throughout the duration of the late Government."

Will any one say that the new C.B. has not fairly earned his guerdon?

LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

THERE is a special fitness in most things. As an illustration of this profound remark, take the fact of the Author of The Complete Angler being also the Biographer of the great HOOKER.

BETWEEN THE BATTLES.



ROFESSOR HUXLEY has taken the word out of Punck's mouth.

Bos locutus est: Bull has spoken. And unmistakeably.

The Battle of the Elections has been foughtak—with unexpected upshot, and wonderful results in the returns of "killed, wounded, and missing."

Victors and vanquished of 1868 have wheeled about. "Ins" and "Outs" have—literally—taken each other's places.

Whether BRITARNIA's brains have changed sides or not, her Members have. What was Opposition Bench is Treasury, and late Treasury has gone into Opposition.

Of a surety "The Whirligig of Time has brought about his revenges."

revenges."

But if the Battle of the Elections be fought, that of the Session is yet to come.

Next fortnight is the breathing-time between the battles.

Punch has lost, alas! the cunning hand that used to extract for him the Essence of our Collective Wisdom—

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, And burned is Apollo's laurel bough!"

But "uno avulso, non deficit alter," and even if the metal be less finely wrought, he hopes he may say, without presumption, Simili frondescit virga metallo. But let Punch have his still never so well in order, and his retorts never so ready, till the Collective Wisdom is fairly at work there is no extracting its Essence. For the present he must be content to chronicle how, on Thursday, March 5th, was opened by Royal Commission the Parliament of

The Parliament of 1868 closed on the Right Honourable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, Premier, with a majority of some 66. The Parliament of 1874 opens on the Right Honourable BENSAMIN DISNAELI, First Lord of the Treasury, with a majority of 50.

The "descriptive" reports of the ceremony of the opening record the impressions of the describers—the Five Commissioners before the Throne, in their war-paint, red-robed, cocked-hatted; coming out "bizarre figures," according to one; "looking their parts to perfection" in the eyes of another;—" Guys," profanely insinuates the Daily News; "striking and Venetian," pronounces the Pall Mall Gazette.

Daily News; "striking and Venetian," pronounces the Pall Mall Gazette.

Who shall decide when painters disagree?

To these ubiquitous descriptive pens may be left, also, the scenes in the House and out of the House; the signalement of the first man in; the list of irrepressibles who came two hours before business beganichating our own Roebuck—no more "the stricken deer who left the herd," but a buck of grease, with bright eye, sleek coat, and horns sharp for strife. Be it theirs, too, to note how chatty and cheery were the old hands, veterans of earlier campaigns, survivors of many battles; how tremulous under the mask of composure, over-gay or over-grave, weakly-affable or stolidly-important, the novi homines, recruits of 1874; what cordial hand-shakes and hearty "how-do's" were exchanged between friends who had come safe out of the fire, or not less friendly foes who had felt, and respected, each other's steel.

Earliest among the early birds, Punch was glad to bail his friends Messes. Burr and Macdonalle, representatives of Underground Britain, Members for the Mine, sample black diamonals, "pieked Wallsends." They have sought and found the frairest andience in the world. Punch will take his Davy that any light theirs can throw on dark places will be gladly received; that all they have to say to the purpose will be attentively—nay respectfully—listened to, and weighed as carefully as was ever corve at pit-bank. And really these pioneers of the pick—howers, we presum, of a way for other Working—men Representatives, equally stout and worthy—are about the only novelty, as far as Punch can presum, of a way for other Working—men Representatives, equally stout and worthy—are about the only novelty, as far as Punch can presum, of the new Parliament, always except the Parliament itself, with its sudden swap of sides, and strangely altered balances of Power.

There sat W. E. G.—Achilles may we call him, or Arthur

There sat W. E. G.—Achilles may we call him, or Arthur after that disastrons fight in Lyonnesso?—

"Laid widowed of the power in his eye That howed the will!"

hoursely whispering to his Sir Bedirere, -Gunnon shall we say, OF CAVENDISH

"I perish by this people I have made; Though the D. T. sware I should come again To rule once more!"

One thing we are glad to see—Arthur has not yet been borne to Avalon. He has not yet embraced the scholar's life—betaken him to the digging of Greek roots, or the study of Pre-Hellenic fashions in the jewel-box of Helen, lately recovered by Schillenann from the askes of Old Troy. He was present on Thursday, and did his devoir in the one stroke of work struck that day—the re-election of the SPRAKER

the Speaker.

It was wisely and gracefully done in Benjamin our Ruler to waive conflict on this ground. How could he do better than stick to the old Brand? Where will the House find one sounder, wholesomer, more sustaining? And the new honour to the old man was gracefully as well as wisely paid.

Alike as brother Squire, and brother Sportsman, Mr. Chaplin was the right man to move Speaker Brand's re-election. Where will you find a better judge, whether of model Whip or consummate M. F. H.; or one better able to estimate as they deserve the rare qualities that have combined both excellences in one man? Then, for a perfect type of the old Gentleman Whig to back the young Gentleman Conservative, what choice happier than Lord Groung Gentleman Conservative, what choice happier than Lord Groung Gentleman Oxford may sneer at Whigs and Whiggism, and the friend of all that was best on both sides of them all?

Ah, dear boys! young Oxford may sneer at Whigs and Whiggism, and, with Aladdin, call out, "New lamps for old ones!" The steady glow of the old light may, perhaps, serve as a after beacon than the intermittent, if more blinding, flash of even the latest thing in electric illumination.

And, when proposer and seconder had said their respective says graciously and gallantly, Achilles himself crowned the choice of the House in a few well-chosen words. In that House, seldom unfaithful or ungrateful, he was not allowed to rise without a cheer; though, outside of it, not one voice of the many-headed was raised to greet him as he passed through Palace Yard—only here and there a hat—lifted, we presume, from the heads of the few, not the many. The other ex-Ministers do not seem to have received even the silent honours of the hat.

And so the SPEAKER has been led back to his chair, and THE HOUSE HAS A TONGUE. Che parla—that Punch may distil, in future Numbers, the Essence of its utterance!

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.



tancity, grace, the finest truth of accent and emphasis, tenderness in grave passages, mirthfulness in gay ones, and all these fused in an atmosphere of buoyancy and brightness which exhibitates like champagne, and irradiates like light, are something to be indeed thankful for, when found combined in one Actress on an English Stage. They are to be seen combined at this moment in Miss Ellex Terris personation of Philippa, in Mr. Charles Readr's drama of The Wandering Heir, at the Queen's Theatre. Let those who may doubt if such praise now-a-days can have a solid foundation, go and admire for themselves. A new power of graceful comedy and womanly sentiment comes to us with the return to the boards of this young and charming Actress, whose celipse for the last few years has been hard indeed upon a Stage that had no light to spare.

Hopeless Minority.

A SIGH may have been heaved by many a reader on perusing (through spectacles) the remark, in a recent Times' leader, that, by the results of the late general election, "Mr. Gladstone's majority of sixty was suddenly changed to a minority of fifty." A return, if possible, to a minority of fifty would, no doubt, be acceptable to many persons who have attained to threescore; and there are probably few who would not be glad to be reduced, if they could, to a minority of years under twenty-one.

APROPOS ADVERTISING.

This month's issue of Bradshaw's Railway Guide begins with Sudden Mourning,"and ends with "The Shadow of Death."

THE H.R.H. HONEYMOONERS.

(From our Special and Private Inquiry Correspondent retained at Clarenes House.)



COMPANION OF You offer two thousand ands a line for information. You were so pleased with my doings your account the Court of the Courses.

Petersburg, where I threw all the other Correlate into spowlents the shorts shade, though only with one brief letter, that, mary considerations, which (as re my in Russia) to me, I shall be ply with your request. Make it

guineas, and I'm Here elligence which no one has got except myself, your own Intelligent

"Welcome!" said I, standing on the steps—" welcome," said I,
"to Clarence House."

I explained the origin of the name to our dear little Grand

Taxplained the origin of the name to our dear little Grand Dunchess.

"Clarence, Ma'am, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey. Malmsey was a sweet liquor which attracted the flies in summer. This accounts for the proprietors of Flys letting out Clarences for hire. The butt is preserved and kept at Newington Butts. There is a butt in Parliament: his name is Whaller. There is another Butt who is a Q.C."

"Allez-cous promener!" said the little darling, playfully.

O, Alfred! if I were not Diogenes, I would be Alexander.

No; I mean if she were not Manus, she would be Alexander. I said this, and the Court simply rowned as one man. There eves only one man, and he was the Chief Butler; the others were looking after the luggage. He was dismissed at once. He had his choice to be knouted on the spot, or dismissed on the spot. He chose the latter. I begged him off, and then begged him on again.

"Turisha Mispacy Krpt," murmured the Grand Duchees sweetly to me. The idiomatic English of this Russian sentence is, "O you Slyboots, I can refuse you nothing, you know."

Then they entered Clarence House. And I draw a veil. Or perhaps some of your talented artists will draw a veil just to indicate what I mean.

In the evening, after dinner, we do have, what are called in Russian, Larz. Such games! La Chasse on Glissadier—a Russo-French name for a game which is generally played on ice, and which may be translated into English as Hunt the Slipper. (I once knew a person of the name of Hunz, who did me out of two pun'ten. He was Hunr the Slipper with a vengeance. Never seen him since.)
The game in palatial residences is thus played: carpets up, the floor is then rubbed with butter, or, on grand occasions, with lard. This is only when the Lardy-dardy Swells are present. (O how she screamed with delight at this, when Her Royal Highness had thoroughly mistressed the explanation, which she did, bless her! in roughly mistressed the explanation, which she did, bless her! in less than half-an-hour, owing to my perfect command of the Russian tongue. N.B.—Nothing like a Russian tongue for breakfast. See me master that at Clarence House. My!) Well, then come the Larz. Up the middle, and down again. I was very often down again. "Like coals ought to be," said I, when I lay prostrate for the tenth time. Cheers and laughter, and then I translated it to H.R.H. MARIE. Bless her! and bless our Sailor Prince, and all the Royal Family. Hooray!

The little Grand Duchess is very fond of the Magic Lantern, because it reminds her of her native land, with its slides.

Then I sit down at the piano, and ALFRED dances a hornpipe while playing the violin, which he can do beautifully. His "In my Cottage nesse a Wood" would drive Joachim wild with envy. Good is not the word.

is not the word.

Then our divine little Duchess enters, dressed in her costume of a Colonel of Russian Hussars. And don't I cry out "Hussa!" and don't she like it! Rather. Bless her! And then she sines, archly (to my accompaniment), "Mh! que j'aime les Militaires!" But, between the verses, the true instinct of the bride comes out, and she turns towards our Bailor Prince, and whispers, "Si J'esone les Militaires, J'allor les Marine."

"Dites cela aux troupes de la Marine," replies His Rayal Highness, playfully.

So we go on. "Galatea Walte" next—me dancing, alone. Then a few fireworks, and so to bed.

So no more at present from yours ever, who signs himself—and resigns himself.

INVELLIBERT TORMY (pro tem.).

THE PRIZE, BUT REJECTED ODE.

Ma. Puwen, to you I appeal. Ma. Navier, of the Olympic, advertised for an Ode. Well, here's mine. Why hean't it been accepted? I porce—I mean I pause—for a reply.

However, judge for yourself, and stand between the Public and me. As for Mr. Naviette—do you remember the rhymse with which Tony Lumpkin sends Constantia Noville about her business at the end of She Stoppe to Conquer—I mean in the speech which concludes with "And Tony Lumpkin is his own mean again!"?

No? Well, overhaul your play-book, and, when found, make a note of. But here you are,—I should say, here I am.

(Pompess.)
Long live our Saflor Prince
ALFRED THE GRANTER!
Never was, 'fore or since,
Such a first-rater.

(Schermo.) Bravo, Ale 1
Music by Balle
Or Angelon Sullivan play O 1
Tune your fiddle
In the middle Of the room, be gay O!

(Maestoso.) Bang! Bang! Bang! Hear the trumpet clang. Hurrah! Hurrah! For ALPRED the Tar! And by his side His Tar-tar Bride!

(Con spirito.) What's he been arter? Catching a Tartar? No, you goose, She's a Beautiful Russe; Or, rhyming to "us,"

A Beautiful Russ.

(Religioso.) O 'tis lovely when one sees The Nations all at peace! O! were all thus, French, German, Russ, Where would be the Police?

(Effervescendo and erescendo.)
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the child of the Czan! Hurrah! Hurrah! (Ad lib. till tired:)

O, ALVERD, my Prince, you are in luck To have caught such a lovely Museovy duck.

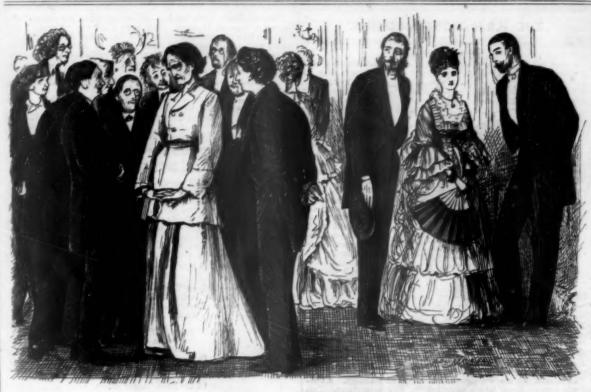
Then one cheer more,
And a hearty one thorough!
For ALFRED and his wife,
I wish 'em a long life—
Here's to the Duckness on Edinguages!

Why, Sir, under a Liberal Government, I should have had a pension, and an order for a pair of boots. But, no. Talent is unreceptised. My pen falls from my hand. I am loyal, but unfortunate. Adieu, Marager Neville! You don't get me to write an Ode for

MEMORANDUM FOR MINISTERS. - Without a Policy you can't Insure your Life.

WELCOME,

XX



EXTREMES THAT MEET.

AT MRS. LYONS CHACER'S "SMALL AND EARLY."

Fair Eathusiast. "LOOK! LOOK! THERE STANDS MISS GANDER BELLWETHER, THE FAMOUS CHAMPION OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS, THE FUTURE FOUNDER OF A NEW PHILOSOPHY! ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE RISING YOUNG GENIUSES OF THE DAY ALL PLOCKING TO HER SIDE, AND HANGING ON HER LIPS, AND FRASTING ON THE SAU AND EARNEST UTTREANCES WRUNG FROM HER INDIGNANT HEART BY THE WRONG OF HER WESTCHED SEX? O, 183'T SHE DIVISIE, CAPTAIN DANDELION?"

Captain Dandelion (of the 17th Waltzers). "Haw! 'Fair of Tabte, you know! Wather pweyer she-Wonen myself—wather pweyer the wetched Sex with all its Wongs—Haw!"

Mr. Millesteurs (of the "Ess Bouquet" Club). "Haw! Wather a gwudby, sewudby Lot, the wising young Geniuses! Haw-AW-AWII'

A METER FOR MEMORY.

PICKING cakum in penal servitude, Mr. ARTHUR ORTON will probably be forgotten a great deal sconer than he ought to be, considered in a certain light. Ever since the end of his cross-examination on bably be forgotten a great deal sooner than he ought to be, considered in a certain light. Ever since the end of his cross-examination on his first trial by Attorneys-General Colerdor, from then until his conviction, he has divided society at large into two classes opposite not only in opinion, but also as to character. Against him were ranged, with few exceptions, the educated, the rational, and the respectable part of the community; on his side, as a rule, the stupid, the ignorant, and the brutal. Therefore, for a considerable time, not only has Mr. Orton answered the purpose of the instrument desiderated by Sydney Shith, namely, a foolometer, but he has also served for what may be denominated a secundrelometer as well. His partisans consisted partly of persons incapable of perceiving, and drawing the plain inference from his illiterateness and vulgarity. These were the fools. The rest were persons many of whom believed that he was Tichborne because the wish that a low uffian should turn out to be the inheritor of one of the oldest names and largest estates in England was father to the thought that he would.

It is surely no more than calling a spade a spade to term these people scoundrels. But, besides these, there were others, scoundrels in the lowest degree, who sided with Orton, not because they believed he was not Tichborne, admired the thorough coolness and offrontery with which he persisted in pretending to be, thought him altogether such an one as themselves, and therefore wished him, as an impostor, success. It may be a point of prudence to bear in mind the circumstance, if a fact in connection with any particular person or persons, that they sided with Orton.

SOMETHING LIKE APPRECIATION.

Mr. Arthur Sulliva's last "Oratorio," "The Light of the World," was first brought out, we believe, at Birmingham, though, as a work of Art, emphatically not of the Brummagem order. Till very lately, like most works of high and pure Art in musical or any other form, "The Light of the World" has probably brought its author more praise than pudding. It has been reserved for a few Manchester artists and amateurs to show their appreciation of a fine work of Art, and their kindly regard for the Artist in a fashion as unusual as agreeable. as unusual as agreeable

as unusual as agreeable.

After a recent performance of his "Light of the World," in our Music-loving Cottonopolis, Mr. Sullivan was entertained at supper by a body of his admirers, who, through Mr. Fox Turner, presented to Mr. Sullivan a casket containing an old English silver goblet and a purse of two hundred sovereigns!

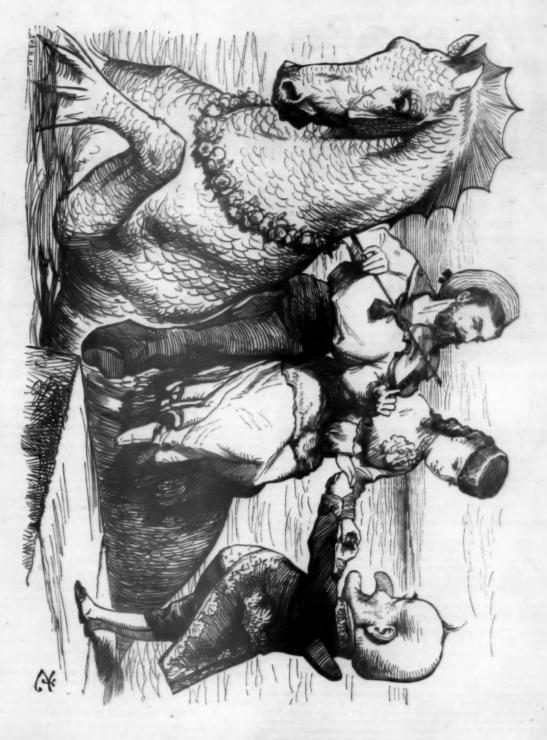
" So should desert in Arts be crowned!"

Mr. Punch can only say to Manchester, and her hearty and generous patrons of good work, "Bravo!" and to all other captains and capitals of industry, "Go ye, and do likewise."

The Language of Flowers.

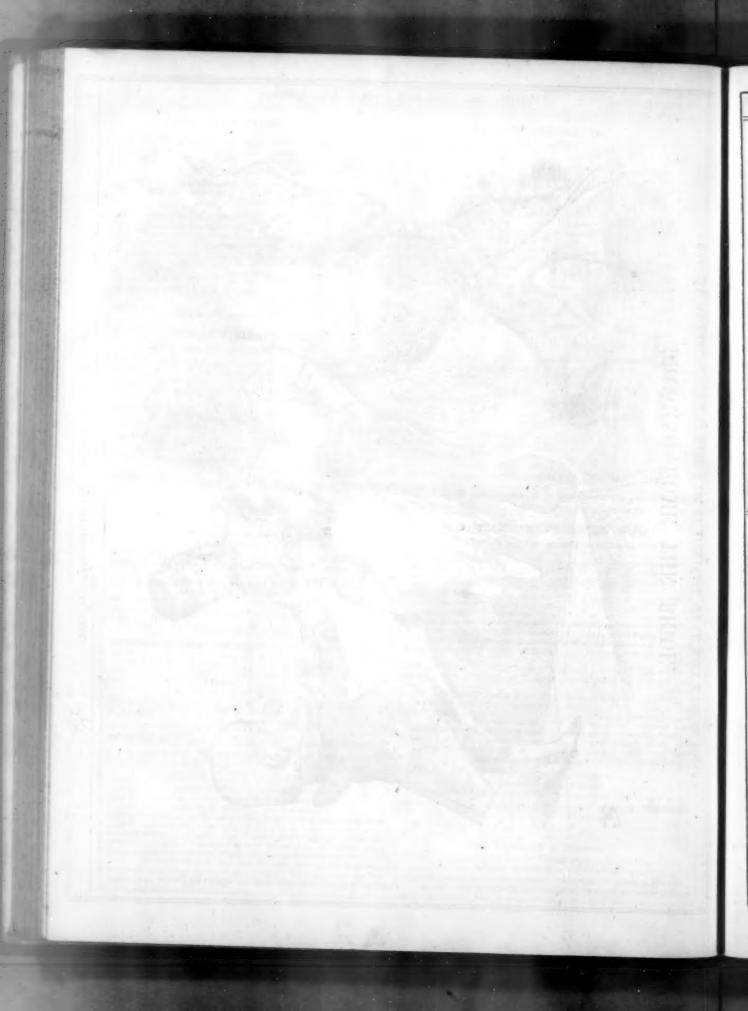
A CERTAIN MONSIEUR JOLIFIE, a florist of Napoleonian ideas, and with a tremendous trade in early violets, has been commissioned by the faithful to present to their Iulus, the PRINCE IMPERIAL, at Chislehurst, on his birthday, a monster bouquet of the Napoleonian flower. The ceremony may best be described as a regular Jollification.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARL-Manch 14, 1874.



BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

"WELCOME, MY DARLING! WE'VE MADE A PET OF ALEXANDRA, WE'LL MAKE A PET OF YOU!"



AN EARNEST APPEAL.

(To some Millions of Correspondents.)



EXECUTION IN PRUSSIA.

According to the Volkszeitung of Colorne, a riot was casioned on Saturday last week by the removal of the eds distrained by the political authorities from the sidence of the Bishor or Münstra.

"The resentment of the Reman-Catholic populace was reased by the fact that the person who took charge of the miture was a Lutheran joiner."

In this country there is, happily, no need for putting an execution into the house of any Roman-Catholic prelate. But, even if such there were, the offence which that proceeding might eccasion would probably, at least, not be aggravated by any invidence antagonism of creed on the part of a sheriff's officer, or a mea in possession. Unnecessary provocation would not have been given by the seizure of the Bishor or Minsring armainer, if the person who took charge of it had been a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion.

SEASONABLE DIALOGUE.

Two Friends meeting .- Easterly Wind.

First Gentleman (with "very bad cold in 'is head," which makes him change all his "m's " and "m's" to the case may be) into "b's," " d's " and "l's"), 'Ow d' yo do? I my, I could't call od you before. Int I'll cub

Second Gentleman (a very "near" friend, afraid of the first being a "dear" friend, startled by the proposition).
Coming to borrow? No, don't! I can't manage it—

First Gentleman (astonished). Why dot? I'll oub early to-borrow—

Second Gentleman. No use coming to borrow-because it's Lenf.

[Exit hurriedly. Friend with cold blows his doze, and exit.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At a Gounod Concert, St. James's Hall.

Only to hear the "Funeral March of a Marionette," introduced into the drama of Jeanne D'Arc, is well worth the price of two stalls at St. James's Hall, even though the seats are perhaps the most uncomfortable in London. What are called "stalls," and what, therefore, one has a right, from experience in theatres, to expect, are, in St. James's Hall, simply long benches, with the numbers tied on to the backs of the seats. There are no divisions, no arms, no softness, no comfort—nothing. Hardly room to pass in or out, without putting your neighbours to much inconvenience. Of course there are draughts, but there are, more or less, draughts everywhere. This lecitimate example hence are, let us give ourselves to the This legitimate grumble being over, let us give ourselves to the

Well—this "Funeral March of a Marionette." is admirable, and the little pift of a squeak, with which it finishes, is quite a touch of

genius.

Otherwise, the music of Jeanse D'Are is not particularly striking, and probably suffers by being performed apart from the drams, which it was composed to illustrate. It's a pity, too, that for the soles some first-rate vesses have not been engaged.

But to whose brilliant genius is due the authorship or translatorship of the English words? Why is the name not given? Alas! 'twas ever thus: true genius and true modesty go hand in hand. Isn't this a terrific cherus of "Fugitive Pessants"?"

"In their fury and their power
Hell flames did all devour,
omes were made desolate in one short hour." And our Hom

And "Ri fol de riddle lol de ray" should have been the finishing stroke of this master-piece.

The following is a novel and pretty idea for the refrain of a Ballad, sung by a Page (of Agnes Sorel's Court), who must have been a lively person to oblige the company with a song,—

"Heigh ho! Hard fate will have her way! Heigh ho! heigh ho! and well-a-day!,"

Isn't it affecting! Isn't it "quite too awfully charming?" and, really, when you come to consider it, so Shakspearian! Again—

"Dame Fortune, I will beer with gladness All the woes thou art pleased to dart, Save but one, too full of sudness, That from my dear Love I must part. This indeed is a cruel smart."

I guess, siree, it was a "cruel smart" young person who did this cautiful poetry. What playful fancy in the expression "to dart

beautiful poetry. What payers the woes."

Why, even the effect of the truly admirable "Marionette March" runs a fair chance of being utterly spoilt by the Librettist's explanation of what it all means. As if M. Gounon had not made the "Marionette March" speak for itself. There is not a bar of it, not a note of it, but tells its own part of the theme distinctly. Have a new edition of the Book sold in the Hall, with these stupid explanations omitted. They only bother and distract an audience.

Here is part of a "Patriotic Chorus," which terminates the

"Be 'Dieu le veut' eur Shibboleth; Let the foe now prepare for death. Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut! Yes, firmly united."

Let the audience call for the Librettist—insist upon his coming to the front, and then let them testify their grateful admiration of his work in the most appropriate manner.

"In one place I went to," said ARTEMUS WARD, "the people were very much delighted. They called me on, and—threse the beaches at me."

By the way, there is a sentiment in the song and chorus of the Third Act, into which M. Goumon would be able to enter most heartily. It is this. Somebody, called Perrise, sings—

"Away! away! Ye British Peachers, Seek not here your prey. Away! Away!"

M. Govnob has not been well treated by "British Poachers," and has published in this very book a long list of Songs and Piaces of which he himself states, that, "he neither produced them, nor sanctioned the translations." Their number is Sixty: and I'm afraid the eminent Composer, if report be correct, did not get much benefit in England out of the ever-popular Faust.

The playful Librettist comes out with great vigour in a chorus of Soldiers playing dice, which goes on while two Saints, Saint Mar-



CIRCUMFERENCE.

Tailor (measuring Customer of "Ortonian" girth). "Would you hold the End, Sir, while I so round?"

LATEST FROM IRELAND.

THERE is a new movement, and, of course, a new "era" in Ireland. The movement is one for forming a National Roll of those who are in favour of Home Rule. National Roll of those who are in favour of Home Rule. The first signatures were appended to the Roll at a meeting held last week, in a place which has witnessed many new movements and eras commenced and ended—the Rotunda in Dublin. The national colour, and singularly enough, the colour which is usually associated with simplicity and credulity, was sufficiently displayed in the course of the proceedings. The table at which the Chairman sat was covered with green baize; the cards of membership, produced by the Secretary, were green; and a badge of membership—green, we cannot doubt—was suggested, and well received by the body of the meeting, but disapproved by the M.P.'s and others on the platform. It is interesting and, perhaps, instructive, also to note, that the large volume which held the "National Home Rule Roll" (subscribers to pay one shilling each per annum) was bound in—calf.

A WHITE AMONG BLACKS.

AWHITE AMONG BLACKS.

AN interesting work, entitled Dahomey As R Is, has been published by a gentleman named Skertchley.

Mr. Skertchley is an enthusiastic entomologist, went insect-catching to Dahomey, where he got caught himself, having been lured up the country by Quinuu, Governor of Whydah, and detained some eight months by King Greek, in the capital of his black Majesty's kingdom. Greeke was anxious that Mr. Skertchley should see what the "Customs" of Dahomey really were, and the account of them which has resulted from his observations will probably not alter the opinion about them previously formed by people in general. He witnessed the "Customs" for some four months, during which time they are annually celebrated in the metropolis of Dahomey, whereof, as you know, the name is Abomey, and the customs and the manners likewise are abominable.

HARRS COMPITERIEM REUM.—Suitors write to the papers to complain of the "block in Chancery." Who but a block (we must ask) would be in Chancery?

garet and Saint Catherine, are singing up aloft, like DIBDIN's celebrated cherub, "keeping watch o'er the life of poor"—Jeanne.

The game of dice is arranged thus. The Tenors play the Basses, and the Basses are always getting the worst of it.

"Tonors. Six!
Basses. Three!
Tenors. 'Tis wen! 'Tis won!'

A very simple game apparently. And what do the Basses, the unhappy losers, say to this? They are good placid creatures, merely astonished, that's all, and they exclaim,

" Basses, Oddrooks!"

Which is a really charming word for music at any time. "Odd-zooks!" You can see the poor simple Basses scratching their heads and wondering "how it's done," and never for a moment suspecting the Tenors of having played falsely, while they sang truly. The Tenors "best" the Basses invariably, and then they all join together. together-

"Boys, our cups we'll drain, And then try again!"

While the Saints are giving Journal much the same advice as the Soldiers are giving themselves, only of course in more decorous language-

"Joan, be not dismayed," &c.
"Thou art in the angels' care.
Trust on! Daughter, do not despair."

And then, perhaps (only it's not down in the libretto) the Saints and Jeanne, in her sleep, also come out with "Oddzooks!"

The Play itself, if ever done into English as a whole, ought to be called "Oddzooks!"

Perhaps some antiquarian will tell us that Zooks was the very game of dice which these soldiers were playing. This explains the phrase: in such a case, of course, there would clearly be either "Oddzooks" or "Even-zooks," and the score would mount or diminish

accordingly.

Let the Librettist look up this subject at the British Museum, and append a few learned Notes to his next edition; with also one

illustration of soldiers of that date playing at "Zooks." But whatever he does, or doesn't, let him take out his description of the Marionette March, which everyone ought to hear, which is the gem of the whole, and which, under M. Gounop's able direction, speaks

Your Representative has been everywhere and seen everything worth seeing, and not worth seeing. It is more pleasant, and far easier (as it simplifies matters considerably), to speak only of the

first.

Of Philip, for example, there is much to be said—on both sides. Meanwhile, lot me say, Philip is excellently acted. There is, to this Representativo's thinking, no fault to be found with the performance of this piece; and, as it is a success, it will be, hereafter, worth while to inquire into the secret of its undoubted popularity. While I am saying strong things, however, just let me add that, if anyone wants to know (or, if anyone doesn't want to know, he must take my advice all the same) how to make the hitherto impracticable Scotch costume artistically elegant, eccentric, funny, and, in fact, how work up such an old material as "plaid" into the most effective dresses I 've seen on the stage for some considerable time, let him (the person above-mentioned) drop into the Gaiety (where he 'll be cordially received by civil commissionnaires, a courteous Bachelor of Arts, in full uniform, who will reduce your comfort to a mathematical certainty, and finally by the box-keeper and the fairy-like attendants) see Guy Fusekes, and then let him agree as to what Mr. Alfred Thompson can do in Costume with the highly approbational and justly laudatory opinion of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Great Windfall.

OUR Inheritance in the Great Pyramid is advertised. The new Crown Lawyers should be interrogated to know whether the Suc-cession Duty has been paid. It might prove a welcome addition to the next Surplus.



RUDIMENTS OF REPARTEE.

Mariar Hann, "YAH! D' YER ENOW ME! Mand Brangeline, " No; AND I SHOULDH'T LIKE TO!"

A STROKE OF STATESMANSHIP.

Ir was telegraphed, the other day, from Paris, that-

"The Minister of the Interior has forbidden the sale of the Count on Champoun's photograph."

What a necessary, dignified, and politic precaution! Is it not as politic as dignified, and even more politic than necessary? But for it the COURT DE CHAMBORD would be so likely to be called to the throne by popular acclamation! It is so sure effectually to arrest the progress of Legitimist opinions! Fortunately for the French Republic there are no coins which bear the image and superscription of HEMRI V. If there were any, would not the Minister of the Interior call them all in? Perhaps, then, it would be well to withdraw from circulation all the money which, stamped with the portraits of past French sowereigns, may suggest monarchical ideas. Here, now, is a suggestion for a Statesman of enlarged views presiding over the internal affairs of a great nation.

GLIMPARS OF THE FUTURE.

Much ingenuity has been displayed in marking out a new career for Mr. GLADSTONE, now that, he pily for himself, he is released from the cares and worries of office. He is to retire for a time from the leadership of his party; he is to go to Italy; he is to retire into the monastery of La Trappe; he is to take a trip to the Holy Land; he is to devote himself to literature, and more particularly to the translation of classical poetry; and he is to give his nights and days, not to his country or the House of Commons, but to the study of philology. Have the ingenious speculators got to the bottom of their budget of imaginations, or are they preparing still greater surprises for us and Mr. GLADSTONE? Perhaps, before another week comes round, we shall be told that he intends to explore the plains of Troy; or to breed poultry on an extensive scale; or to give himself no rest until he has unravelled the mystery of the authorship of the Letters of Junius.

Operatio.

ONE of the new Sopranes who will be heard this season at Her Majesty's Opera is MLLE. SINGELLI. We hope she will be successful, if only that we may have the pleasure of making a slight alteration in her name, and speaking of her as MLLE. SINGWELLI.

TICHBORNIANA.

Burous the Jury finally separated, the Foreman, with much care, carved his initials on his desk, and all the panel inscribed their names in indelible ink on their seats—avoiding the panels, from a natural wish to avoid anything suggestive of a play on words at a moment of such solemnity. By a special order of the Court, they were permitted to carry away with them a small piece of the Box, to be preserved as a memente of the most remarkable period in their lives, and handed down, as an heirloom, to their latest posterity.

The leaves taking between the Jury and the Officers of the Court

lives, and handed down, as an heirloom, to their latest posterity.

The leave-taking between the Jury and the Officers of the Court was of the most touching description. The Police had great difficulty in suppressing their emotion.

That the Jury dined together on the day of their release is a fact which hardly needs to be mentioned. The toasts of "The Judges," "The Counsel for the Crown," and "The Infant Heir," were received with the utmost enthusiasm; but in deference to a feeling which will be well understood, no speeches were made on the sucasion. The evening was enlivened by some agreeable singing—that fine English ballad, "Wapping Old Stairs," calling forth an unanimous energy.

they will have the right of admission to the Court of Quoen's Bench whenever they choose to attend its sittings.

The Lord Chirf Justice and his colleagues passed a tranquil night, and spent the next day in happy seclusion. Congratulations are flowing in from the Bench and the Bar, the two Houses of Parliament, the great Officers of State, the Corps Diplomatique, the principal Crowned Heads of Europe, the Partington Local Improvement Commissioners, and many other Municipal Bodies and Public Associations.

The result of the trial was immediately telegraphed to all parts of the world; but through unavoidable horological differences, it was the common topic of conversation in South American and Australian circles at an earlier hour than in the Clubs and Dining Houses of London.

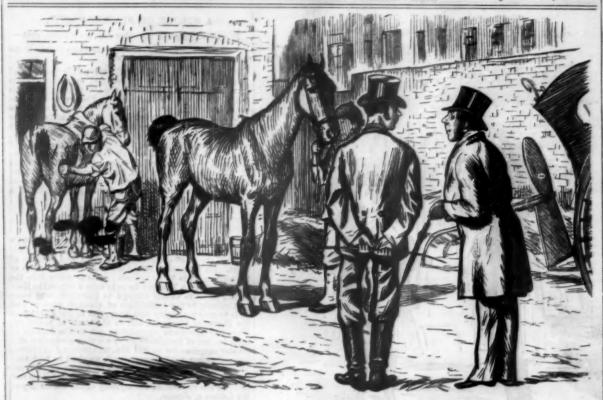
The shorthand writers made short work of it. They put on short coats, and at once started off for a short excursion in a picturesque part of the country, but not in the neighbourhood of the Tichborne

property.

A Committee of Ladies of the highest rank and most distinguished social position are now engaged in deliberating on the new name to be given to the old-fashioned dance, hitherto known as "Sir Roger."

Such is the force of habit, and so strong is the ruling passion, that one or two of the Jury found themselves in the train going to Westminster on the following Monday morning; but, apart from the curious psychological fact that all of them more or less still dream of Dr. Kenraly, we are happy to say that we have not heard of any unpleasant results of their long confinement.

Whatever else may be omitted to be done in Parliament this Session, a Special Act ought, undoubtedly, to be passed, exempting the Tichborne Jury from serving on juries of every sort and description for the rest of their lives. It is hardly necessary to add that



A MINE OF SPECULATION.

Dealer (to Wavering Customer). "Well, of course we all Know that—he's got 'is Bad Points an' 'is Good Points; but what I say is, there's no Deception about 'is Bad Points—we can See 'em. But we can't none of us Tell 'ow many Good Points he may 'ave till we comes to Know 'im!!"

[The "Party" took time to consider.

THE WORST OF A VILLAIN.

WEIGH HANNIBAL! Alive, and at his best,
How many stone had that great Leader weighed
Compared with that huge Criminal, now drest
In prison garb, by special measure made?

O that in penal servitude that slave
Were saleable, and would, if he were sold,
Fetch such a price as though the worthless knave
For some fit use were worth his weight in gold!

'Tis hard for those in fertune who have rued A villain's crime, that, not in any way Can money's value out of him be screwed, So that his punishment might them repay.

Nought to their good his cakum-picking tends. E'en were he pilloried, like knaves of yore, His infamy would make them no amends; No doit of damaged revenue restore.

To use of sorriest horse, or ox, or ass,
There is no putting you Impostor big.
No good whale's blubber is that monstrous mass;
That fat no bacon of a wholesome pig.

Word and Deed.

THE Spanish Minister of Finance has taken to calling the bonds he is always trying to get off his hands, and on to other peoples, "Pagarés." We would warn our readers not to confound this unfamiliar term with the better-known "puggares." The confusion may come easier, as both are fabries of the "all-round-my-hat." order. The Spanish word "Pagaré" means "I still pay," but the Spanish Minister means by it "I scon't."

"WANTED"-AND LIKELY TO BE.

"WANTED, a Thorough and Trustworthy GENERAL SERVANT, aged 30 to 40, with a good personal Character. Wages £15, all found. No knives, boots, or windows. Two in family."

The Advertiser must be endowed with a singularly sanguine temperament, if she expects to find a Servant willing to submit to the very hard terms she imposes. "No knives"—the only conclusion we can come to is that the unfortunate domestic will be expected to go back to a state of rude and barbarous manners, and to eat with her fingers. "No boots"—similarly she must also forego the comfort of going about her work decently shod, which, unless she is of Irish extraction, she will find a cruel deprivation. "No windows"—lastly, and probably this would be felt to be the most irksome condition of all, she must endure to pass all her time in apartments where the natural light of day is never seen. The most forlorn maid-of-all-work would refuse a place so studiously deprived of all attraction.

Strong Antipathies.

On the nineteenth of this month a Paper was read before the Linnean Society, entitled "Systematic List of the Spiders at present known to inhabit Great Britain and Ireland." As a natural consequence, the respectable female who cleans the rooms occupied by the learned body has ever since been hysterical. If, as is expected, this Paper on Great British Spiders is followed up by another on the Earwigs residing in these Islands, great fears are entertained that she will send in her resignation.

THE REAL TICHBORNE TRIAL.

Having to sit under the shower of puns and parodies it has called down on Punch's devoted head.



EXCHANGE!

Togovell (in the Washing Room at the Office, proceeding to dress for the De Browney's Dinner-Party). "Hullo! What the Doode"—(Pulling out, in dismay, from black bag, a pair of blue flannel Tights, a pink striped Jersey, and a spiked caneas Shoe.)—"Confound it! Yes!—I must have taken that Fellow's Bag who SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ATHLETIC SPORTS THIS AFTERNOON, AND HE'S GOT MINE WITH MY DRESS CLOTHES !!"

A FOE TO IRISH WALL-FRUIT.

That vigorous writer of strong common-sense, mingled with headstrong nonsense, old Cobbett, does not appear to have numbered entomology among his knowledges. He certainly would not have hailed the discovery of a new insect as astronomers welcome that of a new planet. There can be no doubt that he had not any the least respect for a cockroach, or anything of the kind, and that he would have rejoiced not at all in any addition to our catalogue of beetles. Yet there is one beetle of which, on grounds other than scientific, it is conceivable that he would have glorified the advent in the choicest of his plain English. This new thing in Colcoptera is the Colorado Potato Beetle, which, spreading of late from the Rocky Mountains, where it fed on wild potatoes, has now overrun much of the adjoining territory, in which it devours the cultivated potato-crops. It behaves itself to the potatoes as a locust; only that locusts are a passing devastation, whereas Potato Beetles sattle themselves and extend. Conserr, therefore, who was hostile to potatoes, and abused them as violently as he did his political enemies, would now, no doubt; if still flourishing, be elated with hope that the Potato Beetle would shortly come by some means to be imported from the United States into the United Kingdom. Now, however, who is there so odd and perverse as not to consider that such an arrival would be an immense so odd and perverse as not to consider that such an arrival would be an immens calamity ?

MR. GLADSTONE, whilst yet in office, was memorialised by the Secretary of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, on the 10th of February, with a suggestion that the ports should be closed against American seed potatoes. The Times says

"In reply, a letter was received last week from the office of the Privy Council for Trade, to the effect that, according to the American official reports, it does not appear that the eggs or larve of the Colorado Beetle have been or are deposited or conveyed in the tuber of the potato; and, therefore, there is considered to be no reason to prevent the importation of seed potatoes from America into the United Kingdom, until the case is proved to be

morning, by the discovery of an English or Irish potato-field in the occupation of the Colorado Beetle?" It may field in the occupation of the Colorado Beetle? It may not at present appear that eggs or larve have been deposited or conveyed in such wise as, for aught anyone knows, it may very soon appear that they can. May not earth containing eggs adhere to tubers? What if the case be thus proved otherwise by experience, making Privy Councillors wise? Let us hope that the Privy Council for Trade is not too confident that, if it does not take care, it will not, by-and-by, have to stamp out the Colorado Potato Beetle. In the meanwhile, may no specimen of that unpleasant creature ever be seen on this side of the Atlantic, except at a Conversazione of the Entomological Society, or in the British Museum.

SLIGHT TO THE CITY-KING.

O now shall tongue declare What is more than ear can bear?
That irreverent Crew
Of the darker Blue! They have slighted the Great LORD MAYOR!

Aghast and amazed we stare To think any men could dare Disregard and decline To attend and dine, When required by the Great LORD MAYOR!

Of culture were they so bare As not to be fully aware
They should understand
Each request a command
That's received from the Great LORD MAYOR?

What mortal who loves good fare, And has proper regard and care
For his inward man,
Could be otherwise than
Glad to dine with the Great Lond Mayon?

Where hope they to go, O where?
Of their future we quite despair!
And how sad the truth
'Twas old Oxford's youth
Who did snub the Great LORD MAYOR?

Contempt of the Civic Chair!
High Treason beyond compare.
And neglect to write!
It was impolite.
Said the justly incensed LORD MAYOR.

O, tell it not over there In Paris, or France elsewhere, Where our neighbours all Are prepared to fall
At the feet of the Great LORD MAYOR!

One fancies the rudest bear, Or boar in his forest lair, Would at once turn out,
With obsequious snout,
At the beek of the Great LORD MAYOR.

Our clothes we are fit to tear, We are almost ready our hair To pluck and rend,
While it stands on end
At this slight to the Great LORD MAYOR!

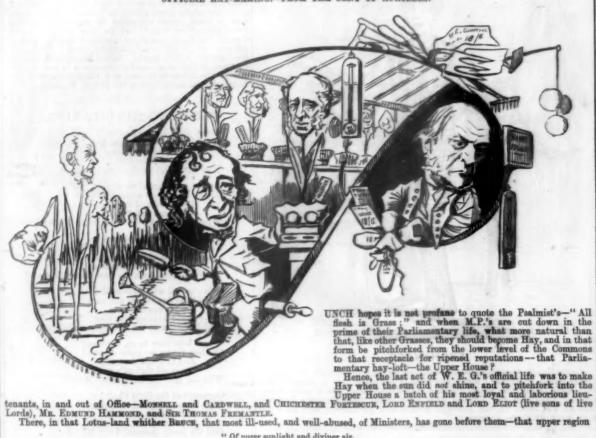
Ye reprobate youth, beware!
For an awful fright prepare:
Father Thames will rise,
And forbid your prize,
And avenge the Great LORD MAYOR.

Further comment, O Muse, forbear, At the taste our wonder share Of that ill-timed note From the Oxford Boat, And their snub by the Great LORD MAYOR.

Until the case is proved to be otherwise? But how then? Is it impossible that the case may be proved to be otherwise in the first instance, on some fine is admired for her Cheek.

PARLIAMENTARY PRELIMINARIES.

OPPICIAL HAY-MAKING .- FROM THE TENT OF ACHILLES.



" Of purer sunlight and diviner air, ere never winds breathe keenly."

these, being translated, sit as my Lords Emly and Cardwell, Carlingford and Cottesloe, Stafford and Kirkella.

It would be hard to deny our Upper Benjamin his spell at Hay-making too, particularly now his sun is shining so bright. And where could he find a better fork-full than in Punch's good friend, Sir John Parington, always so "cut and dry" that he may be said to have been half way to Hay already—marked, as it were, for the pitchfork, even before his elevation? So Sir John is translated into Baron Hampton.

We would fain say of the whole batch, as Shakspeare sings of the roses,—

" Of their sweet deaths are sweeter odours made."

May they bear with them, to the existence they are entering, a whiff of the wisdom gathered in that they are leaving—a wholesome breath of the Commons, to freshen the closer atmosphere of the House Hereditary.

A Voice from the Tent of Achilles! But not such a clarion-note as the son of Peleus sent forth, when standing at the ditch—

"Thrice great Achilles spake, And thrice in heat of all the charge the Trojans started back."

The trumpet of our Achilles sends forth but an uncertain sound, -

The trumpet of our Achilles sends forth but an uncertain sound,—
"I will be your leader, an you must needs have me—though for my own part, look you——"
In short, we have here a most qualified acceptanceship of the responsible duties of Head of Her Majesty's Opposition, in the tone
of a General who, seeing his troops in hopeless confusion, and already demoralised on the eve of battle, resumes, half-heartedly
and rejuctantly, the command he had laid down in the discouragement of recent and unexpected defeat—more after the fashion of a
Spanish than an English Captain.

But better a leader on any terms, even such shrewdly qualified ones as those of this letter, than a pack of riotous hounds without a
whip, an army of sheep without a shepherd—such as our Liberal array seemed dissolving into—with just "vis" enough to quarkel
among themselves, none to face their formen in the field.

But let Achilles only take the field, and we may trust his temperament to show fight.

So let Beitannia bring him his arms, wrought by Vulcan, including the famous Shield, (in his own version,) and let us await his
battle-cry, till (in old Chapman's rendering)—

"As a voice is heard."

With emulous attention, when any town is sphered With siege of such a fee as kills men's minds, and for the town

Makes sound his trumpet, so the blast by Thetis' issue blown, Won amulously the ears of all----'

The Voice is the Voice of Achilles, after all; and where is the voice like it—among Greeks or Trojans?

The writs for Ministers' vacated seats have been moved for, and the opposing armies will be arrayed, Generals, Brigadier Officers, and all, by the 20th of this present March—and then, "God defend the Right!"

ANOTHER WELCOME.

TO KING COFFEE'S UMBRELLA. Bu Punch's Post Laureste.



Y QUERN, of Corvin's downfall hurled from

> The King whose cut - throat eustoms, with rough

rein, Even Ashantee Caboccers

restrain—
Behold, if not the fruit, at least the flower,
Umbrella!

Welcome, colossal flower — air yards, if one To Britain, now her flowers are under snow!

From hand to hand, from use to use you go, From wild Coomassic to South Kensington, A prize Umbrella!

Nows of King Coffee's fall Press trumps have blown,
Coffee, thy name is Echo's household word;
Times, News, and Daily Telegraph have heard;
Our Standard for thy Standard hath made known,
Umbrella!

What Special Correspondent but made free With thee and thine, according to his bent; And he who not for news but fighting went; SIR GARNET, has come back, if not with thee. With thy Umbrella!

TIT. How our two Empires ever came to strife Thine with its fetish slaves and howling hordes, Mine with its Commerce, Commons, Church, and Lords, I can't explain; can you now, on your life, Umbrella?

But if, perforce, we had to do the thing,
Ne'er better at his work did General go,
More pluck blue or red-jackets ne'er did show,
Than they who took—if not Coomassie's King—
That King's Umbrella!

War's fate brings this, thy symbol, to the land Which can't allow black Kings to bar the way, But burns 'em out, and calls on them to pay, Gold, fifty thousand ounces, and this gran

Now that Umbrella's life is in the West, Where Kensington Museum opes its door; Where, if thou drawest crowds of rich and poor, By the department shall the name be blessed Of this Umbrella!

But if you, Coffee, dare boil o'er again,
What though on grounds that Coffee may think fair;
Besides the fire and fine repeated there.
We'll hang your body here! His shroud be then,
Umbrella!

And 'twere no more, KING COFFEE, than your due, Whose bloody oustoms shock the sickened soul, Round this big stick the velvet to up-roll, Were you here, and from black to whack you blue With your Umbrella!

. It is, or ought to be, known to all that the umbrella is the symbol of Royal authority in Asbant

SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

(From a Private Journal, Dated March 12, 1874.)

(From a Private Journal. Dated March 12, 1874.)

ENTRANCE of DUKE and DUCHESS OF REINBURGH into London, via Paddington.

"If you're waking," I said to the Landlady overnight—"if you're waking, all me early, call me early, mother dear." And she did: the consequence was an awful head-nohe. Very bilious. This, however, did not discourage me; for, on looking in the glass, I was pleased to find that my face had hoisted, so to speak, the Bussian colours—yellow and black. My cheeks were yellow, and I was black under the eyes. Had it been otherwise, I should not have been so happy as 2 was. My nose was red in consequence of the cold, but as this was the uniform of England, what did it matter? On the contrary, it (I mean my nose) was in itself a pointed compliment. Thus I represented the alliance between the two great nations. "If," said I to myself, "ALEXATDROVNA is only pleased, I shall be astisfied."

It was freezingly cold—snow on the ground. My Landlady had provided me with a pair of skates, broiled, for breakfast. Seasonable.

The only person who ought to have represented the Bar of England on that day out of doors should have been SERIEART SERIER.

The Life Guards Blue (with cold) were out, and everyone was about, shivering, sliding, falling.

Everywhere, decorated in yellow and black, were tall Poles, out of compliment, I suppose, to Russia.

But sconthe Winterof our discontent was made glorious Summer by the appearance of the Sun over the Duke of York's Column.

Then we did cheer. How cold the white statues looked.

Then we did cheer. How cold the white statues looked.

But what I wanted to know was, where was Mn. Sanger's circus troups, which had announced its intention of joining the Royal cortège on the route? Well, it didn't come out till the next day, and there was such an elephant in it! Evidently an allusion to Russia in

an elephant in it! Evidently an allusion to Russia in India.
"Now," said the Duchess, smiling, as she entered the salle à manger at Buckingham Palace, "now we've finished the entrée, let's come to the pièce de résistance." They laughed ha! ha!—and then they dined.

The decorations in many places were by Messus. DE-FREEZE, a most appropriate name for the occasion.

Everything went off well. So did I.
The illuminations were nothing much. That eminent snip, ME. Poole, came out with nine-tailer power, and celipsed all his former efforts with glass, colours, and gas.

gas.

The residence of the Newly-married was gorgeous within in the evening. Hot water was freely ordered all round. "Rations of grog," was the word of our Sailor Prince, and "All hands to tallow noses." Fantasias on the warming-pans. Hot Coddlings everywhere. Extra blankots. And so to bed.

Thus ended the Great Festivity of March—that is, of our "Wedding March."

Letters and Figures.

Ir has been proposed in the London School-Board to raise a further sum of £59,000. With what they have already raised, this, it is said, will make a million and a quarter—to show for which there will be bricks and mortar. How many figures to set against the Three R's!

A Bigot.

Dn. Colesso, of Natal, who considers the Pentateuch untrustworthy, will never, when he wants a new suit of clothes, deal with Moses. It is said that the latter offered, contrary to his principles, to trust Dn. Colesso. In spite of this, Dn. Colesso still refuses to credit Moses.



THE LAST WORD.

Cabby (to stately Party, who has given him his legal Fare). "'MAKIN' YER FORTUME, SIR, NO DOUBT!"
Swell (not exactly catching the Remark). "En!"
Cabby. "You're a layin' by a good bit o' Money, Sir, I'll be bound!"
Swell (indignantly). "What d'you mean, Sir!"
Cabby. "Why you don't Spend buch, sermin'ly!"

[Driver]

[Drives off in triumph.

TO MARIE ALEXANDROVNA,

DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

(Married at St. Petersburgh, January 23, 1874: entered London, in a snow-storm, March 12, 1874.)

THERE lived an ancestress * of thine, Now centuries ago, A Princess of that Stuart line, Whence thy house-honours flow. By all of all sorts, low or high, Cherished as soon as seen, Whom, for a name to love her by, They called "The Winter Queen."

And so, remembering the day
That London welcomed thee—
How, spite of storms that swept the way,
A million stood to see:
How sleet and snow drove wild o'er-head,
And meited into mire,
How Winter came in Spring-time's stead,
With frost to spoil our fire,—

"The Winter Duchess" seems a name
We might on thee bestow,
For all said 'twas for thee it came,
That out-of-season snow:
That Russia, loth to loose the arm
Of love about thee cast,
Sent those white watchers, not to harm,
But hold thee to the last.

• ELIZABUTH, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of JAMES THE FIRST.

"Blest is the bride," says our old saw,
"On whom the sunshine falls,"
But mayst thou show that winter's flaw.
As rich bride-blessing calls.
The North-wind's nip, that chilled the blood.
Our welcome warmer proved,
Which frost and sleet and snow withstood,
Unbid, unbought, unmoved.

Cities of statelier palaces
Thou hast seen, not a few,
But no such million as these,
Self-ranged in order due;
No crowd more prompt to speak or strike,
But none more quick to own
The pulses that stir all alike,
Be their seat stool or throne.

The closer to her new home's heart
The bride, methinks, should prove,
Whom the old home, whose light thou wert,
Clasps with such lingering love.
So England, knowing thy home-life
Loving and loved has been,
A mother's heart to thee, young wife,
Sets wide—both folk, and QUEEN!

 "May stop a hole to expel the winter's flaw." SHAKSPRARE: Homlet.

OPPORTUNE.

It was very thoughtful of King Coffee to leave his umbrella behind for Sie Garner Wolseley just when he wanted it—the beginning of the rainy season.



DEARLY BOUGHT.

SIE GARNET. "IT DON'T LOOK MUCH, MADAM, BUT IT HAS COST GOOD MONEY, AND BETTER LIVES."
BRITANNIA. "AND BUT FOR YOU, SIR GARNET, MIGHT HAVE COST MORE OF BOTH!"

["KING COFFEE's Umbrella has been brought to England."—Morning Paper.



DEARLY BOUGHT.

The state of the second of the

"A state of the first and the state of the s

COUNTING THE COSTS.



ow now, Mesdames, e Mesdemoiselles ?

"It is estimated that \$300,000 sterling ent annually in Eng-

We should like to know how many hundred thousand ounds sterling have seen expended the year or two by England on the false hoir now being rapidly reduced in cellular tissue by prison diet.

Nothing Like Leather.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA will be here in May. The EM-PEROR OF MOROCCO is also expected. Russis and Morocco will, of course, sign

The two Potentates will be elected craftsmen of the Leather-Sellers.

Complimentary lodgings will be taken for them in Leather Lane, and a suburban villa at Leatherhead. For further particulars in advance, see Court Circular.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The memorable Trial of Jarvis's Cob interrupted by something about Gloppin's Grandmother.

GLOPPIN, "who knows all about it," ("it" meaning The Horse generally,) can't come when he's wanted, of course.

If you do require a friend's advice, depend on it that you can't depend on it: or, rather, that you can't calculate upon getting it at

depend on it: or, rather, that you can't calculate upon getting it at the important moment.

Then he, Glosper, I mean—I know him—will come to me weeks afterwards, and say, "My dear fellow, I am so sorry I couldn't come over to you on that day. I'd ha' given something to ha' seen that mare you bought. I could ha' told you at once she wouldn't suit you." And so on.

He will—anyone will—volunteer information as to what I do want. But what I don't want, and what I oughtn't to buy on any account, not a word about that.

When I are Growny we say it I'll he hitter with him. I'll have

not a word about that.

When I see GLOFFIN again I'll be bitter with him. I'll have something cutting to say to him. The worst of it is that, if I don't come across him for two months, I shall, perhaps, have forgotten all about it—shall embrace him heartily, and say, "Hallo, GLOFFIN! I am so pleased to see you!"—when I really ought to take his hand quietly, and say, reservedly and sadly, "GLOFFIN, you should have come to me in the hour of need. Never more, GLOFFIN, be officer of mine."

Then GLOPPIN would explain. He always explains, and invariably makes it appear that, whatever the fault was, it was all on your side, never on his. Que describe decuse is what he acts upon, and so he never has an excuse, but an explanation. His explanations, too, are overwhelming and unanswerable. He contrives to show himself in such brilliant colours, and his friend (the injured nexts) he available has before an express and excelled the section.

to show himself in such brilliant colours, and his friend (the injured party) he exhibits, by inference, as a mean and sordid character.

Thus, supposing, in consequence of GLOPPIN's not coming when required, and giving his valuable advice about the horse, I buy the animal, and the animal turns out "nasty"—say that he bites my leg, or hand, or rears or kicks, or rolls over with me—(this last must be very uncomfortable, though, somehow, it sounds genial and funny)—and I have several ribs broken. Well, I meet GLOPPIN afterwards, and I say to him, coldly and reproachfully,—

"Ah, GLOPPIN, if you had come as you offered to do, and had given me your advice, I shouldn't have bought that infernal animal, which rolled 'over with me, which pitched me over his head, which kicked my teeth out, which bit a piece out of my arm," &c., &c., GLOPPIN does not there and then express his sorrow, but immediately, in an injured tone, and looking horribly hurt (mere than myself, who am hurt all over), replies,—

myself, who am hurt all over), replies,—

"My dear fellow, how could I? Whon your telegram came I had been up from eight in the evening till five the next morning | Mungas, perspiring, won't give in.

attending to my poor Grandmother, who, I thought, couldn't have lived out the night."

lived out the night."

I am done—at once. I feel I've been brutal. To have asked him. to tear himself away from his dying Grandmother's bedside, in order to give his opinion of a friend's horse—yes, it was too much.

"I am serry," I reply, sinking my subject of grief in his, "to hear such bad news of your Grandmother. Has she—I mean is she—?"

"Yes," says GLOPPIN, cheerfully, "she's all right now. Out, and about. She's a wonderful woman for her age."

"But," I ask, partially recovering from the first shock, "why didn't you drop me a line of explanation?"

"My dear fellow," he replies, "how could I? I couldn't leave her for a moment. Your telegram arrived all right, but they didn't like to disturb me, and of course they were right; and when I opened it, it was too late to explain. I could only reply, "Can't come.' You got that, didn't you?"

Yes, I own I got that. And we are both satisfied. That is, I accept his explanation. But, if I were to be asked, what I thought, candidly speaking, on the subject, I should be compelled on eath to reply, "I do not believe in GLOPPIN'S Grandmother."

Whenever GLOPPIN doesn't want to do anything that you want

Yes, I own I got that. And we are both satisfied. That is, I accept his explanation. But, if I were to be asked, what I thought, candidly speaking, on the subject, I should be compelled on each to reply, "I do not believe in Groppin's Grandmother."

Whenever Gloppin doesn't want to do anything that you want him to do, his excuse is his Grandmother.

Ask him to lend you five pounds: he can't, because his money is somehow tied up in his Grandmother's, and he can't sak his Grandmother, suddenly, to lend five pounds, because she's liable to fits, if startled.

He dines with his friends frequently, and laments he can't invite them in return, as it's his Grandmother's house, and she is unable to receive company. "And," he adds, feelingly, "I couldn't send her to bed while we're having a jolification in the dining-room. Besides," he continues, "the old lady is so fond of seciety that she wouldn't go to bed if I had friends there; and staying up late kills her. She tried it ones, and was so ill I thought she'd have died. So I'm obliged to keep very quiet at home."

This is a divergence; but his not coming has riled me, and I can't help noting down how often Groppin has failed me, and I can't help noting down how often Groppin has failed me, and I can't help noting down how often Groppin has failed me, and I can't help noting down how often Groppin has failed me, and I can't help noting down her of Groppin. She will wenture out in slippery weather, and down she comes: very near a fracture, and more anxiety to Groppin. She will sit up late, and be very unwell next day; she will go to the Bank by herself, and come "a nasty one" into the mud, off the lowest step of an omnibus, the conductor of which has mounted his perch, sung out "All right behind!" and the public conveyance gone on at a trot. Concussion: more anxiety to Groppin. She vill there are anxiety to Groppin. She visats her Solicitor's, and is summoned by a cabman, and Groppin has to go with her to a police-court. And, above everything, she has one great dread in

youthful flesh is heir to?"

"There's the danger," returns GLOPPIN. "She's all right now, but, should she get into her second childhood, what, medically, is there against her having her first childhood's illnesses, overdue, as it were, and with accumulated interest, eh?"

I confess his reasoning seems correct, though, somehow, not quite right somewhere. There's a flaw in the premisses.

Happy Thought (in Note-Book).—Several floors on the premises. (Work this out, and make it into some story about Sheridan and his son having an argument in a lodging-house.)

The long and short of all this is, that GLOPPIN doesn't come.

My Aunt is nervously afraid that GLOPPIN's Grandmother is ill again, and observes that she (my Aunt) would rather not go out in the trap with the new cob.

Happy Thought.—I'll drive over to Taote, the vut's, and ask him what his opinion is.

My man, Murale, the Groom-Gardener (which sounds something

him what his opinion is.

My man, Munell, the Groom-Gardener (which sounds something about as uncertain as a horse-marine), makes a great fuss with preparations. I hear him "way-ing" and "wos-ing" and "comeovering" and pishing and blowing, until, finding he is a long time, I enter the stable, and see him having a fight with the cob, which objects to the collar being put over its head.

Munelle is going at the animal, as if harnessing him were a labour for Herosting.



MANNERS!

- "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ESGAGING YOU FOR THE NEXT VALUE!"
- "ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S YOUR NAME!"
- "MY NAME? OH-BE-LORD ALGERNON PLANTAGENET MONTGOMERY DE-
- "O, BOTHER! WHAT A LOT!"

He has got the collar as far as the cob's eyes, where it sticks, and makes the poor creature wild.

MURGLE has got all the rest of the harness on first, and the cob seems to me to show ominous signs of impatience about the tail.

"Can't you manage it?" I ask MURGLE. I know I can't help him.

"Ar'll do it afore arve done with him," says MURGLE, with cheerful determination.

cheerful determination.

It is now a contest. The Horse won't give in, nor will MURGLE. I am on the point of saying, "Well, it's no good keeping a horse that you can't harness under an hour and a half,"—by which I really mean "it's no good keeping a man who knows nothing about horses,"—when the stable-yard gate opens, and a small, thick-set, shambling man, in an ostler's dress, enters. He has come from Jarvis's. He sets matters right in a second. He is only two-thirds of Munoste's height, but he manages the cob's head perfectly. The collar seems suddenly to have become india-rubber in his hands, and fits the cob's head and neck to a nicety.

Then he looks at the harness. Muncus hes buckled up the course.

Then he looks at the harness. Mungue has buckled up the crupper so tightly that it's a wonder the horse hasn't kicked the stable to pieces. I had noticed something wrong about his fail.

MUNGUE tries to induce the horse to accept the bit at his hands. The horse won't; resolutely. In fact, he won't have it; not a bit. The Oatler says simply, "'Ere, give it me!" He has the most evident contempt for MUNGUE.

Happy Thought .- To get little Ostler to give MURGLE lessons in

harnessing.

"He knows me," says the Ostler, alluding to the horse.

"O course he does, Dick," answers Murgell, eveing me doubtfully, to see if I accept this as an excuse for his not being able to do anything with the animal. I don't.

The Ostler, having harnessed him and put him in the trap, says as "Mr. Jarvis wished him to come with me."

I feel it is but just, that Jarvis should be represented at the trial. I accept; and we—Myself and the Ostler—are to start.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD MARTYR.

DEAR ME. PUNCH,

THERE will be a great deal of war-paint going round soon, in the shape of titles, honours, and decorations, official rewards for "killing, slaying, and burning." Will you give a decoration to the little motherless girl of ten, Louisa Row, who "undertook the cooking" for her father, "a labourer," and his family, and died in the execution of her duty?

She has not killed anyone, black or white, except herself; she has not burned anyone's huts, or anyono's villages—she has only burned herself. She will get no glory, unless you, with a stroke of your pen, will put one little star of honour upon her unknown grave.

The Authorn of "Olive Varcoe."

THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVE VARCOE."

Will our Correspondent accept this inscription for her poor little martyr's tombstone?

Duty's small Servant, without prize or praise, How soon on thy hard life hath death come down! Take this brief record of thy childish days— Gold, tried with fire, makes the best Martyr's Crown.

"" A painful death by burning has happened at Torquay.
Louisa Row, aged ten, lest her mother a few weeks ago, and
undertook the cooking for her father, a labourer, and the rest of
the family. She had well performed the duties devolving upon
her since her mother's death, until one day she went too near
the grate, her freck was ignited, and she was terribly burned.
The poor child lived several days after the accident. At the
inquest, a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned."

A Boon to the Million.

Tax A to give to B, C, D, Untaxed Sugar; ditto tea. That's your Breakfast Table Free: Fairer what demand can be?

A Common Complaint.

UNTIL he read that reference was made to its p valence in the veterinary report, at the recent Monthly Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, SLOPERTON acknowledges that he did not know what "Quarter Evil" really was. His idea had always been that it was really was.

PONTIFICAL PLEASANTRIES.

LIKE his predecessor, GREGORY, the first of that name, who made pure which are historical, the present Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, is well known to be fond of his joke. He lately deigned to make one which has some the round of the papers. In a familiar allocution spoken to CARDINAL TARQUINI, His Holiness addressed that "Prince of the Church" as:—

"Tarquinis atavis edife regibus."

May this pleasantry be said to be POPE PIUS's last? Probably not. A recent telegram from Italy announces that:

"SANO, the Japanese Minister, had an audience of the POPE yesterday fore leaving Rome. His Holiness recommended to him the interests of the before leaving Rome, Catholics in Japan."

There is every reason to believe that the venerable Pontiff added, And We cannot but say that—Orandum est ut sit mens sana in processing."

Which words, if applied to Sano by the Head of the Latin Church, Sano, not knowing Latin Grammar, most likely took for the Apostolical benediction; the thought of having received which may be no small comfort to him.

Letting Loose an Irish Gentleman.

WE read in a list of the Vice-Regal Household, of "one Gentleman at large." If there is only one Gentleman at large, even in the seat of Vice-Royalty, what must be the state of private households in Ireland! How can Home Rule ever be possible in a country where restraint, even of Gentlemen, is so habitual that the appearance of so much as one at large in Dublin Castle, is thought worthy of mention in the newspapers!



DE MORTUIS.

Sympathetic Young Mother. "A' WUNNER TE COULD DE SAE CRUBL AS TAB KILL THAT BORNIE WEE CAUP!"

Practical Butcher. "Weel, TE SEE, YE'LL NO EAT THEM LEEVIN'!"

NEW BOOKS.

A Book has been published with the vague title How to Economise like a Lady. Like what Lady? Name! Another good title. The Great Ice Age. Clearly a good opportunity for an advertisement for Mn. GUNTER. Hints for Young Huntsmen. (Bound, or in a Paper Cover.) What would a real huntsman care about a paper covert, unless the hints are simply for boys engaged in a paper-chase.

Broken Bonds. By HAWLEY SMARE. Have not read this, but suppose it must be something about the late Claimant swindle.

The Two Pets.

Miss Criza when she takes the air
In Hyde Park, you may meet her there,
A pug-dog, fat and panting, carries:
A lucky dog, you'll say, and yet
Miss Criza, ten to one I bet,
Will drop the pug-dog when she marries.

Snow and Antiquity.

THE Romans thought precious little of the Snow. They spoke of it as Niz. VIRGIL, who hated cold, wrote plaintively to his friend TIBULBULUS, "Niz mi dolor," "Snow is really a grief to me;" and this line was subsequently adopted by the celebrated DUNTAKUS KANTON, the great comic singer of his day, and formed into a popular Roman chorus, since rendered into English as "Niz my dolly." The above information may be relied on.

Towering Loyalty.

The Special Reporter of the Daily Telegraph records the following expression of loyalty at the late meet of the Queen's Stag-hounds, attended by Hen Majisty and the Duchess of Edinburgh:—

"A squat church tower lifted itself above a cluster of houses."

-What Quaker could keep his hat on after that?

AIMÉE DESCLÉE.

BORN 1837. DIED MARCH, 1874.

"AIMÉE:" sweet name! Ere she who bere it died On the steep steps that scale the House of Fame, Critical Paris, in her cynic pride, Had turned to truth the omen of the name.

For Paris loved her: gave her all the heart She has to lend to those whom she loves best. Nor Paris only: this, our busy mart, Gave her the love less readily profest.

Hers the High Art, that keeps Truth's lowly way, A way that asks patience and pride to tread, Biding sore travel many a dusty day, Staying a high heart, oft, on bitter bread:

Seeing adventurers by other roads,
Shoot, swift, to loud-voiced name and public stare,
Learning to steel heart to Ambition's goads,
From Siren songs of praise the ear forbear.

Such was the life she lived for many a year
Of little-valued, less-rewarded, toil,
Till when Fame's trump rang for her, sweet and clear,
Her car was dulled by weary wait and coil.

Then came a space of summer, all too brief,
With fruit of Art, and swift-sprung flowers of fame,
What skill so touched the truths of joy and grief,
So waked the theatre to loud acclaim!

But too late came that harvest of her pains,
The roots of Death had struck deep in her heart;
And what cares Death for glory or for gains,
Guerdon of that short life, so spent for Art.

And she was dying, with the pitiless cry Of box and pit and gallery, in her car, "Give us thy life, but act, and, after, die; It is to live with thy life we are here."

Thou art at rest, Poor Armée! bravelier none, Or less complaining, bowed to Heaven's dark doem; More modestly and meekly no'er was one Bore late-earned honours to an early tomb.

Cruelty to Men and Animals.

HERE'S COMMODORE HEWETT so demoralised by the atmosphere of carnage breathed at Commassie, that he does not soruple to avow his hope soon "to dispatch Victor Emmanuel, and all the more serious fever and dysentery cases." This is really as bad as NAPOLISON and the Jaffa plague-patients! Then, again, what will the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals say to a "Dromedary taking thirty-nine invalids to St. Vincent"?

Loyal and Managerial.

"I'm do something to attract the Public," said the Manager of a London Theatre which had not been doing very well lately, "I'll do something, and that too on the Dvoruss of Edinburgh's processional day. If I can't draw, hang it, I can illuminate."

He did. It attracted crowds—outside.

BAL-CONIC SECTIONS.

PROTESTING against the flimsy creetions raised to accommodate spectators on the entry of the Duchies of Rdinsulion, a Correspondent of the Times observes that "Pasteboard balconies are a standing danger." A falling one, we should have rather thought.

MYSTERY AND MUSIC.

THE art of musical composition is certainly a wonderful art, and the art of musical criti-cism is an art which is still more wonderful. To people unacquainted with the mysteries of musical slangography, phrases such as "resolution of a discord," "contrapuntal progress," or "intrusion of the dominate" nant," convey about as much as the inscriptions in Chinese on rare old Nankin vases. Even Nankin vases. Even when more ordinary language is employed, it is often vastly difficult to ferret out its meaning. Here, for instance, is a sentence lately published on a piece of music by MOZABE .--

"The lovely undulating movement of the melody bears witness to the ex-tremely happy mood of the great Master."

We really have no notion what constitutes in music an undulating movement; nor does the epithet of "lovely" in any way enlighten us. Movements which are undulating are by no means always lovely; for instance, Dr. Johnson used to undulate, or roll himself about, but his movements, we are told, were decidedly ungainly. The rolling of a steamboat is another not uncommon kind of not uncommon kind of undulating movement, and one by no means likely to excite a happy mood in a musician. If Megart had ever suf-Mozair had ever suf-fered from a movement of this sort, it is pro-bable that the melody suggested to his mind would have been a sadly mournful and by no means extremely happy one.

Brighton and Rome.

THE Post announces that Brighton is just now particularly full; the Aquarium continuing to be a great attraction. The Aquarium at Brighton, which is full of fishes, may be compared to that ecclesisatical confederacy which calls its Chief "the Fisherman," and, moreover, as Ultramontanism everywhere THE Post announces and, moreover, as Utra-montanism everywhere constitutes an imperium in imperio, so does the Brighton Aquarium form a watering-place within a watering-place.

A CANNIBAL AT LARGE.



The Young Lady in high life, who was declared last week to have "devoured her little Baby Boy with kisses," has, at the present hour of writing, as we hear, not been arrested for this hideous act of cannibalism. But there are full-grown babies, such as the one in his own prime cut, whom even Mr. Punch would like to devour—with kisses! (O you naughty old Punchy-wunchy!)

SONGS FOR SPRING.

Nothing, we are told, succeeds like success: so we can hardly be surprised that the success of the new songs, "There Sits a Bird on yonder Tree," and "A Bird Sang in a Hawtkorn Tree," is likely to bring forth a number of successors. Among them, a little bird informs us, we may include the following,—"There Hops a Tomtit on an Old Plum-tree," "A Jackdaw Cawed on a Mindstoe Bough," and "There Twits a Sacallow on a tall Chimnes: "all of which will, doubtless, well deserve whatever popularity they may fortunately expenses the same of the same fortunately the same fortunately expenses."

Secallose on a tall Chimnes:" all of which will, doubtless, well deserve whatever popularity they may fortunately get.

Indeed, now Spring-time is at hand, it is likely that the music-shops will toem with songs on subjects founded upon natural history. For instance, we may look for "The Grasshopper Chirps in the New-moven Hay," "See the Cheerful Earwig Stirring," will admit; but, perhaps, or "Hark the Gay Cornerake amid the Green Corn:" and a hundred other jovial at the present moment, and seasonable songs. Moreover, singers of a sentimental turn may find a mournful melody in ditties such as these, "The Blackbird Eats the Early Worm," "Theas a Hairy Caterpillar on a red, red Rose," and, finally, a song to be warbled with deep pathos, "The Snail Consumes my Cabbage Succet!"

LONDON'S PRIDE.

CERTAIN well-known public objects in our leading thoroughfares are understood to have affected the Duchmes or affected the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH on the day of the Royal March in a most remarkable man-ner. The pedestals and columns, with their con-tents, in Waterloo Place and Cockspur Street wrought in Her Royal Highness a sensation to which she had hitherto been a stranger; but which she had hitherto been a stranger; but when she beheld the equestrian and martial effigies that Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square had to-reveal, her feelings knew no bounds. She begged the Duke to procure her photographs of all the beautiful works of Art she had seen that day —a commission which he assured her there would not be the slightest difficulty in executing. Our only regret is that Hyde Park Corner and Constitution Hill were not also in the line were not also in the line of the procession; but, perhaps, it was as well to leave one or two of our most striking memorials for Her Royal Highness's inspection on some future occasion.

Physic for Coffee.

KING COFFEE CAL-CALLI having transmitted to SIR GARNET WOLSELEY one thousand ounces of gold as an instalment of the indem-nity which he had agreed nity which he had agreed to pay, Sir Garret, we are told, "sent him a rough draught of the Treaty to consider at his leisure." His Ashance Majesty no doubt found this draught disagree-ably bitter. It is to be hoped that he has now been sufficiently well physicked to prevent him from over commit-ting any excess again ting any excess again which will make him have to swallow another.

Ancient and Modern.

A PAPER on "The Retreat of the Ten Thou-sand" has lately been and at one of our

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



7.50 with just the requisite touch

with just the requisite touch of discord to avert the inspirity thrown in by those masters of the inharmonious, the Dune of Somenser and Earl Grey. The Duke was in fine candid condition. He has seldom infused more caustic in his water from the well of truth, and the Earl's ditto to my Lord Duke was very cordial. Their disagreeable truths were highly appreciated, particularly by the friends of the late Administration. My Lord Selbonne's mild wisdom, administered as an anodyne, fell just a little flat. Perhaps the natural connection of White with the Natural History of Selborne may account for the respectful, if not responsive, reception of Lord Selborne way at white-washing.

the Natural History of Selborne may account for the respectful, if not responsive, reception of Lord Sillourie's easily at white-washing.

In the Commons there prevailed the same unwonted determination of everybody to agree with everybody, but without so much as a Somerset or a Grey to trail an untrodden coat through the fair, and flourish a superfluous shillelagh. Even ROBBUCK was at rest, and gored nobody. It is true that Mr. M'CULLAER TORRENS was delivered of an Amendment on the Address, but only to stifle his own child shortly after birth. And those admirable duellists—"duettists" for once—Mr. GLADSTONE (and let Mr. Punch, en passant, congratulate the Party and the Public on his first set of leadership) and Mr. DISRAELI, executed a harmonious movement in common measure—to the air, "let bygones be bygones"—with just enough piquancy in the Gladstonian touch of self-justification, and of smartness in the Disraelian rejoinder, introduced in their respective solo passages, to take off the effect of flatness and fulsomeness. Yes—on the stage of St. Stephen's, as on any other stage, when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful!

But, after all, how quarrel over an Address made up of points so safe as European Peace, Royal Marriage, and Ashantee Defeat, or so sad as the Indian Famine: crowned by promises so modest hs—

much wanted—practical improve-ments, in fact, of a real importance bearing no proportion to the show

ments, in fact, of a real importance bearing no proportion to the show they make upon paper.

This unpretending and inoffensive Address, out of which all the ingenuity of a Home-Ruler could not pick matter for a quarrel, was moved in the Lords, by two débutants, the Mangure of Lothian and Earl of Cadean.

Both acquitted themselves creditably, and were duly patted on the back by the soft palm of Granville, and the zougher list of Denny.

In the Commons, the same function was fulfilled, with a touch of quite unusual life and effect, by Sir W. STIRLING MAXWELL—a veteran doing recruits' work—who made a good point of Gladstone's tumble into the pit digged by him for his enemy, and waxed, more Scotorum, eloquent over the Black Watch, and their conduct ir. Ashantee-land, and in Ditto to Keir was duly intoned out of the Callender in which landsector has attached her imputation.

AR. MCULLAGH TORRENS - Tor-MR. M'CULLAGH TORRESS — Tor-rentum mellifluentissimus — could only advise, by way of Amendment, a stronger touch or two in the sentence of the Address devoted to Indian Famine; but, on being appealed to by the Leaders on both sides, not to interrupt the harmony of the evening, withdrew his suggestion—

"And all went merry as a marriage-bell,"

till, on Friday, Mr. Burr moved his Home-Rule Amendment, "That Ireland is dissatisfied: complains that she does not enjoy the full benefit of the British Constitution and laws; and that Parliament would do well to consider Ireland's dissatisfaction."

Parliament for the greent de-

consider Ireland's dissatisfaction."

Parliament, for the present, declines; by the mouth of Mr. Chaplin, Country Squire (who lays Irish disloyatty st. Mr. GLADSTONE'S door, alongside the Irish Church and Land Acts); Mr. Newdegate, Member for Protestantism (who looks on the Irish as England's Intransigates, and takes the opportunity of cushioning off Mr. But into Mr. Gladstone, or resigning without a votal. and takes the opportunity of cushioning off Mr. Buyr into Mr. Gladestone, for resigning without a vote); and Mr. Gladestone, who administered a quiet, but heavy, back-hander to Squier Chaffin, and Protestant Newdestars, and then proceeded to demolish Burr, like a master of the art. With a few well-planted blows of the Gladstonian hammer, his hoops were knocked off, his staves set gaping, his seams leaking,—in a word, the Burr ceased to hold water. "What are 'exclusively' Irish affairs?" asked Mr. Gladstones. "The Fenian prisoners? Are our Irish friends, when invosted with exclusive control of their own affairs in Dublin, to come over here, and meddle with masters exclusively English and Scottish?" Or are we to have four Parliaments—one Imperial, one Local English, ditto Irish, ditto Scotch?

"As for the charge of confiscating Irish Church property (Charlin)—

1. Simplification of Land-Laws—a bold enough promise, however, as far as probabilities of success go, even with Carnwe in office and Sklholner out to help him.

2. Extension to Ireland of the Judicial re-arrangements and administrative fusion of Law and Equity, already enacted for England.

3. A Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Master and Servant's Act, and the Criminal Offences Act of last Session.

4. A Sop in the Pot: Reform of the proved injustices of the Liquor Law.

5. Amendment of the Law as to Friendly and Provident Societies.

Not one "blazing" or heroic undertaking among the five; but all sufficiently difficult, and very



THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

Magistrate. "YOU SAY, PRISONER, YOU'VE A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE CON-STABLE. WHAT IS IT!

Prisoner. "PLEASE, SIB, HE TOOK ME UNAWARES, SIE!"

claim of the minority? As for confiscating the Land, how comes it that, since the passing of the Irish Land Act, the market value of Irish estates has risen? And how came Conservatives to vote with Liberals on its Second Reading, 442 Ayes to 11 Noes?

LORD R. MOSTAGU wanted to know why, if the Colonies had their Parliaments, Ireland should not have hers? Sir Robert has one qualification for an Irish Member, he does not feel a non sequitur.

Probably he will pooh-pooh such answers as,—First, that Ireland is not a Colony; secondly, that the Colonies are not represented, as Ireland is, in the Imperial Parliament.

CAPTAIN NOLAN, Galway County, Home-Ruler, disclaims for his friends any wish for separation. He thinks the Coercion Laws press hard on farmers, who can't carry fire-arms for the protection of their crops (but when it becomes a question between rooks and landlords, CAPTAIN NOLAN?).

ME. W. JOHNSTON (Belfast) protests against any further attempt to conciliate a party which can never be conciliated with safety to the British Empire, and honour to the British Crown. Home-Rule means Rome Rule. Though "National" papers might exult over everything that injured England, even over the prospect of disaster to British arms in Ashantee, forgetting that Siz Garner WOLSELEY was an Irishman, Ulster would always resist the dismemberment of

WOLSELY was an Frankan, Used to the Empire.

Mr. Mitchell Henry was all for conciliating. Home-Rule does not mean rebellion. It is rebellion's remedy. Ireland is losing population; and if she is increasing her bankers' deposits, it is because she is afraid to use her money.

Six M. Hicks Brach (Secretary for Ireland) rejoiced to find all Home-Rulers agreed on one point, that Home-Rule does not mean separation from the Empire.

That what does it mean? There 's the rub.

to the Acts in question. They do not interfere with law-abiding citizens; but they do keep quiet those who would otherwise be a terror to their fellow-subjects."

Bound sense, SIR MICHARL, simply spoken.

And so is what followed in your rejoinder to Mr.

BUTT. "Local wants might with advantage be dealt with
by local tribunals—but not only in Ireland—in England
and Scotland as well. This is Home-Rule of Home
matters not for Ireland, but for all parts of the Empire."

But then it would rob Mr. Butt of his cry, and Mr.

SULLIVAN made a slashing maiden speech, with
a good deal of fire and fun, to prove that the Coercion
Acts are not wanted in Ireland—which Mr. SULLIVAN
does not for a moment believe—and wound up with a
peroration of Irish brilliancy, if of Irish blarney too.

"He looked forward to a brighter and happing future, and

"He looked forward to a brighter and happier future, not only for his own country, but for England. They were tired of hatred, and would be glad to have a spell of love. If the Irish had hated, it was because the English in their place would have hated too; if they had been angered, it was because the English, under the same goad, would have been similarly roused. They were there to fight with Constitutional weapons; to meet friendlines with friendliness, not to be received with taunts, er, if they were, they could bear them with the equanimity of a party that felt they had the power in their hands."

Delightful, if true, Mr. Sullivan! The House divided, 315 against 50 for Mr. Burr's Amendment.

Amendment.

The first thing the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had to do—and more power to him!—was to move for a Bill, giving authority to the Secretary of State for India to raise money here for relief of the famine yonder; and on Friday LORD G. HAMILTON, in the Commons, brought in the Bill. Both the Manquis of Salisbury and his Under-Secretary described the magnitude of the calamity, the measures taken, defended LORD NORTH-SECON'S non-interference with exports, admitted there had been some delay in the organisation of transport, but believed that all deficiencies were now being supplied, and that not only the Governor-General, but every Indian official, from highest to lowest, was bending his utmost energies to the performance of his duty at this terrible crisis. this terrible crisis.

his utmost energies to the performance of his duty at this terrible crisis.

The loan would be raised without an English guarantee, and though it is hoped that only four millions and a half will be needed for famine outlay, ten millions will be raised so as to leave more than the widest margin between hopes and fears. Roads and Irrigation Works are the best securities against famine, and these will be forwarded with the utmost energy.

As soon after the close of the financial year as possible will come the Battle of the Budget!

There ought to be no lack of spirit in our Essence then. Given five million surplus. Required, to keep the flies from the sugar! (See our Initial.)

The Royal Commission on the laws relating to Employers and Employed, includes the weighty names of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Winnarekien (translation into Peerish of Colonel Wilson Patten), Mr. Bouverie (the candid friend), the Recorder of Lordon, Sur Montague Smith (of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.) Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Goldner (M.P.'s SIR MONTAGUE SMITH (of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,) Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Goldney (M.P.'s for Sheffield and Chippenham), Mr. Macdonald, M.P. for Stafford (Working-man's Representative), and Mr. T. Hughes (Working-man's "parent, guide, philosopher, and friend"). This is surely a Committee of whose composition no reasonable man, working or other, can complain, though Mr. G. Potter does denounce Messus. Macdonald and Hughes as "traitors to the cause of the Working-man." That is only "pretty Potter's way."

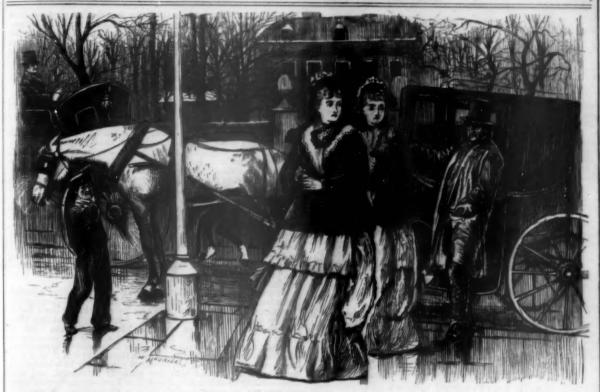
Chief Justice Cockhilder has written to inform the

SER M. HICKS BRACH (Secretary for Ireland) rejoiced to find all Home-Rulers agreed on one point, that Home-Rule does not mean separation from the Empire. But what does it mean? There's the rub.

"For the Priesthood Home-Rule means denominational education, supported by grants of money; for the Farmers Home-Rule means denominational education, supported by grants of money; for the Farmers Home-Rule means purchase of Irish Railways: higher salaries of national schoolmasters: hardly a wish in Ireland but has been included under 'Home-Rule.' If Ireland is to be self-governing and self-taxing, with power over her Customs and Racise, that is a dismemberment of the United Kingdom. To any such interpretation of Home-Rule means the this country could for a moment consent."

As for the Coercion Acts Mr. Burr has admitted

"that the state of Ireland is at present exceptionally peaceful and quiet, owing mainly in the state of Ireland is at present exceptionally peaceful and quiet, owing mainly in the state of Ireland is at present exceptionally peaceful and quiet, owing mainly in the state of Ireland is at present exceptionally peaceful and quiet, owing mainly in the privileges of as big an—well, let us say "individual"—as Mr. Whalley.



BITTER.

Discontented Cabby (to Ladies, who, wishing to get rid of their small change, have tendered him one fourpenny piece, two threepenny ditto, ne penny, one halfpenny, and two furthings—the sum total amounting to his proper fare). "Well! 'ON LONG MIGHT YER BOTH A' BEEN A SAVIN' UP FOR THIS LITTLE TREAT?"

OYSTERS, SIR!

(A Song of Other Days. By Our City Remembrancer.)

THERE was a song called "Oysters, Sir!" which our fair young

ladies sung Long time ago, Mr. Alderman, in the days when you were young; For Oysters, Sir, were such common things they were cried about the street, Cheap food which the London populace could afford the means to eat.

Ah, those were the good old coaching days, these railway times before.

Oysters here, there, and everywhere there were no trains then that bore.

And then a dozen of Oysters, Sir, you know, and a pint of stout, For supper or lunch were thought to be a reasonable blow-out.

Oysters, Sir, native Oysters cost five shillings a barrel, then;
But Oysters, Sir,—why, of Oysters, Sir, a barrel is now twice ten.
And a dozen amount to half-a-crown as across the counter sold.
Why 'tis eating money is Oysters, Sir! Why 'tis almost eating gold!

Oysters, Sir, yes, and beef, Sir, of both you could once partake
At small expense, when your Oyster-sause was companion to your
rump-steak,
But your beef, Sir, now, and your Oysters, Sir, together so dear
have grown,
They were to a williamning will be largely and

They soon, except to a millionnaire, will be luxuries quite un-known.

You hear much talk of the People's rise in the mental and moral

But the rise in the People's Oysters, Sir, is a fact we must all bewail.

Our wonderful Railway-extension, too, is your eloquent speaker's

theme; But the wonders of high-priced Oysters, Sir, must be counted with those of steam !

A Useful Fellow.

"Valet, Footman, or Attendant. Insane or otherwise. Good experience. Shooting and Hunting. Address, &c."

This young man is a pattern to all his fraternity. He is the very soul of accommodation. He can be "insane or otherwise." We should prefer him "otherwise"; but it is useless for us to think of negotiating for his services. He names "shooting and hunting," and we could not offer him both.

French Homosopathy.

IMPERIAL France went mad, and rushed into war with Germany. The Bonapartist Demonstration at Chiselhurst is given out as fore-tokening the restoration of the Empire. This will be taking more than "a hair of the dog that bit you,"—taking his hoir, in the person of Prince Louis.

The Latest Musical.

LAST Thursday a brilliant and crowded audience gave a cheery welcome to Ma. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S new Oratorio, The Light of the World. It is sufficient for Punck to quote the Laureate, and say, " Our ARTHUR kept his best until the last."

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

I. R. B. writes from Aldershot, d propos of our last week's Cartoon, to know where the Rifleman is? He himself suggests the answer—' Under cover' of course. . . . Or so far in the front as to be invisible from our artist's point of view.

NO CONTRIBUTIONS RETURNED.

From our Waste-naper Basket.



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

By our new and specially engaged Sporting Correspondent, whose signature is appended.

Unboustedly, Sir, I am going to supply a want—a want really felt by the majority of your readers. The void thus hinted at is "Sporting News" generally, and no better opportunity could have occurred for starting this idea than the great annual inter-University water

There is a tide in the affairs of man which, if taken at Putney ridge, there or thereabouts, and at the right moment, will land you at Mortlake.

From this incidental quotation you will see that I know all about it, and can be at once poetic, prosaic, romantical, and matter-of-factical, but always sporting.

For a long time, it is true, you had nothing for me to do—which lends itself to a rhyme—

For a time, it is true, I had nothing to do-

(You see my facility for this sort of thing, produced, I assure you, without the slightest study, and warranted genuins—no connection with anyone who has said it before) and I was always trying to impress the value of my services on the Common-sense Department at Mr. Punch's head-quarters.

I reminded the authorities that when these pages were adorned by the writings of the Great "Fat Contributor," you still had room for "A Spare Man."

I am that Spare Man.

The spare man in the ware when

The spare man in the spare place. I am only a few inches round the waist, and my average weight is under eleven stone. The Examination I passed at your Office, to prove myself qualified, did prove it, and on the replies to such questions as to

Which is the Stroke?

Which is the Bow Does Bow ever pull Stroke, and vice versit?

I say, in answering these, I came off triumphantly.

The advantage which my size and figure give me over all other Sporting Correspondents, is marvellous, and my expertness (some stupid may say that he only knew of my "pertness" without the "ex,"—let him!) in swimming, driving, riding, and my long experience across the Pampas of South America, render me hardy, nervous, dexterous, and untrappable.

So wishing to give my readers the very best possible information

with regard to the coming race, in order that they may not put their money-bags on the wrong horse, I made an appointment with a trust-worthy spy (a "creature" of mine), and conveniently posted myself in order to receive an answer by return. It isn't often that a man is able to post himself, but I did, and what is more, did not get into the wrong box.

the wrong best.

From information I received, I went down to Chiswick.

When at Chiswick, somebody in reply to a very simple question on my part, said to me rather roughly, "Oh! go to Putney!"

And so taking the hint, as, at all events, well intentioned, I went. Do you know the Rushes on the bank? I don't mean the "Ugly Rushes, which event when the crowd is in motion, but the pretty rushes, the rushes which "green grow, 0," and so forth?

Well, that was my hiding-place. I don't mind saying so now that all is past—I mean the boats have passed, and my report is finished. I was at first surprised to find that there were twelve people in the eight-cared boat, but I subsequently discovered that I'd been watching a scratch crew from London. Very unfair to come out twelve to eight, but owing to my whispered instructions to the Coxen (I mean the steerer, but he is called the Coxen) the Oxford men were able to hold their own.

The Oxford Crew has improved every day, and I really am inclined

The Oxford Crew has improved every day, and I really am inclined to think that unless anything should happen of sufficient importance to upset the calculations into which I carefully entered on this day, Oxford may be very safely backed. What I say is, put the pot on. (Given from the Rushes, Monday evening, 23rd March.)

Tucsday, 24.—Take the pot off again. The state of the betting yesterday as regards Oxford, was certainly "Polly put the kettle on," but to-day the next line comes in and mays, "Polly take it off again."

on," but to-day the next line comes in and mys, "Polly take it off again."

Of course I would never let any private friendly feeling interfere with business, but the Coxen of the Cambridge boat has some of the best cigars I 've ever smoked. Where he gets them I don't know, but he has promised me a case full. I dined early, and (not being in training) freely, mixing my little extra go of Thomas Toddy in order to keep the cold out. Having taken all that was necessary as a preservation from drowning—(I always do this when I 'm going near the water, because prevention is better than cure; and if they give any number of glasses of hot brandy to a man after he's hauled out half drowned, why not take that quantity beforehand, and thus ensure safety by anticipation?)—well, as I was saying, having taken all that was necessary, I sallied forth to see the crew. It was with great difficulty that I did see the crew—I suppose on account of the fog, or mist, on the river. When, however, I caught a glimpse of them, it seemed to me that there were sixteen men in each boat—a strain which I am sure the tight little craft could not bear. If they must have spare men (like myself), why take 'em out in the same boat, and at the same time?

They seemed, too (and I speak impartially of both crews, and partially, also, from notes made on the spot, and from recollection), to be rowing very unsteadily. They were swaying about, and their cars going in anyhow.

to be rowing very unsteadily. They were swaying about, and their oars going in anyhow.

From the bank I remonstrated with them, and explained, with my umbrella, in pantomime, "how it's done."

I suppose my energy led me to make a false step, as I have been subsequently informed that I was dragged out of the water by two amiable bargees (whom, at all events, I have had to pay handsomely for the service), brought home, and put to bed. It is most fortunate I was not drowned; but that I attribute entirely to my having so closely observed a distinguishing portion of the Humane Society's rules about the treatment of drowning persons in regard to liquor, as mentioned above. as mentioned above.

Thinking it over so far, I say, have no hesitation. Put the pot. Cambridge does the trick. S. M.

on. Cambridge does the trick.

Wednesday Morning.—(Latest Intelligence.)—As you publish to-day, of course I can only go up to the last moment. I saw 'em this morning. (The Oxford Coxen has got some good eigars, too, by the way. But I never allow personal friendship to prejudice business.) Take the pot off again, and hold on.

My offer of a double crew by way of a trial trip was accepted. I wanted to arrive at what exactly were the odds. Evidently, if I could get three eights all at once to row either University orew, it would be easily arrived at. If eight men in one boat can beat twenty-four men in three boats, what's the odds? But I needn't go into this simple question of the very a b c of Arithmetic, and x y z of Algebra.

Algebra.

If my crews hadn't behaved like idiots, coming down there merely to dine with me, and going back by train, I should have been able to tell my readers something this morning (in confidence), which would have made a fortune for the gent wot runs and reads between the lines. By the way, reading between the lines is a very dangerous amusement: I don't advise anyone to try it with a Magasine, or a Newspaper, in his hands, at Clapham Junction.

But there can hardly be a question as to the results, any more than there can be as to a little bit of private Sporting Intelligence which

I will give you next week, and which, if acted upon, will make cent, per cent. for the clever people, and put the knowing ones in the cart. I can imagine a knowing one, who must be uncommonly sorry now, that he ever let himself be put into a carte; meaning Me. Jean Luie. But, there, we've had quite enough of that.

But, there, we've had quite enough of that.

I was told by a Trainer that I ought to have seen the Cambridge Crew in their swing. I replied that I really did not care about witnessing their childish amusements in recreation time, but wished only to consider them in their business hours. The idea of these athletes in a swing!—absurd. He smiled. I smiled. I mention this

athletes in a swing!—absurd. He smiled. I smiled. I mention this to show how not for one minute would I depart from my professional duties to you, to my readers, and to my country.

My final vaccination (as Mrs. Ramsbotham would have said), without prejudice, or wishing to hurt the feelings of either party (including the Lord Mayor, who has not asked me to dine, but no matter)—I say my final vaticination, put into a perfectly unobjectionable, though questionable form, is this:—

Which Crow rows dark?

The evident answer to this, the intelligent Thinkist will see at a glance, and will spot as

THE WINNER

mentioned, and backed, down to a tenpenny nail, by

THE SPARE MAN.

ALWAYS A DIFFICULTY.



wood-block writes to know whether the principal difficulty of the Datch in Sumatra is not like that of the wood en-grayer, "Cross'Atchin'."

A CRUEL SUGGESTION.

Or carrie King Coffes loomed large in the Address! Poor Calcally—his sufferings at the loss of his Umbrella would be bitterly aggravated if he could read the awful amount of imbecile jokes cracked on his head, by Mr. Punch's Correspondents.

We can imagine few more

We can imagine few more terrible punishments for his Ashantee Majesty, had he been captured in Coomassie, than to be pilloried and pelted with bad puns he has provoked!

We are inclined to think

that if the prospect of this fate were clearly impressed on the Ashantee monarch, it might restrain him from future aggressions, far more effectively than the Treaty

OUR LEADER ON THE EVENT OF THE WEEK.

Sprine has returned with scrupulous punctuality. The first flowers are emerging from the bosom of the earth in our front and back gardens, the first leaves are tinting landscape and lawn with their emeraldine hues. There is, in the absence of a searching wind, their emeraldine hues. There is, in the absence of a searching wind, and when it does not freeze or snow, a balmy breath in the air, which stirs the sap and the blood of the young, quickens the languid circulation of those who are advanced in life, and affects even middle-aged persons with an undefinable feeling of satisfaction.

The dark days of Winter are gone with the puntomime and the pudding of Yule-tide, the sun rises at 5.43 A.M., the gates of Kensington Gardens remain open until half-past six in the gradually learnthening experies experies.

Kensington Gardens remain open until half-past six in the gradually lengthening evenings.

Many notable anniversaries resur with sunshine, and the song of birds, and the aweet breath of violets, and delicate portions of reasted lambs. There is the day which law and long-established usage have for ages appropriated to pecuniary transactions between landlord and tenant; there is the day, the initiatory one of the coming month, from which the spread of refinement and the exertions of the London School Beard have not yet succeeded in banishing the generally harmless, but always irrational, practice of stultification; and there is that great annual festival, which the Calendar of the Church, the fiat of the Legislation, and the adaman-

tine traditions of countless generations, have all alike conspired to recognise as a welcome pause from toil and labour, industry and commerce, and all scholastic and official employments and duties.

commerce, and all scholastic and official employments and duties.

But, perhaps, no anniversary of all those which at this season we look for with the certainty of the morning post and the ovening paper, is marked with a stone of more alban whiteness, than the periodical orent which the sure footfall of time once more brings round to us, on the last day of this the last whole week in March; the event which is easerly discussed on the anow-capped summits of the frowning Himalayas, forms the subject of pecuniary wagers in the remote isolation of the falkland Islands, and brings Putney and Mortlake vividly before the eye of the lonely wanderer amid the blue lagoons of the far Facific—the University Boat-Rase.

The Boat-Rase! It is difficult to restrain within propose bounds.

the blue lagoons of the far Pacific—the University Boat-Race.

The Boat-Race! It is difficult to restrain within proper bounds the desire that instinctively arises when we are under the influence of the spell which these magic words awakens, to treat the subject in all its branching ramifications; it is wellnigh impossible even to glance at the many and diversified topics which the mere mention of this great annual aquatic struggle calls up in the breast of the most thoughtless and unreflecting person.

of this greet annual aquatic struggle calls up in the breast of the most thoughtless and unreflecting person.

We might transport our readers in imagination to the days when galley and trireme stoutly contended on the proud waters of the classic Ægean, and the pean was sung, and the ode of victory swelled up to the topmost Acroceranian peaks, in praise and honour of the paraley-crowned victors. We might trace back the history of our twin venerable Universities to the dawn of learning which broke on the night of the dark ages, and to the grand old scholars whose figures loom dimly amid the revival of letters. We might follow the course of the sinuous Thames, with all its memories and associations and locks, from its first sedgy cradle among the springs and spires of Gloucestershire, past peopled towns and walled cities, pleasant lawns and terraced gardens, past Hammersmith Bridge and Chiswick Byot, the Soap Works and the Oil Mills, Corney Reach and Craven Cottage, till it loses its bright entity in the embrace of the immeasurable sea. We might deplot the crowded highway, and describe the still more crowded railway; contrast the coroneted Peer, with his shield of many quarterings, whose ancestors fought at Cressy, whose progenitors fell at Poictiers, with the eager mechanic from Clerkenwell, or the sturdy bricklayer's assistant from the neighbourhood of Mile Rnd; and compare the grey-headed Incumbent, who has never failed, through twenty-two chequered years, to come up from his secluded parish in North Wilts, to gaze on the tumultuous scene, and touch once more the hands of old college companions, with the buoyant and boisterous youth still in the golden glow of a Freshman's happy inexperience.

We might, we say, enlarge on these and many other similar exercise themset and many from the

the golden glow of a Freshman's happy inexperience.

We might, we say, enlarge on these and many other similar tempting themes; and we tear ourselves reluctantly away from the lines of thought on which the mind is even now swiftly journeying, awakened by old memories and stirred by equally ancient associations, to offer a parting wish that the twenty-eighth instant may be fine and fair, unattended by snow, unaccompanied by ice; that tidal exigencies may not compel the contest to take place at 8 A.M.; that the LORD MAXOR may be persuaded to remain in office, should Oxford have the temerity to win; and, lastly, but certainly not leastly, that Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF EDIRBURGH—who, we are certain, will impartially wear both colours—may on Saturday be induced to pay the first of a long series of pleasant visits to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race.

SAVAGES AND SOLDIERS.

ASHANTI troops were no mean foes ASHANTI troops were no mean foes
For British warriors to oppose.
It seems they stoutly held their own
With smooth-bore guns, and slugs of stone,
What, if their weapons had, instead,
Been breech-oharged rifles, cartridge-fed?
And what if Science yield these arms,
Hereafter, to barbaric swarms?
This mote to trouble the mind's eye
May prove a big fact by-and-by;
Which to prevent we means must plan,
Or have to meet as best we can. Or have to meet as best we can,

"The Black Watch."

THE Black Watch will go night and day.

The Black Watch can be depended upon in any climate.

The Black Watch always keeps time.

The Black Watch is never out of gear.

The Black Watch wants no "winding up."

The Black Watch can be warranted for any period.



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Fascinating Widow. "Now, that we are alone, Mr. Silvertongue, and likely to remain Undisturbed for another Half-Hour or so, I have a very great Favour to ask of you!" Amaleur Vocalist. "Pray—pray do!"

Fascinating Widoic. "Will you, will you Sit down to the Piano, and Sing me Brethoven's "Adelaida" right through, whom beginning to end, first in German, then in Italian, and then in English! Will you, Mr. Silvertongue!"

[Much fattered, the gifted warbler comp'ics, and little dreams that the fair one's sole object in getting him to sing is to escape from the tedium of his conversation.

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO HER WARRIORS.

(Portsmouth, March 20th, 1874.)

FLING, Portsmouth, fling your bunting wide, from window, yard, and mast!

Cheer Training-ship and Flag-ship, as the homeward-bound steam

past!
From St. Vincent, and from Victory, and Wellington come well
These cheers that of warm welcome home from hard-fought battles tell.

What if it be but four months since we cheered you out of port? What if you're but a handful, though all of the right sort? What if your fees were niggers, your campaign as short as sharp? What if ribalds chaff King Coffee, and at Amoaful carp?

We have seen in that small compass of time, and fight and men, As good work done as e'er was done, or will be done again: As much head and heart in leaders, pluck and pith in rank and file, As ever won renown for deeds of grander seale and style.

You had to face worse formen than Ashantee's huge array, Whose slugs rained on you from the bush through which you fought

your way;
You had mightier kings to conquer, stronger cities to burn down,
Than COPPER, throned in blood and gold, and foul Coomassic town.

You had to face the Pestilence that lurks in brake and bush, Athwart Malaria's swamp-fenced force your reconnaissance push: King Fever and King Dysentery and King Death, their liege Lord, Withstood you on your landing, and followed you aboard.

'Twas Afric's clime you had to quell, and tame her soil of death, Strongholds of swamp to conquer where 'tis poison to draw breath,

Foes, these, that ask more pluck to face than armies black or white, Victories, these, which bring not the Gazette to crown the fight.

'Twas discipline as well as dash that carried you along, A gallant handful, white to black, tens to ten thousands strong; Thanks to a good head over you, and good hearts under him, The star of England's honour in your guard not once waxed dim!

With joy, we bid those home again we grieved to send away: All England swells the welcome which Portsmouth speaks to-

day; God bless you, gallant red-coats, and blue-jackets, one and all, Still ready to go anywhere, do aught, at Duty's call!

Old England's spirit is not dead. It is not like to die While over you bronzed faces the old flag flaunts the sky; And 'tis Old England's blood that speaks in warmth of heart and

hand, To welcome back her war-worn sons, once more, to England's strand!

A Reason-with a Difference.

Among the other "Claimants" determined on trying their chances of a grab at the surplus, are the Railway Directors, who are organising a movement to free them from the Duty on Passengers. There is one ground for the demand we have not yet seen stated, that the Directors have already freed themselves from most of their Duties to Passengers.

PUTTING IT SHORTER.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to suggest a shorter title for the widely-advertised "Gladstone Bag"—" the Sack!"



THE WINNING "STROKE."

PUBLICAN. "'OORAY! GLAD YOU'VE WON, SIR."

Dusy, "THANKS. I KNEW THOSE SLIDING SEATS WOULD UPSET 'EM!"

BLACKS AND BLACKAMOORS.



Greek meets Greek, then comes the tag of war"? The cast is precisely similar when "Black Watch" meets Niggers.

A NEW DETERGENT.

"Corservative Scap" is advertised, but we are in ignorance as to the matther in which it operates on the human frame. Most likely, there are instructions sold with each packet, showing its how as absorb our political epinions through the pures of the skin. Testimonals, too, we should expect to find enclosed in the wrapper—from Whigs of many years standing, stating that, after half-a-dozen applications, they found themselves quite ready to support the present Ministry; or from some uncompromising Hadical, announcing his complete purification from the last trace of his old opinions, a persevering washing. But one theelf. Take a man who is, found "COMMENCATIVE Scap" is ad-

as the happy result of a month's persovering washing. But one little difficulty seems to present theelf. Take a man who is, fond of his "Glycerine," or "Honey," and in the habit of consuming it in large quantities—how would it be possible for him to make a Liberal use of "Conservative" soap?

MR. PUNCH'S "SPEECH."

(As read by Public not Royal Commission.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

THE assembling of a new Parliament, the three hundred and thirty-fifth since the Wittenagemot was first established by our Saxon progenitors, resuscitates many recollections of the eventful past, awakens more speculations as to the interesting present, and projects piercing glances into the dark and uncertain future.

projects piercing glances into the dark and uncertain future. Perhaps, however, no question, not even that of the disposal of the Surplus Revenue, is of more absorbing interest for you, who meet together to-day six weeks later than the time usually appointed for the initiation of the deliberations of the National Legislature, than the inquiry—which I have been in daily expectation of seeing a numerous and influential deputation waiting on the Prime Ministry to propound, whether a Session only commencing in the middle of March will not be prolonged into September. Such distressing apprehensions are not altogether unnatural; but I am confident that in your calmer moments you will feel with me that a Conservative Government could not commit such a fatal error as to abridge by a single day the time which, by the wisdom of your ancestors, has been rigidly set apart for the pursuit and destruction of feathered game. Your mind set at rest on this important point, you will be able to give your serious and undivided attention to the business of legislation.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

A large proportion of your number find yourselves within these historic precincts for the first time in your lives. Most of you will never seek to eatch the Speaker's eye; some will become tiresome bores; and many will give complete dissatisfaction to deluded and angry constituencies.

The Estimates which will be laid before you must, I imagine, in the main be those which the late Administration had the astlataction of preparing for their successors.

Many sanguine and silly persons seem to expect that the good old times of waste and extravagance, profusion and prodigality, are about to return; and that coals and butchers' meat will be lower, wages and salaries higher, because a Conservative Ministry has succeeded to power. I rather suspect they will be disappointed.

I cannot give an opinion as to the manner in which the Government intend to dispose of the handsome legacy, amounting to several millions, bequeathed to them by their predecessors. Envy, never at any time a dominant passion in my breast when I think of the great, is certainly not now the feeling I entertain sowards the Charchitor of the Exchequer, expected, as he is, to please all classes, and especially that large and important section of the supporters of the Ministry who are looking for the abolition of the Duty on Malt; to say nothing of the Beer interest, the Railway

interest, the Advocates of a Free Breakfast table, the Opponents of the Income Tax, and all the other interests which consider them-selves entitled to the lion's share of any surplus there may be.

the Income Tax, and all the other interests which consider themselves entitled to the lion's share of any surplus there may be.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,
You are anxious to know what is likely to be the course of this Session's legislation. Smooth, I imagine, but beyond hazarding that conjecture I am unable to assist you with a surmise. The PRINE MINISTER since he kiesed hands, has wiesly given us no inkling, or pen and inkling, of his policy; and the time that has elapsed since he was cheered by the far-accing crowd on the railway platform at Windsor has been insufficient for the preparation of any important measures—unless with a sure foresight of recent events, he has employed his leisure, in the recess, in deviaing such schemes as shall satisfy the nation, delight the Party of which he is the leader, and confirm the allegiance of the Licensed Viotuallers, the rural Clergy, and the Retail Tradesmen. Fortunately, the prospect of a Session of tranquil repose cannot be repugnant to a House of Commons, the majority of whose Members owe their Parliamentary being to constituencies which appear to be weary of the ferment of legislative activity, and to desire a sesson of political hibernation.

Looking, however, a little into the future, it is not impossible that great surprises may be in store for us all. Her Majesty's Ministers may before long resolve that the time has come when the Established Church of England and Wales must submit to some diminution of her powers, privileges, and emoluments; that the Game Laws are a barbarous relic of feudal times calling for instant abolition; that a bold and comprehensive measure for the Municipal Government of the entire Metropolis has been too long neglected and delayed; that Education, to be of say real service, should be compulsory, undenominational, and universal; that the Agricultural Labourer in the counties has an equal claim to the Franchise with the Bricklayer's Labourer in the towns; that Economy and Retrenchment are the only motions a Conservative banner should un little doubt that its Parliamentary supporters will speedily see their way to acquiescing in the propriety of their proposals.

It does not appear likely that your attention will be invited to any legislation affecting the trade and manufactures of this great commercial country, seeing that the Minister on whom the care of these vast and momentous interests devolves is not allowed a seat in the

Cabinet If the Government think it their policy and their duty to direct your attention to Sanitary Legislation, the commonhealth of England cannot fail to be largely benefited. The Minister whose province it cannot fail to be largely beneated. The minister whose province it would be to prepare plans of such serious importance to the national welfare has also the disadvantage of not being a member of the Cabinet; but as the duties of the Lord Privy Seal are neither extensive nor onerous, that ornamental functionary will, I hope, be utilised for the introduction of Bills of Health into the House of Lords.

for the introduction of Bills of Health into the House of Lords.

It now only remains for me to express my earnest hope that you will generally be diligent in the discharge of your important functions, and that those of you who have never as yet paid the slightest attention to politics, will at once commence that interesting study; that none of you will attempt to speak unless you have something really worth hearing to say; that you will all be as satisfied with yourselves at the close of your labours as you are now, before you have heard the sound of a Division bell, or listened to the Siren voice of the "Whip;" and that, whilst invested with legislative responsibilities, you will be always on the watch to resist the first insidious approaches of unseemly and undignified alumber.

Bad News for Travellers.

A CONTENPORARY estimates that "a quarter of the Legislature" is composed of Railway Directors. Rather a bad look-out this, we apprehend, for those who hope for accident-preventing legislation. If any Railway Reform Bill is introduced in Parliament, we may feel certain that a quarter of the House, at any rate, will give no quarter to the Bill.

In a Nut-Shell.

"Mr. H. W. STANINT, author of Hole I found Livingstons, is likely to be first in the field of all the Special Correspondents with his experiences of the Ashantee Campaign."—Promp-a-liver's Paragraph.

PUNCH'S Anticipatory Review of this remarkably carly work, "Soon ripe, soon rotten."



"OTIUM CUM."

74 A. "NICE SPRING MORNING, MR. JAMES! TAKIN' IT EASY?"

Mr. James ("Liberal Party"). "'Morning, Mr. Robert!"—(Languidly.)—"AII, IF YOU'D A' HAD FIVE YEARS O' HORFICE,
YOU'D BE GLAD TO UNBEND A BIT, MY BOY, I CAN TELL YOU!!"

GUN-CLUB REFORM.

GUN-CLUB REFORM.

THE Gun Club is announced to meet, for its opening day, on Saturday the twenty-eighth instant—the day of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Mr. Orton, of course, will be unable to assist. The Gun Club, everyone knows, is an association for shooting tame pigeons. Is not this sport itself rather tame in comparison, not, indeed, with battue-shooting, which is even tamer than pigeon-shooting, but with shooting which may be classed among the wild sports of the South-West, and whereof an instance is presented by a local Hampshire paper, in part of a column of news under the heading of "Romsey?" Is not Broadlands near Romsey; stands there not in Romsey a statue of Lord Palmerston, besides the old Abbey Church: and is there not, therefore, more to be said of Romsey than that it is called by the older inhabitants of the neighbouring districts "Romsey on the Mud?" Note, further, that, in the language of those parts, "Have you been to Romsey?" is a jocular, and sometimes an irritating question. There is beer at Romsey; the beer is good and strong; at least, it used to be: the Romsey road might be straight, but the homeward walk thereon was often devious. At, or connected with Romsey, there appears to be a sort of minor and rustical Gun Club, and, in the paragraph above referred to, the exploits of some, perhaps, of its members are recorded as below. It is not certain that the gentlemen described as "a few friends" are Quakers:—

"Sparrow Shooting.—On Wednesday afternoon a few friends met to

rows are smaller than pigeons; and being, moreover, wild sparrows, they afford all the wilder sport—as many of them get away. So, therefore, would not the Nobility and Gentry of the Gun Club (now minus Orrow) do a comparatively sportsmanlike thing if they would, for the future, take to shooting at sparrows instead of pigeons? If many of the sparrows got away, they would have tested the shooter's skill; as for those which did not get away, so much higher would be the sport of shooting them.

JURY INSURANCE.

JURY INSURANCE.

It appears that, for the disastrous service imposed on the Special Abbey Church: and is there not, therefore, more to be said of bouring districts "Romsey on the Mud?" Note, further, that, in the language of those parts, "Have you been to Romsey?" is a compensation, to use a word ironically, of not more than three jocular, and sometimes an irritating question. There is beer at Romsey road might be straight, but the homeward walk thereon was often devicus. At, or connected with Romsey, there appears to be a sort of minor and rustical Gun Club, and, in the paragraph above referred to, the exploits of some, perhaps, of its members are recorded as below. It is not certain that the gentlemen described as "a few friends" are Quakers:—

"Spankow Shooting.—On Wedneeday afternoon a few friends met to shoot off two or three matches at sparrows, as well as several sweepstakes, at Lockerley. The day was bitterly cold, and the betting ranged very much in the thirds, as many got away."

At any rate the betters in favour of the birds were, as many birds got away, by so many birds the winners. But the fact to be noted in the company, in the case of pigeon shooting comparatively few birds get away. Herein lies the distinctive difference between the Gun Club which shot sparrows at Lockerley and that which shoots pigeons at Wormwood Scrubbs. Spar-



A STUDY OF INDECISION.

Stout Party (to himself). "H'M! UNDEE, OR OVER!-THAT IS THE QUESTION!

FENIAN DOVES IN CAGES.

THE weather on Sunday last week was quite mild. So, comparatively, was a Fenian Amnesty Demonstration, held in Hyde Park. Government was told that, if the Fenian prisoners were pardoned, they would emigrate, and give no more trouble. Nothing stronger appears to have come of the meeting than a Resolution representing "That the continued detention of forty political prisoners, who were only subordinates in the Fenian movement, the leaders of which have been set free, is inconsistent and unstatesmanlike, and that this meeting respectfully requests the Right Hon. Berlandin Disraell, First Lord of the Treasury, to use his influence with Her Majerty to extend the Royal prerogative in favour of an amnesty to these suffering men." Now, really this is a request, almost a supplication, couched in language very much like that which infant petitioners are recommended to use when they are told to "speak pretty." But is this uncommonly modest petition founded on fact? Is it true that the Fenian ravens have been let go, and that only the Fenian Doves remain caged, and in penal servitude? If so, perhaps the Right Honourable BENJAMIN DISBARLI may indeed see reason to think that continued rigour towards the doves is neither consistent with the lenity which has been extended to the ravens, nor exactly statesmanlike.

Disarkli may indeed see reason to think that continued rigour towards the doves is neither consistent with the lenity which has been extended to the ravens, nor exactly statesmanlike.

It is remarkable that, in the march of the Fenian Amnesty procession to Hyde Park, it was joined by the members of several Temperance Societies, who, with their bands and banners, fell into it in Trafalgar Square. This Temperance infusion, unlike tea, as it operates at most tea-meetings, seems to have had the very unusual effect of inducing temperate language. Perhaps the Fenian Amnesty question had already been discussed once by its promoters, taking counsel twice, according to the rule referred to in Tristram Shandy, after the manner of the ancient Scythians. Having, previously to Sunday, deliberated on it in a state of potheen, perhaps they met to consider it again on Sunday in a condition of sobriety.

The musical element, of which there is generally a liberal allowance in a Hyde Park demonstration, appears to have entered rather more largely than usual into this last one. The reporters note that when the meeting broke up, the bands played its various sections off the ground to the tunes of "God Suce Ireland," Rory O'Moore," and "Garry Owen." These melodious and harmonious performances may have been meant to signify professions of concord, and to claim credit for the demonstration, as the very reverse of the man who hath no music in his soul, described by Shanspeare. If that man is fit for

treasons, those other men, whose souls are musical, ought to be loyal-minded. Can it be that, possibly, they intended thus to profess themselves? Renunciation of "Home-Rule" might perchance have the effect of disposing ears to listen to the protestation of the Fenian prisoners that, if their treason were forgiven them this ones, they would never do so any more.

COUNTER-CHARGES.

(Manchester v. St. David's.)

Two Bishops have spoke On the Indian Famine. May Punck leave his joke, Either charge to examine?

One is Manchester's, noted For sense and discerning; One St. David's, devoted To logic and learning.

Punch feels the less prest
His free comment to blench,
As both B.s are the best
Of the bunch—that is—Bench.

BISHOP FRAZER represses, All private donation; : Since to fight such distress is The work of the nation.

"To make the State heedful, All Charity chill; As we can't give what's needfu', We'd better give—nil!"

THIRLWALL holds that we men't The blessing of Heaven, Less by gifts, than the spirit, In which they are given.

So, no aid would refuse, No time's, money's devotion —
Though all all can do's
But a drop in the Ocean.

With St. David's Punch might, And would rather, be wrong, Than with Manchester right; And so sums up his song.

"Let us give, much or little, (Our most will fall short) If we look for acquittal In Conscience's Court.

" All the crumbs from Bull's table-Yours-mine-all together, Will scarce India enable The tempest to weather.

"With all the State's doing, And all it can do, Starvation is suing To me and to you.

" If rich, pounds let us save,

ECCLESIASTICAL EXTREMES.



of ill-constituted mind to whom no spectacle affords

proposal is denounced by certain partisans, apparently holding the Infallibility dogma, as it is understood by the Ritualists, who contend that Reverend Gentlemen should be left to be, in the construction of Rubrics and Articles, and their practice accordingly, a law unto themselves.

CINDERS AND CHIGNONS.

WE have now nearly survived Lent. Another year almost will have to clapse before the return of Ash Wednesday can enable any of the Ritualist Clergy of the Church of England to imitate, if so disposed, the observance of that day as practised by certain Roman-Catholic priests this year in Austria. These worthy ecclesiastics, according to the New Free Press, took the opportunity of the first day of Lent to attempt putting a stop to the prevalent excess of female apparel in the matter of head-dress, or, as the Morning Post puts it, "the practice so generally in vogue among females of all classes of dressing up their hair in an outrageous style." Our British contemporary, quoting our German, continues:—

"It is customary for devout girls, in some of the Roman-Catholic countries, on Ash Wednesday to apply for ashes to put upon their heads, meekly kneeling in front of the altar. The reforming priests have this year refused the gift to all who do not wear their hair in unpretentious style."

As Ritualism and an outrageous style of dressing the hair to a great extent coincide amongst fashionable females, the Ritualist Parsons of England will, next Ash Wednesday, if the present style remain so long in vogue, have it in their power, by a twofold imilation of Romish priests, to endeavour at least to effect a great reform in ladies' "heads." They can adopt the practice of distributing ashes, and likewise imitate the measure of refusing this cinerary confurer to girls wearing fantastic head-gear. Such refusal of ashes would perhaps be felt as keenly as, in other days, and other circumstances, would have been, an ecclesiastical prohibition of hair-powder.

circumstances, would have been, an ecclesiastical prohibition of hair-powder.

To be sure, it may be doubted if many English young ladies would be likely to present themselves postulants for sales to be placed upon a head-dress of form, dimensions, and structure such as that they now commonly wear. That fabric, known by the general name of chignen, is in part factitious; and although to the simple-mindedness of Austrian maidens inconsistency may be invisible, yet, surely, very few of our own darlings can be so extremely obtuse as not to see that the idea of strewing ashes of penitence on false hair would be too absurd.

Political Heroism.

WE are glad to be assured, by fully competent authorities, that most of the ex-M.P.'s, who lost their seats at the Election, have borne their disappointment in an ex-M.P.lary manner.

ODD.—In an advertisement for places as Milliners, the advertisers express themselves as ready "to cultout and take orders." This sounds like an offer for duties something between an Errand Boy and a Curate, and means neither.

OUR SENTIMENTAL SONGSTERS.

OUR SENTIMENTAL SONGSTERS.

If we may judge by the advertisements, our Song-writers just now must be extremely busy. Hardly a day passes without our notice being called to some new batch of ballads, every one of which is pretty certain to delight the ears of all who hear it, at least, if we may credit the opinion of its publishers.

Some people fancy that the age of sentiment, like that of chivalry, is past: but, if a title be a guide to the purport of a song, we certainly should say that there is, at least, at present, no lack of a demand for sentimental ditties. Foremost in the list before us, we find one which is entitled "Love Wakes and Weeps," which may be followed, in a day or two, for aught that we can tell, by "Love Moans and Groons," or "Love Sighs and Cries and Dies," or something equally heart-rending. Then we see announced a song about "Those Little Words Good-bye!" which, no doubt, will be succeeded by "That Tiny Term Ta-Ta!" or by a song for a sweet tenor voice, "Good Night, Old Boy, Good Night!" or by a charming little chanson, "Mon Amie, Au Recoir!"

As for "The Homeward Watch," which see described as being yastly popular, for anything we know, it may bear reference to the heroes of the Black Watch, who are now returning homeward from Ashantee. Assuredly we therefore should not vastly welcome any unheroic plagiary, such as "The Outward-bound Chronometer," or, "The Clock now gone on Tick." We should not be surprised, however, if a few of our burlesque writers be tempted now to parody a song which once was popular, and introduce a British Soldier returning from the war, and singing very cheerily the old air, "My Heart and Lool." To recall it to the memory of our Medieval readers, we may just knock off the first line or two:—

"Scene, Polly's Cottage. Polly seated at the tea-table. Enter British Hero, with a cery little bundle, and a very big umbrella. Sings—

Sings-

"I give thee all, I've got no more, Though poor the offering be, My heart and loot from Copyre's store; And now let 's have some tea!"

Hayman versus Glasse.

THE Counsel for the Plaintiff in this case stated that his Client's treatment had been unfair beyond precedent. Surely this is a mistake. Have we not heard before of a Ha(Y)MAN, who wishing to suspend another, was himself suspended instead.

A NICE INVESTMENT.—Amongst the advertisements of new undertakings we notice one of "The Universal Disinfector Company." Our broker has instructions to procure us some shares, if they are in good odour.



THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Young Man from the Country (to Policeman in Moorgale Street). "WHERE IS FINSBURY CIRCUS?"

Constable (on the alert, sternly). "WHY, WHERE IT WAS YESTERDAY, YOUNG FELLER. NONE O' YER LARKS WITH ME!"

LADIES' BOAT-RACE FAVOURS.

At two chief seasons of the year Do diverse ribbons meet the eye; One is when Christmas-tide is near: And one when Easter draweth nigh.

As Butchers trim prime beef's "warm gules,"
With azure bows the sight that catch,
So Poulterers, heeding contrast's rules,
White turkeys deck with pink to match.

Their several favours thus the Fair Mount for Cam's or Isis' Crew, But, in far greater part, they wear The symbols of the Lighter Blue.

Must we suppose that Oxford, then, At discount stands in Cupid's mart, And at a premium Cambridge men In Woman's soft and gentle heart?

Not so! with no such partial view The favourite colour is displayed!
For most complexions, of the blues,
Light is the most becoming shade.

Were Oxford's dark-blue pink instead, Then pink and azure worn would be In such proportions as in red And white at Christmas-time we see.

"In the Cold Shade." Query by an Indignant Nationalist.

DOES MR. DISEASELI purpose to plant again in Ireland what MR. GLADSTONE so well called the "Upas tree," when he places our unhappy island thus, "Sub tegmine Fagi,"—under the baleful shadow of a Beach?

THE FUNDS POR EVER!

APPLY any portion of the Surplus to the Reduction of the National Debt? Certainly not. If the National Debt were extinguished, the Nation would owe nothing to itself. Of course it would then pursue a still more undignified policy than any which can possibly have merited the sarcasms of Continental critics.

CATS VERSUS WIVES.

Revered Mr. Punch,

I am moved to address you by the two following circumstances:—A gentleman (name, as Mr. Toots says, "of no consequence") was, the other day, sent to prison for fourteen days by one of our Metropolitan Magistrates for smashing a cat; and a day or two after, at the Durham Assizes, a man was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for the comparatively venial offence of kicking his results. two after, at the Durham Assizes, a man was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for the comparatively venial offence of kicking his wife to death. Of course, if the woman had not been perverse enough to die, we should never have heard a word about this "little affair." But, as she did, there was a fuss made about it, and the poor husband was committed, tried, and even, proh pudor! sentenced. Luckily the Judge was able to mark his sense of the harshness of such proceedings on the part of committing Magistrates and Grand Jury by the leniency of his sentence.

Deductions:—

Firstle—It is the glorious privilege of the British subject to

Firstly.—It is the glorious privilege of the British subject to torture his wife as much as he likes, providing she doesn't die

Secondly .- For the small consideration of twelve months' imprisonment, he may kill her outright, if he confines himself to his natural weapons—hands, fists, hob-nailed boots, and articles of furniture. A knife may entail awkward consequences, but, really,

furniture. A knife may entail awkward consequences, but, really, it is quite unnecessary.

Thirdly.—The above punishments give us the equation, 1 wife = 24 cats—(within a fraction).

Fourthly.—How grateful we ought to be that we have a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals;" and how thankful married men ought to be that it does not as yet include those lower animals called wives!

Fifthly.—What a subject of national pride it should be that Sire G. Wolseley has put down, by treaty, the custom of human sacrifice in Ashantee! Perhaps, now that we have finished with King Coffee, we shall have time to "humanise" our own Black Country-

men, the British collier, and his fellow savages of various trades

Sixthly (and lastly).—What a wonderful and beautiful thing is the Penal Law, as administered.

Yours, bewildered,

JOHN SMITH.

P.S.—More bewildered than ever since he has read that HER MAJESTY has been pleased to extend her gracious pardon to the cat-killer, but has forgotten, apparently, the ill-used husband!

CAPER LAURI-VORUS.

"The goat, the gift of the Corporation to the Regiment, was then formally handed over, but left at liberty, an indulgence of which he took advantage when Colonki Drayton presented Colonki Mostryn with a laurel-wreath, which the latter officer held carelessly for a moment while the troops were moving of; King Coffee (the goat) them advancing unobserved, began to browse upon it till in part it was mere twigs."—(Reception of the 23rd Fusiliers at Perlsmouth.)
—Standard, March 21, 1874.

THEIR capers He-goats ought to quit,
When they have taken the QUEEN's shilling!
Thy Greek sires had their weasands slit
At Bacchus' shrine, his vines for killing.

But thus to munch Fame's glorious wreath!

Browse thus upon the Laurel crown!—
The prize of Victory, wrung from Death,
In red brands of Coomassie town!

Or didst thou purpose, all the while,
To hint, what we may blush to utter,
That "glory," to the rank and file,
Means, at least, should mean, "Bread and butter"?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



reasons to justify the purchase.

Pleasant, as Samuel Peprs would have said, to note how now-a-days every fault found with the late Administration is certain of being fairly weighed, every blot hit in their record at once put in train of searching inquiry, every reason against anything of their

Pleasant, as Samte Perrs would have said, to note how now-a-days every fault found with the late Administration is certain of being fairly weighed, every blot hit in their record at once put in train of searching inquiry, every reason against anything of their doing sure of the most impartial consideration.

New brooms never sweep anything so clean as the dirt left behind by the last tenants.

Of course it is not Mr. Ward Hunr who need wince under my Lord Lauderdale's searching Monday review of our sea-going iron-clads. It is not for nothing that his Lordship lives near a Dockyard, and keeps his weather-eye open. According to the counts in my Lord's indictment, out of our 33 sea-going iron-clads, 13 want new boilers, while 7 are shaky, leaving us only 10 efficient armoured ships out of our 33 on paper. Or, gauging the strength of their wood and iron, 16 of the 33 have only 4½ inch plates—armour which guns of the period can smash like paper—while of 14 the wood is rotten, be the iron what it may.

Of course, Lord Malmessurer, as Minister in charge, waited for an explanation from my Lord Camperdown, Explainer for the late Admiralty, and the Representative of Admiral Duncan, made the best case he could for Britannia's ugly ducklings. After all, there is a crumb or two of comfort in store for us. If our 33 iron-clads are such a shaky lot, what of the 299 armoured ships of all nations, which Lord Lauderdale hangs over us in terrorem?

The Duke of Somesser (still in his character of candid friend to his quondam colleagues), pointed out that the measure of work doing in the Dockyards is the number of men employed; (delighted to hear it, from so good an authority). When he was in Office, he was called extravagant—(never by Mr. Pusch, he will take his davy)—because he employed 18,000 workmen. After '70, the number was cut down to 11,200, but only to rise to 12,800 (in '71 and '72) and 13,500 (in '72 and '73). He should move for returns to show our tonage in iron-clads, and the life of their boilers.

Then there was talk

The same night the Commons had a vast variety of talk (d la Withterlev) on a vast variety of subjects—Election Expenses, Museums, Railway Accidents, the late Dissolution, Land Laws, the River Shannon, the Bengal Famine, Wormwood Scrubs, Civil Service Writers, Telegraphic Communications, Foreign Office Clerks—(Lord Derby doesn't see his way to raise their salaries, and — pace Sir Drivmond Wolff, whose kind efforts for his quondam comrades do him credit—F. O. Clerkships are the prizes of the Service already, with their chances of a diplomatic début, and their social cachet); Sandhurst—(the War Office, we are glad to see, means to discontinue the stupid blunder of sending young Officers back to school after doing duty with their regiments); Cavalry Inspection, and Registration of Letters. A pretty good range!

Then we came to Income-tax, Mr. Sandford moving to exempt £500 incomes—by way of raising the question how the Incometax might best be modified.

Then we came to Income-tax, MR. SANDFURD moving to exempt 2500 incomes by way to tax might best be modified.

MR. SCOURFIELD could not admit we had a surplus, while we had a debt. At the same time he did not see why we should be in any "desperate hurry to fritter our means away in paying our debts"—to quote BRUMMEL.

MR. LAING delivered an excellent lecture in favour of Income-tax —"the key-stone of our finance, which has kept the arch tight since PREL put it in thirty years ago; which averts deficits, staves off panies, keeps up our credit, supplies sinews of war, enables us to remit taxation, diminish national debt, adjust John Bull's load fairly between the big and small of his back; is at once fly-wheel,

governor, and lubricating-box of our financial engine." What fools governor, and lubricating-box of our financial engine." What fools we should be to sacrifice such a blessing! Dear, dear! one never knows, till one is told by a elever man like Mr. Laire, how much one has to be thankful for! "Unpopular! Well, what tax is not unpopular? Suppose exemption could be extended to £200, with £100 deduction between, say £300 and £400, the mode of assessment might be improved. At any rate, better wait till we see what the surplus would be. Then what delightful things the Charcellon of the Exchequen might do! Why, he might even take off the Railway Passengers' Duty!"

Ah-ha! Samivel, Samivel! Are you there, eld fox? The est offers, Mailve Josse.

Mr. Hermon hoved the tax would be made less inquisitorial: Mr.

MR. HERMON hoped the tax would be made less inquisitorial; Mr. C. Lewis did not want to see it improved—except off the face of the earth; Mr. HORMAN thought the House had better cease talking about it, till they could talk business; and LORD R. MONTAGUE (not at all wanted) lugged in our ascient friend—the Old Man of

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUEE facetiously reminded the House that though there might be no indiscretion in asking any number of questions, there might be much in one little answer, and thanked Homourable Members for their contributions to the Budget.

thanked Honourable Members for their contributions to the Budget.
Then Army and Navy were voted £2,000,000; Civil Service,
£1,816,000; and Revenue Department, £1,856,000 in advance—
financial year drawing to an end, and young ravens in these
Services having to be fed.
The East India Loan Bill was read a Second Time, after an ineffectual plea for delay. Bie dat qui citò dat—partisularly to hungry
bellies

And then, when Mr. BUTT and Mr. BRYAN had moved to bring in Irish Municipal and Franchise Bills—assimilating Erin to England in both—the House, after this lively canter, adjourned at twenty minutes to seven. The whole night's performance may be described as a series of rapid acts, if not leading to anything in particular.

On Tuesday the House of Lords was on Railway Accidents, with a general feeling (shared out of doors) that the Companies want looking after, and their Servants, as well as Passengers, pro-

want looking after, and their Servants, as well as Passengers, protecting.

The House of Commons was two hours debating Mr. Heygate's Sessional Rule (it has stood the test of two Sessions with general acceptance) that no opposed Bill be taken after half-past twelve. When the clock strikes the magic half-hour—the House allows its Members half an hour more than the fairy godmother allowed Cinderella—the senatorial splendour is to drop from the Member in charge of Bill, who will at once sink into his natural nothingness. And here the House had the first sensation of the Session. A hundred and ten of Actsoon's pack turned on their master, so many from the Government side going into one lobby with Mr. Heygate, while Mr. Disharli went into the other with Mr. Disharli was a park of mutiny.

To work off its excitement the House had some of the hardy annuals brought out—Mr. P. Taylon's Abolition of Game Laws, and Mr. NewDegare's Visitation of Monk-and-Nunneries—

"Swring after spring, they flourish but to fade."

"Spring after spring, they flourish but to fade."

The first Wednesday was a short one—three hours with DILEE, over his Bill (defeated by 201 to 126) to keep Parliamentary polls open from 8 to 8. There was a great deal of pro and con, with cross-currents of experience and opinion. Mr. Cavre did not know why Working-men alone should not put up with a little inconvenience. (Even Mr. Punch had to breakfast at the inconveniently early hour of eight at his last county election, and had to go without toast in consequence, as the kitchen-fire had not burnt clear.) Mr. ROEBUCK had heard of no inconvenience in Sheffield. Mr. MUNDELLA had heard of a great deal. Mr. Cross deprecated patch-work legislation (how Ministers should bless the inventor of that useful phrase!), and could not see that a grievance had been made out. At any rate, and could not see that a grievance had been made out. At any rate and could not see that a grievance had been made out. At any rate, there was only one petition—from Lambeth. At Oldham about 17,000 contrived to vote, out of 18,000 on the register. That didn't look much like difficulty in the way of the Working-man who really cared about his work.

look much like dimedity in the way or the Working-man who really cared about his vote.

Mr. Forster thought there was a grievance in the large towns. Sir Charles's Bill, however, made no distinction. The stern Baronet said he would be glad to accept a Select Committee: but the House preferred to throw out the Bill. Mr. Gladstone voted in the minority. Mr. Dispared did not vote. (Chief Justice Punch: "grievance not proved as opened. As to remedy, it must follow the grievance (c. a. v.).")

On Thursday Lord Chancellor Carries brought in his Bill for establishing a Register of Titles—not of deeds, remember. That was Lord Westeury's mistake in 1862. He required all deeds—or, more puzzling still, their effect in registering party's opinion—to be registered. So nobody would register their land-dealings—

registration not being compulsory; and the office established under the dead letter of 1862 remains to be vivified by the touch of CAIRINS in 1874.

in 1874.

The measure new brought in is a reproduction of Loud Carrese' Bill of 1859; and a remodelling, with the aid of Vice-Chancellor Sim Charles Hall, of Lord Sellonne's Bill of last Session. So the two greatest real property lawyers of the time—ominous conjunction!—are, for once, of a mind; and Chelenne's and Ex—with the double X's, Hatherlet and Chelenne's, will, no doubt, contribute their best lights to the new Bill. Prosit.

Let Pused note this first redsmption of a promise of the Quenn's Speech, and in a crying matter,—the cruel costs of land-transfer.

Talk of doing deeds! Think of the deeds we land-owners (Arm!) have so long submitted to be done by!—those Title-deeds for sinty years back (forty is to be enough henceforward) and their investigation "in chambers," and the queries upon them, and the queries upon the queries, and the conferences, and the maddening delays—and the COSTS of it all!

When Pusech looks round on his modest suburban freehold, and

When Punch looks round on his modest suburban freehold, and counts up the expense of its transfer to his hands from the wreek of that too speculative corn-merchant, who came to grief on Black Monday, 1866, he feels inclined to burst into song in the bosom of his family,

"Count Land-teansfer costs
Then and now, my dear bairns,
And you'll lift up your hands,
And bless Chancellon Calens."

IN MEMORIAM.

"The Chimpanzee of the Zoological Gardens is dead!"-Times, March 21,



AMENT our poor brother departed! From anthropoid anthropos began-And DARWIN deep mourning has started, this "Princeps editio" of man!

It seems as if Nature had matched him
And his visitors, man
against brute;
But those who most closely
have watched him, On the rivalry choose to be mute.

Look at him—thus peace-fully lying, Manhood hid quadrufully lying, Ianhood hid quadru-manhood within! developed, he might have feared dying, As it is, what a 'scape of our sin

Had selection made him man of monkey, And taught him to oringe, cheat, and lie-à la mode of my lord and his flunkey,— He had found it less easy to die.

No monkey speaks ill of a brother ; Chimpanzees hand o'er slander to man:
But could apes sit to out up each other,
There he lies, let them say all they can!

He was not paid to slaughter and plunder, He was not paid to lie in a wig; He ne'er out-roared Truth with Press-thunder, Milked a horse, or ran Stock Exchange rig!

He ne'er lived to be husband or father, Or a model of both we had seen; So much from his conduct we gather, Since his home with the Zooloos has been.

Brother men, Chimpanzees though too plainly, You ne'er, do your utmost, can be, Yet aspire—may it not be all vainly— As good as poor Jeey to be!



A WEST-END NOTION OF "HUMBLE ORIGIN."

Belgravian Crossing-Sweeper (offended). "Why, I recollex ter when ter wos Livin' in the Regency Park!"

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

Non caucis contingit adire Corinthum. It is not every man who can obtain admission to the Eleusinia—the sacred mysteries—of the last répétition générale of a new play at the Théâtre Français. The properest men and the improperest women solicit in vain; even the members of the Français themselves are not admitted without tickets. But it was enough to breathe the name of Punch to the door-keeper, and I was there, free as air,—

"Punch hath his servants at each private view, On the free list, from China to Peru."

On the free list, from China to Peru.

(I hope I may take the liberty of improving Dr. Johnson, if Mr. Mann may amend Boswell.)

Remusar was there—in the Manager's private box—and I dreamed of Utopian days when Lord Granville should sit in Mr. Bareman's at a full rehearsal of a drama by Grober Elior; and Mlle. Farguell was there; and Blanche Pierson was there; and I was there. So, I confess, were others: the Theatre being, in point of fact, full.

Full! yes, I should think so; full, from Pit to Paradise, of such an audience as an Actor might give his eyes to play to. Notabilities political, social, literary, dramatic; all eager and intent, and missing not a point as it fell; applauding rarely, but with true discrimination; enthusiastic once or twice, more often expressing approval by that indescribable kind of "coo," which is such a treat to hear—the same ripple of sound which just stirs an Italian audience sitting at an opera, at some subtle phrase or turn of melody. We don't do that in London—"that enlightened capital, without whose verdict of approval no Italian artiste, &o." We like our singers good-looking, and we like them loud. But, without that, "no artiste, &e." Ah! we know a lot, in matters of Art, we do. And we know that we know it. But to return to our rehearsal. Could it be really a rehearsal? I have seen such things in London, on the morning before a first performance.—Some of the actors, some of the dresses, and some of the words. Not much of anything—except interruptions. A few scene-shifters to advise, and some

carpenters to look on. "Never mind, it will be all right at night:" only it's all wrong, generally. So hopeful for the drama, and so fair to the author! Of course, say his critics, "An impossible play, though the management has done its best for it. But, where did he get it from?" There is some difference here. A perfect performance throughout, speaking of months of care, resulting in a perfect mastery of detail, with only one quaint sign that it was a rehearsal at all. There is a certain "Scosh milor," well played by Febre, who appeared in the earlier Acts with a thick light beard and no moustache—very suggestive of Bedford Row. In the last Act he took to whiskers, and the trick was done. He became quite the "milor," and undeniably "Scosh."

I say nothing of the play, of which all the world is having its say now. The Seventh Commandment is a good deal broken, and it must be nearly time to mend it. But I felt that it was a proud moment, as I walked along the Boulevards, tingling all over from the terrible realism of Choisette's death, which had startled that strong audience into a sudden chill of silence, and bound them to their seats for some seconds after the curtain had fallen. I know all about Le Sphinz, Gentlemen, while you are fighting for seats to-morrow.

to-morrow.

And so out on the Boulevards, in the broad daylight. Groups of men talking of many-matters—of the Septennat and the last dodge of the Duc D'IMBROGLIO, of Chiselhurst, and what not; but

dodge of the Duc p'Imbroglio, of Chiselhurst, and what not; but mostly of plays.

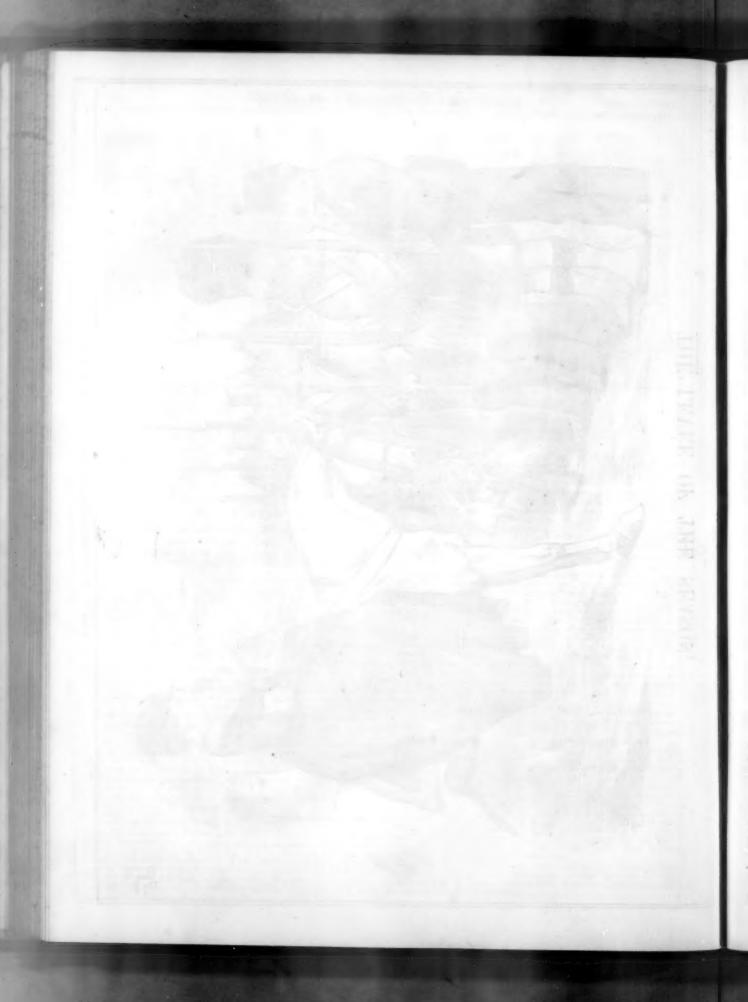
M. Sardou, they say, will follow up P Oncle Sam by a companion picture of English life, called Le Lor Maire. The play opens in Lor Luse's private study at the Mansion House, and discovers him reading the telegram of the Oxford Eight. The room is called "Le Nid du Maire." The play culminates in the indigmant rising of the Thames to an unprecedented height, overwhelming "les Darc-Bleus;" while the waters divide, to allow Cambridge to pass dryshod. Scriptural tableaux are very popular here. This is the earliest intelligence, and may be relied on.

The great heart of France has been stirred to its depths by the recent insult to our Chief Magistrate. Under the coup of this appalling idea, Sir, let us take a walk down the Boulevards, till we recover from our excitement!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARL-APRIL 4, 1874.



THE LEVÉE OF THE SEASON.



THE INTER-UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT.



University Correspondent in-forms him that, but the failure of certain arrangefollowing competi-tions would have been added to the nnual Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, athletic sports, and matches at billiards, rackets, and

First, a grand oratorical display be-tween the Presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge Union Societies, assisted by the foremost spea-kers of those bodies. The subject of debate to be ethico-political. Inductive argument, or gesti-culation of any kind,

strictly forbidden. Dr. Kenealy, Q.C., to be sole referee and umpire. The arrangements unfortunately fell through, as the Speaker did not in sufficient time express an intention of placing the floor and tea-room of the House of Commons at the disposal of the competitors.

secondly, a grand Inter-University Pea-shooting contest. Conditions of the match to be that a private omnibus be hired for the conveyance of the competitors, and the same to be driven at a foot's pace from the Marble Arch to Regent's Circus. The rival candidates, in their proper colours, to be ranged back to back on the "knifeboard" of the vehicle, and the victory to be adjudged to that University whose representatives received the greatest number of summonses from outraged pedestrians.

Thirdly, a Match, four a side, for the most stunningly-dressed Undergraduates. The rival representatives to walk arm-in-arm once up and down Regent Street, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Captains to toss for choice of the sunny side of the street. Massenic regalia not allowable.

Finally, a grand game of Draughts, to be played at Exeter Hall.

regalia not allowable.

Finally, a grand game of Draughts, to be played at Exeter Hall.

Doors to be open at eight p.m. Six representative players of each
University. The conditions of the match to be that each pair shall play
three games; time to be called at eleven p.m. The losers to pay all
expenses incidental to the hire of the Hall. The general public to
be admitted by half-guinea tickets. The proceeds, if any, to go to
the liquidation of the National Debt.

The revived Olympian Games were to have closed with an Inter-University Bull-dog Show at the Agricultural Hall, and an Exhibi-tion of coloured Meerschaums at the Albert Ditto, with a massive gold medal for the ugliest canine and the loveliest clay, bearing the motto "Detur digniori," to be awarded by Her Gracious Majesty in person.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Criterion and generally Round About.

Sm, Sin,

The Criterion, "which," the proprietors would probably say, if they had any leisure for joking, "is not a criterion to go by, but one to enter,"—possesses one of the prettiest, if not quite the prettiest (and I don't think, as the fat boy said, "I knows a nicerer") theatre in London. It is most elegant in its fittings, furniture, and decorations; and the one fault in its stalls is, that the backs of the seats are a such as noted to their bease as to the backs of the seats are at such an angle to their base, as to render a passage between the rows embarrassing and unpleasant. render a passage between the rows embarrasaing and unpleasant. It's all very well to say that the seats are moveable, and that the sitters can make room for you to pass if they are only willing to do so. But, as a rule, they are not willing. An Englishman once seated in a place of annusement regards every new arrival who may have to pass him as a borish intrader. By sacrificing one line of stalls, the comfort of the passer-by and the squatter would be secured; and this is worth consideration. In every other respect the interior of the Thesta except to Very Persent this respect the interior of the Theatre seemed to Your Representative to be all that one could desire. Like the Athénée in Paris, and the Opéra Comique, the Criterion Theatre is dans le cave; but"I have been there, and still would go;
"Tis like a little Heaven below;"

that is, in a theatrical sense. Also, Your Representative must qualify the expression, "still would go," by adding, "when Topsyturcydom is out of the bill." But for one song, tellingly rendered by Miss Holland, it would have been all up with this wearisome piece. The idea, not a new one, was whimsical enough in itself, and would do, as it has done already, well enough in itself, and would do, as it has done already, well enough in itself, and would do, as it has done already, well enough in itself, and would do, as it has done already, well enough in paper, or, when groteequely illustrated, in a seene of a Pantomine, or Extravaganza. Since the first night, Topsyturcydom, which commenced its unhappy career at the bottom of the bill, has been placed at the top, so as to be as much out of the way as possible, and perhaps, ere this appears, it will have been relegated to the limbo of Theatrical failures, in company with the Blue Legged Lady, Charity, and the Second Act of Committed for Trial. In those dismal Realms of Joy, dramatis personse from the Paluce of Truth, Happy Arcadia, and Creatures of Impulse, may meet together, bemoan their sad fate, think what they might have been if they only had their chances over again and could unite in making one good piece all together, instead of being compelled to suffer the consequences of being brought into the world as the weak offspring of a thoroughly worn-out idea.

From this melancholy spectacle—it wasn't a spectacle at all in the theatrical sense—it is refreshing to turn to Ma. Bynon's American Lady, emphatically Mr. Bynon's American Lady and nobody else's. There is a plot, as there was in the same author's Haunted Houses (does any one remember this remarkably ingenious play at the Adelphi ?), Your Representative will on eath depose to its existence; at the same time he must take this opportunity of expressing his unbounded admiration of the detective-like faculties of the critics who actually discovered, and published it next morning. The dialogue sparkled in the gas

Juan (with a song, without), MR. CLAYTON.

If Philip becomes a stock drama, Juan will, I suppose, fall to the singing comedian who is usually east for Sir Harry in the School for Scandal.

There is some talk of reviving "Charles his friend" during the season (I mean Mr. Willia's Charles), and on dit that the Bells are to be heard again. This is ringing the changes. Then there's to be Mr. Toolk at the Globe at Easter, in a new piece by Mr. Albert. The Clandestine Marriage, and much work for the Opéra Bouffe department at the Gaiety about the same time.

"O what a season we are having!" is, I hear, to be the cry. The German Reed troupe opens at St. George's Hall, and Leong's new Corne of Opera is to be played by the Belgian Company in London.

The German Reed troupe opens at St. George's Hall, and Lacoq's new Comic Opera is to be played by the Belgian Company in London somewhere about June.

I am informed by a gentleman who kindly represented Your Representative in his stall at M. Humbern's Theatre at Brussels, that in some respects Groffe is better than Madame Angot. Another gentleman, equally trustworthy, told me it wasn't anything of the sort.

The former said it was merely an ordinary Comic Opera; the latter that it was a regular Opera Bouffe under the name of Comic Opera. The second was in costasies about the Pirate Chorus; the first pooh-pooh'd the Pirate Chorus, observed 'twas a weak attempt to repeat the Conspirators' Chorus, and added that the morçous was the true common that the moreous was the tenor-song.

One of my informants was very unwell on the voyage back, so he may have been inclined to review the events of the premiere with a jaundiced eye.

I present you with the above three-penn'orth of useful informa-

tion, and foreseeing much work in the Operatic and Dramatic department, remain, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE. YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

PARTS AND PERTUNALS.

RITUALISM may draw considerably crowded churches by the attraction of dresses and decorations, but its preachers have not succeeded in impressing the British Public with an idea of the difference between festive and penitential holidays. The Hasiway Companies announce no end of Fast Trains to run on Good Friday.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

(Rowed Saturday, March 28, 1874.)



ATISFIED! If my readers ain't, they ought to be. If they haven't made pots of money—didn't I say put the pot on Cambridge last week?—it's no fault of mine. Didn't I advise you to take it off Oxford? Of course. "Which crew rowed dark?" Why, Light rowed dark, and was, as I predicted, the winner. The Spare Man sat in the only spare space on board his crowded vessel, and aurveyed mankind from Chiswick to Putney! By his side sat an amiable and olever draughtsman, as sporting with his pencil as is your own Spare Man with his pen. I was glorying in our athletes: so was he. He agreed with me: I agreed with him: and oth of us.

agreed with me: I agreed with him: and the cup which cheers, but does not inebriate up to a certain point, agreed with both of us.

"Here, Sir," quoth I, "are our young Academicians. Oxonians and Cantabs—cousis, being children of Sister Universities."

"Hear! hear!" from my A.D.C.—which doesn't stand for Aide-de-Camp, but for Amiable and Clever Draughtsman.

"Why should our friend WILKIE COLLINS—"

"No name!" interrupted the A.D.C., emerging from a silent draught.

"Hand me the beaker," I continued, "and ply thy pencil."

He plied, and complied.

"Why," I resumed, after a refresher, which was perfectly legal, "why should he try to frighten our athletes from their sports with his Geoffrey Delamayn in Man and Wife? Listen, my Amiable one, to the noise in those reeds."

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GEOGRAPHY.

"THE DUTCH COME FROM RUSSIA, DON'T THEY, MAUD!"

" No, DEAR! ONLY THE DUCHEMENS /"

LE-COQ OF THE WALK. (Axn-" Tolle était Madame Angol.")

On Himalayan mountains, Beside Sahara's sands, To plach of Roman fountains, To blare of German bands; On every reashing train— Will none the world deliver

Will nome the world deliver
From Angot on the brain?

"Trie pole !"

Fac and wide, and high and low!

O, the bare of it!

Flease no more of it!

Eve us from Madame Angot!

One causet sing the old songs,
E'en to the oldest birds...
They 've left out in the cold songs
That once were household words!
John, Themas, Jane, and Many,
Maid, mistress, man and boy,
The minstrel of the Prairie,
The Grinder of Savoy,
Pour one ditty in,
Every city in,
Street and crescent, square and row,
Nought claps stoppes uepon that Opera,
There's no end to Ma'me Angut!

From Enrope's cities olden,
To New World's modernest,
Where Frisco's portals golden
Glow in the golden West—
From Caliz to Commassic,
From Cairo to Cathay,
That blessed market lassic
Goes on all night and day,
With her melody,
Till each follow detests his born and P. an' O.

tests his horn and P. an' O,

In each key it is, O, ye deities, Rid us of the Dam(e) Angot!

SHOUTHER TO SHOUTHER. — The very best Second in a Mill (Coffee or other)—
The Forty-Second!

"'Tis the voice of the Froggy, I hear him complain," observed the A.D.C. And then, having said his say, he cut his pencil, and drew a long breath.
"Yes, 'tis even so," I replied. "And the moral is, that even on the most festive occasions there will always be croakers."
"Eftsoons!" exclaimed the A.D.C., being waggish, "thou hast said well."

"I penetrate the jocosity, frogs, efts, and eftsoons. My friend, draw it mild."

"I penetrate the jocosity, frogs, efts, and eftscons. My friend, draw it mild."

He took up his pencil and drew it mild. (Look at the efts and the frogs in the Initial. Walk up. Walk up!)

"Why didn't Oxfor ddine with the Mayon?" asked the Amiable.
"I give it up. What is the sanswer?"

"The answer came by telegraph. The Mayon didn't seem inclined to take No for an answer."

"There should have been," said I, "a special performance in honour of the event, given at the Olympic before Clancarty. They once played at that house a neat lever du rideau, translated from the French, which was called Je Dime chez ma Mere. It could have been adapted for Cambridge as Je no Dime pas chez Milord Maire."

"La Belle France!" alghed the Amiable one, thinking of the happy day when he saw Boulogne for the first and only time, through a telescope, from the upper cliff at Folkestone.

"Quite so, but La Belle' doesn't go in for this sort of thing. How would any Continental people like to give up their tobacco, their liquor—"

"Pass the wine-cup!"

"And remember," said I, not heeding the request, "that this is one of the few races where betting is comparatively harmless, where all must be done, so to speak, aboveboard; where —"

"Hi! Horrooh! Well pulled! Now you're winning! Well pulled! Go it, Oxford! Go it, Cambridge!" I drank the health of the winner.

of the winner.

"Lor' bless you, it was a hollow thing from the first," I observed, as I handed the empty tankard to my Amiable friend.

The artist drew me—towards him.

"Farewell!" he said; "there is no more between us. I thought that this was an event where all was fair and aboveboard. You said so. I go to present my compliments to that young lady sitting by Mr. Punch. She has won twenty pairs of gloves from me. The Initial I shall present to our dear old P. as a memento of the race. Farewell, brave Spaniard!"

He went for ard, I went aft. He to the lady of his love ("I will not name, &c."—words of tenor-song), I to luncheon.

So, Oxford and Cambridge, as recor next year. In the meantime, think of the old refrain,

"Row, brothers, row,"

and drink to the health of one who signs himself

THE SPARE MAN.

Minos Minax.

MY DEAR MALINS,

Quun semel occideris, et de le candida Minos Fecerit arbitria!!!

Thy good friend, RHADAMANTHUS (for Self and Partners).

P.S.—Beware of obiter dicta, and don't forget my notions about corruptio optimi pessima. Be wise in time.

REFLECTION OF EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BIRTHDAY.—Yes! he has set his mark upon the age, and his Bis-mark, two!



MADDENING.

Husband. "If, as I said before, Matilda, you still cherished that Feeling of Approxime for me which you once Propessed, my Wish would be Law to you. I repeat it, Matilda—Law!" Matilda. "Log!!"

- POLITICS BELOW STAIRS.

"A Good Cook wants a Rituation. Can give satisfactory Testimonials.

Tory family preferred.—Apply," &c.

"A Good Cook wants a Bituation. Can give satisfactory Testimonials. Tory family preferred.—Apply," &c.

Are we to conclude from this Advertisement that the new Ministry have won the affections of another large and influential class of the community? Are the kitchen, and the servants' hall, and the house-keeper's room, as warm admirera of Mr. Disrakell and his colleagues as the bar and the bar-parlour and the tap-room? The preference "Cook" shows for a "Tory family" seems to favour this supposition. We see her in our mind's eye. A very superior person—such ordinary terms as character or references have no place in her superfine vocabulary: also can give satisfactory "testimonials," perhaps from some of the leaders of her party. A woman tenacious of her perquisites and privileges; stoutly opposed to all such stuff and nonsense as economy, retreachment, and reform; the uncompromising enemy of a miserable "cheese-paring" policy; with a strong bias towards meat at every meal in the day, and decided opinions as to the quality and quantity of her beer. A being, too, in whom some strange inconsistencies blend: a Tory, and yet not conservative of the cold meat; a Conservative, with the most liberal views of the diet indispensable to the comfort and happiness of upper servants. Would that our political opinions were such as she could approve, that we might strain every nerve to add so great a prize to our other household treasures! But we doubt not she has already found what she yearned for, and that "Cook" is now "dishing up" in some fine old prejudiced family whose opinions on the county franchise and the law of primogeniture are as sound and constitutional as her own, and where the dripping and the kitchen-stuff are on the most lavish scale. Long may she live to rule the roast!

RUGBY'S REASON.

RUGBY, in eyes of priest and layman, Was in a dwindling way; So they who ruled suspended HAYMAN, For fear of more decay.

TITLE TO LOOT.

(See the account given by GENERAL MONTAURAN DUC DE PALIKAO of the Plundering of the Summer Palace, as compared with the accounts of eye-witnesses, the Official Dispatches, and LORD BLOIN's Correspondence.)

Your modern Greek, when he would speak A robber's praise afar, Calls him not "thief," or "klepht," in brief, But dubs him Palikar!

And when one reads MONTAUBAN'S deeds Of Summer Palsee plunder, One asks if "R," in "PABIKAR," For "O" is not a blunder?

Put Palik-" ar" to "ao," nigh,
One difference is left:
The Frenchman would hide loot with lie,
The Greek proclaims his theft.

"Will not this Malice, Somerset, be left?"

THE original "Noble Savage," whom Punch (Providus Auspez) The original "Noble Savage," whom Punch (Providue Auspez) so dubbed in 1851 for cantankerous obstruction of free approach to the south entrance of the Great Exhibition, having never forgotten or forgiven his displacement from the Cabinet of 1868, has treated the Upper House to the only drop of bitter to be found in the debate on the Address. An ingenious noter of coincidences points out that in both cases (twenty-three years asunder) the ground of offence was the removal of an old pump.

Dismemberment of the British Empire.

WHILE Mr. Burr and his friends are endeavouring to sever the connection between Great Britain and Ireland, no one seems to head the fact that Great Britain herself is tumbling to pieces. The following startling announcement appears in the Duily Telegraph of the twentieth instant :-

"Extremely high winds have blown off the north-west coast of Scotland."



THE SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

"O, WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. LILLYBROW? THE OTHER DAY I WAS TAKEN FOR TWENTY-FIVE, AND I AM ONLY EIGHTRES!"
"HAW! WONDER WHAT YOU'LL BE TAKEN FOR WHEN YOU'RE TWENTY-FIVE?"

" FOR BETTER FOR WORSE, I HOPE!" [Mr. Lillybrow looks pensive.

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

PARIS, April 1.

PARIS is dull, I am told. And, socially, it may be. Probably I am not a competent reader of the Parisian spirit-level. To me Paris seems, as always, the liveliest place in the world—the idlest, and the richest, and the Parisians as incomprehensible and as fascinating a race as ever. The legacy of "Imperial Corruption" seems to have been invested at high interest; though, no doubt, the legacy-duty was heavy.

Is it conceivable, Sir, I ask you, that a Parisian public can already sit to see the siege of Paris travestied on the stage of the François? I could scarcely credit my eyes or ears when I went the other night to "Jean de Thommeraye." and saw the actors playing at the soldiers of that sad and shameful warfare, sitting as I was with real soldiers next me, and, all around, men and women who should have felt to their heart's core the shame and the sad-

ness of it. But they delighted in the allusions and applauded the sentiments, and I went away wondering whether the story of three years ago was not all a fiction, and the true history that of Messus. AUGIER and Sawners.

the true history that of MESSES. AUGIER and SANDRAU!

It is all a mistake! Each individual Parisian was a patriot and a hero. The invading forces were driven from the walls like chaft. The French army, flushed with victory— But why describe what M. PHILIPPOTRAU has painted for his panorama in the Champs Elysées, where the showman explains to a sympathising audience how mean it was of the Prussians to fire from the higher ground, and to fight at such odds in the way of numbers, too?

Busta! All this is too serious. Give uz our panem et circenses, and no more of it. We are all talking about CRAZETTE, who is the heroine of Paris to-day. All the critics abuse her and M. FEUILLET'S Sphinz, which is silly and unclean enough, certainly. Her agony is a "rattle attached to the Sphinz's tail," says one wit; "there's an Act missing at the end," says another—"the scene of the dissection!" Indeed, that it is "trop fort" is the general verdict. May be, but it is uncommonly fine, and CROZETTE is a darling. Would not the young ladies like to know how she is dressed? "A tunic of black blonde, over a skirt of lemon-coloured silk, spangled with stars in blue steel, with confure of the same stars." Good night, and dream of it, while Your Occasional putsinto rhyme what is left of his reason on the thome of this fascinating

CROIZETTE.

In the famous palace, Of the Fields Elysian, Critics the most callous Saw a charming vision,—

If a year or two you Can your memory force back— Two eyes that shot through you, From a girl on horseback.

Dainty little dame, Fairy-like her hand was! And the painter's name CAROLUS DURAND WAS.

This delicions girl Had a nose of noses; Teeth like rows of pearl Peeping out of roses.

While there shone a light In the saucy eye, which Made you pass the night Dreaming of the sly witch.

Gazers all she drew, this Prettiest of minxes:
Is it she, then, who this
Puzzle of a Sphinz is?

Changing us to stones, Chilling all our blood in All our marrowbones— Dying on a sudden.

Poisoned in a way,
O so very dreadful!
Leaving one all day
With one's heart and head full.

"Surely as my wife
Wears another's back tress,"
Quoth I, "on my life,
Ne'er was such an actress."

And your graceful form
While my greedy eyes ate,
Thus my fanoy warm
Rhymed you, pretty CROIZEFIE!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



and the 13th of April. Mn. Cross is the here of the situation, out of the House, at all events, thanks to his daily and all-day dealings with the deputations whose spokesmen save him the trouble of answering them by answering each other. As Portia of her courtiers, Mr. Cross may say of his—

"Whiles we shut the gate upon one weeer, Another knocks at the door."

And they come attracted by "les beaux yeux de as cassette," too, like those who sought the caskets of Belmont.

Friday, March 27.—On the last sitting before the recess, Ma. Choes made an emphatic declaration, echoed by cheers which proclaimed the House at his back, that it is not the intention of the Government to interfere with the course of law in the case of the Fenian prisoners still under sentence. As these are all either accessories to murder, or soldiers who have broken the bonds of military fidelity as well as civil allegiance, the sound sense of the country agrees with the conclusion of the Executive, that remission of punishment would be unpardonable weakness.

MR. DISRAKLI had declined to give any answer on the subject to a Deputation composed mainly of Irish Members, but with two English ones among them (SIR CHARLES DILKE and MR. MUNDELLA). It is to be presumed that the Liberal voters of Chelses and Sheffield include an appreciable proportion of Irish roughs who must be conciliated—a small but suggestive instalment of the price payable for the Irish vote which falls so heavy on our American cousins.

The same night SIR CHARLES DILKE wanted the Ballot-box taken to pieces and set to-rights, pointing out a number of hitches in its machinery. The House prudently preferred to await the report of the Election Judges.

Monday, March 30.—Imagine a Pickford van blocking the way of the Lond Mayor's coach! Even so a Metropolitan Board of Works' Bill for two hours delayed the vote of thanks to our gallant redecats and blue jackets of the Gold Coast campaign, from General Str. Garner Wolseller dewnwards. Soldiers, sailors, marines, black troops and white, fighting men, medical officers, commissions, black troops and white, fighting men, medical officers, commissions, black troops and white, fighting men, medical officers, commissions, offered to Militia Officers (on Examination), only 35 have been taken up; but there is to be another examination in April. "Grouping of Regiments;" a difficult business, and sailors, marines, black troops and white, fighting men, medical officers, commissions, offered to Militia Officers (on Examination), only 35 have been taken up; but there is to be another examination in April. "Grouping of Regiments;" a difficult business, and sailors, marines, black troops and white, fighting men, medical officers, commissions, offered to Militia Officers (on Examination), only 35 have been taken up; but there is to be another examination in April. "Grouping of Regiments;" a difficult business, and saver been called the said of the country. And as Lords and Commons spoke on Monday night, the Queen had spoken on Monday afternoon, in the Great Park of Windsor, at the Review of the troops of the Expedition (all but the Naval)

Brigade, who will have a review of their own when they are all home again); and the City has since spoken, at the Banquet given by the Lord Mayor to SIR GARNEY and his officers on Tuesday.

and his officers on Tuesday.

The triple tongue of Queen, Legislature, and City is not too much to utter the fulness of Burrannia's heart, in welcome and thanks to her brave sons. They have fought not with Kinc Coffee only, but with those mightier confederate sovereigns, Time and Tide, Plague and Postilence; and they have had to do all this on calculations, as Mr. Disharli well reminded the House, not of months, or weeks, or days, but of hours! The critics complain that the rhetoric of Manday night was below the occasion. Punch declines to endorse that complaint. The facts were beyond rhetoric and they were impressively stated. Mr. Disharli's percention was quintessential and will not hour abridgment:—

"It has always." He said. "he said "he say a plant section of the said to said."

"It has always," he said, "been a value veneric associate military glory only with armies of great magnitude. But some of the greatest military feats have been performed by very small assice. In medern history, nothing, perhaps, is seen illustrative of this fruth than the conquest of Maniso by Cartess. So great a result effected by such slight muses is not easily matched in the history of men. Even in our own times, in that great Continental war which occupied a great part and the early portion of this contury, when hests counted, not only by hundreds of thousands, but by millions, were arrayed against cools other, it was a small army, admirably disciplined—which, to use the words of their illustrations commander, would go any store—it was a small army like that, under our matchiess Wallistrow, which really decided the fate of Europe. I am not wishing to canagerate the gallant deeds, of which we are maturally proud, of Sin Ganner Wolfselm. It do not mean to say that they are to be counted amongst the decisive intiles of the world, but I think we may say of them truly, that they are such does as thrill like hearts of households, and, by the examples they offer of energy and endurance, sustain and strengthen the tone of the nation." "It has always," he said, "been a vuls

And then Mr. HARDY moved the Army Estin on his Predecessor's line

" Sie von men vollie Patie

He did his work, of course, in the delightfully candid spirit natural under the circumstances—nothing extenuating, setting down naught in malice (but probably setting up just as little in admiration), and reserving for future consideration

"all great questions which may arise with regard to retirement, promotion, the steps necessary to source greater efficiency in the Reserves, Recruiting, and the Brigade Bepots."

For the present, the sum of our military case, as prepared by the late Government and presented by the present, seems to be—
"Cost" close on last year—no difference worth speak—

ing of.

Recruiting "-So-so.

"Character of men obtained"—Fairly estisfactory.
"Working of new Brigade System"—Not yet to be safely pronounced upon.

safely pronounced upon.

"Descrition"—Very bad. Rises to 35 per cent. of recruits in all arms; in the Army Service Corps, to 146 per cent.! (Something wrong in that branch, pretty clearly.) "Some new conditions are about to be instituted, which, it is hoped, will diminish this enormous prevalence of descrition." But we hear of nothing very hopeful under this head.

"Health of troops"—Satisfactory.

"Number of regulars, 128,000"—As few as we can get alone with.

along with.
"Military education of Officers"—in course of experimental remodelling, the late system being admittedly a

failure.

"Arms"—All our infantry will, in a few weeks, have the Martini-Henry rifle instead of the Suider—a weapon of greater precision for one of less.

"Militia.—Strength," 101,470,—i.e. 27,462 deficient. Militia reserve, 29,103; this added to Army reserve gives 37,530 total reserve force, all liable for foreign service.

Of 129 Commissions, offered to Militia Officers (on examination), only 35 have been taken up; but there is to be another examination in Avril.

"Brigade Dépôts"—system as yet in course of organisation; 31 country will be outraged in such a matter. But there are permanent of 70 Dépôts only formed. Experience of working yet to be officers of the Treasury, trained on cheese-parings and conditions. acquired. "Volunteers"—have fallen in numbers from their original en-

rolled strength of 199,000 to 153,000, but these are efficient.
"Total force," including regulars and auxiliaries, 458,000 to 459,900.

"Thing most wanted at the War-Office"—Information. War-Office is at last to have an Intelligence Department. If it were but as easy to find the Intelligence as the Department!

Note this—the tail of Ma. Harnt's speech, but carrying, like the postscript of a lady's letter, the point of the whole:—

"Is it not a remarkable thing (asked the Was Smanrany) that though we had been in possession of territories upon the Gold Gesset for such a great number of years, there was so little information with respect to the interior of that coast that in smaling out the Ashantas Empedition all seems of makes things were provided, and all seems of useful things were omitted? [Fig. Gamerour dimensed.] I am only saying what has been said practically to-night—that ushes fin Gamer Wolseller with the Government one absolutely sold best information. That is a most wat the Government one absolutely sold best information. that when the Garrer Wolfell was seen and the Government was absolutely without information. That is a most unsatisfactory state of things, and I hope that the Intelligence Department now connected with the War Office will give us instruction that will be satisfuctory. Historic, we have been expelied with absolute information collected from foreign converse, and have been content with being innovant of our come assure and our own colonies; but I hope that this Intelligence Department, by assumpted our own colonies; in every part of this country, by calling their attention to all the strategical points in their own district, by obtaining information with regard to roads, canals, railways, and everything connected with their district, and by obtaining similar information with regard to our colonies and the means of defence at their disposal, will remove this state of things."

SIR WILLIAM moved as usual, to reduce the number or voted by 10,000, charring, with a perfect perception of the off

"On looking back at the division lists on this subject for averal years, he found it did not much master whether he proposed a reduction of 10,000 or 20,000 men, for his Motion was always rejected by a large majority."

Concern. Bearricher administrated, with seed sense and good humour, the wigning to which the Tamperance Banonet so plaintively laid himself open. For Members talk such sound sense on all matters connected with soldiering as the Member for West Sussex. In what he says of LOED CARDWELL, we are afraid he speaks the feelings of most soldiers. Admitting that the late War-Minister had done much for the Artillery, for the Militia, and the Volunteers, it would be untruthful (said the Colonel) to assert that he was liked in the Army. He had trodden on its prejudices and denocrated discovered its executed to core. teers, it would be untruthful (said the C was liked in the Army. He had trodden dangerously disregarded its esprit de corps.

"It was all very well to say 'why should not a man do as well in one regiment as in another, why should he not be presented from one regiment to another, why should he not fight as well in one regiment as another?" No doubt he would fight as well, but we had only to leek to the last campaign to see what seprit do corps had animated everybody from the colonel to the drummer, as it each thought his own regiment the best, and they might depend on it anything that injuriously affected that sentiment would injure the efficiency of the Army."

You never said a truer word, Colonel. And you spoke just as much to the purpose on Dépôt Contres.

"The great object of those centres was 'to mite in one harmonious whole' all the branches of the Service. Moreover, the regiment belonging to the county was at times to be at its Dépôt Centre, so that both officers and men should be well known, and that recruits should take pride and pleasure in joining their county regiment. But up to the present this intention had not been carried out, and where recruits had been got for county regiments, and those regiments for the moment happened to be full, instead of keeping the recruits as supernumeraries, they were draughted off into Scotch regiments, and sent to places where they were wanted to fill up vacancies."

On Recruiting, and the Reserve Mr. Holms and Col. ALEXANDER followed suit in the same sensible key, and, altogether the discussion was an informing one, speaking well for the truth-eliciting influences of Estimates prepared by one side and moved by the

usual by 256 to 45.

Mr. Ward Hust promised the Naval Estimates for the 29th of April.

Tuesday, March 31.—The Committee of Privileges, in re WHALLEY,

Tuesday, March 31.—The Committee of Privileges, in re WHALLEY, has very wisely reported that the matter requires no further attention from the House. Mr. WHALLEY, and 300 of his Peterborough and the pertinacious Member for the little Cathedral Borough and the big Convict Blackguard means to move for another Committee. Don't he wish he may get it?

On the Motion for Adjournment, Mr. Russell Gverner appealed to the Government to make the needful provision for the interment in Westminster Abbey of Dr. Lavisoscome's remains. His family earnot likely to be two Opera-si Society have no funds. Mr. Disparell will see to it. Under this Government we hope there is no danger that the feeling of the

officers of the Treasury, trained on cheese-parings and candle-ends, whom Mr. Disraell will do well to look after.

THE COMING DONKEY-SHOW.



May, the Merry Month of May, will perhaps this year be merrier then usual. This se of merriment will be probably occasioned by a novel exhi-bition which has just been advertion to the yearly show of jackness, in the Green and for which the early days of May have long been memorable, there will be held a show of Den-keys at the Crystal Palace. In order

Palace. In order to prevent over-crowding at the contrances, we are requested to same one that common kinds of denkeys, such for instances the following, will not on this occasion be received for exhibition:

Denkeys who were an eye-class, not because they are short-sighted, but because they think it fashionable.

Denkeys who attempt to give dinners d is Russe, although their cook has barely brains enough to roast a leg of mutton.

Donkeys, who in travelling, still stick to the stupid old conventionality of ordering wine they dare not drink, for the good of the house, and the refreshment of the waiter.

Donkeys who propose for the hand of a young lady, before they have made esttain that they will be accepted.

Donkeys who are willing, "just for form's sake," to inscribe their name upon a bill-stamp, to oblige a chance acquaintance whom they know but slightly.

their name upon a bill-stamp, to oblige a chance acquaintance whom they know but slightly.

Donkeys who put their faith in "crowded houses" and "unparalleled successes" as paraded in advertisements.

Donkeys who buy pictures which they don't a bit appreciate, simply for the sake of airing their pecuniosity.

Donkeys whose long ears enjoy the music of the organ-grinders.

Donkeys who give shillings to street-beggars, and think they thereby do a charity.

Donkeys who envisially attempt to sing a song, when they have

thereby do a charity.

Donkeys who convivially attempt to sing a song, when they have quite forgotten the words and really never knew the musis.

Donkeys who believe that genuine old crusted port can actually be purchased at half-a-crown a bottle.

Donkeys who think turtle-soup the quintessence of good cookery, and choicest luxury obtainable.

Donkeys who get on their legs to bray at wedding-breakfasts, birthday-dinners, and all sorts of social gatherings, which might not be so unpleasant were it not for their sweet voices.

Donkeys who cat salmon out of season at five shillings a pound, and disdain to touch it when it costs but eighteenpence, and is in its fullest flavour.

Donkeys who bid at auctions for things they do not want, because they fancy they are going cheaply.

Donkeys who are prejudiced against Australian meat because

of its cheapne

Donkeys who will blackball men against whom they know nothing, for the sake of showing their own sulkiness.

Donkeys who buy pears at twenty guineas a-dozen, and credulously hope to find them worth the money.

And, finally, donkeys who keep on sending jokes to Punch, expecting he will publish them.

QUITE AT HOME.

ONE of Mr. Gyr's premised new tenors is Signor Piarza. There are not likely to be two Opera-singers of the same name, or we would have suggested that this Gentleman should be distin-



"REALISING THE IDEAL."

AWFUL DISILLUSION OF MR. GOLIGHTLY, THAT BARNEST YOUNG ENTHUSIAST, ON FIRST ENCOUNTERING AT ONE OF MRS. LYON HUNTRE'S EVENINGS THE GIFTED AUTHORESS OF "HEART-THROSS: A LIFE'S EARTHQUAKE, AND OTHER POEMS;" "THE SIREN: A TALE OF PASSION;" "DALILAH: A STORY OF THE DAY;" AND A LARGE FAMILY OF SENSATIONS IN THREE VOLUMES, UNDER EQUALLY SUGGESTIVE TITLES.

CROSS-CURRENTS AT THE HOME OFFICE.

Home Secretary Cross must be somewhat at a loss—
He being, as we hear he is, an upright, downright, man,
Whose taste is all for fighting fair, and not upon the crossNo Mr. Facing-both-ways, who still turns cat-in-pan.

With his rival interviewers, the Grocers and the Brewers,
Then the Church of England Temperates and REVEREND CANON ELLISON.

Then the Publicans and Sinners, and Tectotal doctrine-dinners, With SIR WILFEID, that Sir Wilful, their zeal to blow the bellows on.

One deputation gone its antagonist comes on; Black-and-all-black out at one door, white-and-all-white in at

'Tis hard work for the Messengers to teach these criss-cross pas-

Within Home Office precincts their fires of wrath to smother;

Hard to hold Abstainers tight from Alcohol alight, Keep red-hot counter-irritants from buffets on the stair-case, Stay Freedom's fierce abettors from clapping foes in fetters— And for mutual repression they do make out a rare case!

Yet Home Secretary Cross, if 'twixt extremes he toss,
Is spared the fame of proving that all whites involve their blacks;
These rival Shibboleth-shouters, these whole-hog out-and-outers,
To save Asia the toil of flooring, lay each other on their backs.

Serenely Cnoss may sit, of argument well quit,
In the clash of counter-interest and counter-irritation,
Sit and smile, and bow them out to the doom, beyond a doubt,
Of Kilkenny's feline fighters—death by cross-extermination!

" I turned a cat-in-pan once more, And so I got preferment!"

Vicar of Bray.

A NEW COMPOSER.

In a recent notice in a leading journal of the Monday Popular Concerts, the critic goes into well-deserved praises of the four-part songs of the charming quartette of Swedish singers, who, after winning the heart of musical Paris, have come to take by storm that of musical London. He tells us quite truly that—

"Their voices—two sopranos, mezzo soprano, and contralto—blend delightfully; that their intonation is faultless; and the ensemble leaves absolutely nothing to desire."

And then he goes on to inform us that-

"The Swedish ladies gave two part-songs by Lindbrad, one by Scensk Folkwiss, and one by Eisenhoffen. "Neeken," the melody by Folkwiss, is identical with that which M. Ambroise Thomas has so happily introduced in the last occne of his Hamlet—the scene of Ophelis's malaces."

This is exactly as if the critic had informed us that the author of an English song was "Popular Melody," such being the Swedish (Scensk) meaning of Folk-visa.

We have been used in Italian Catalogues to see that industrious artist "Ignoro" (our Mr. Anon.) frequently mentioned, but it is the first time we have heard of the famous Swedish composer, "Popular Melody."

Mistake and No Mistake.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL has been delivering discourses in English at Rome. In one of them, according to an epitome of it in the Times:—

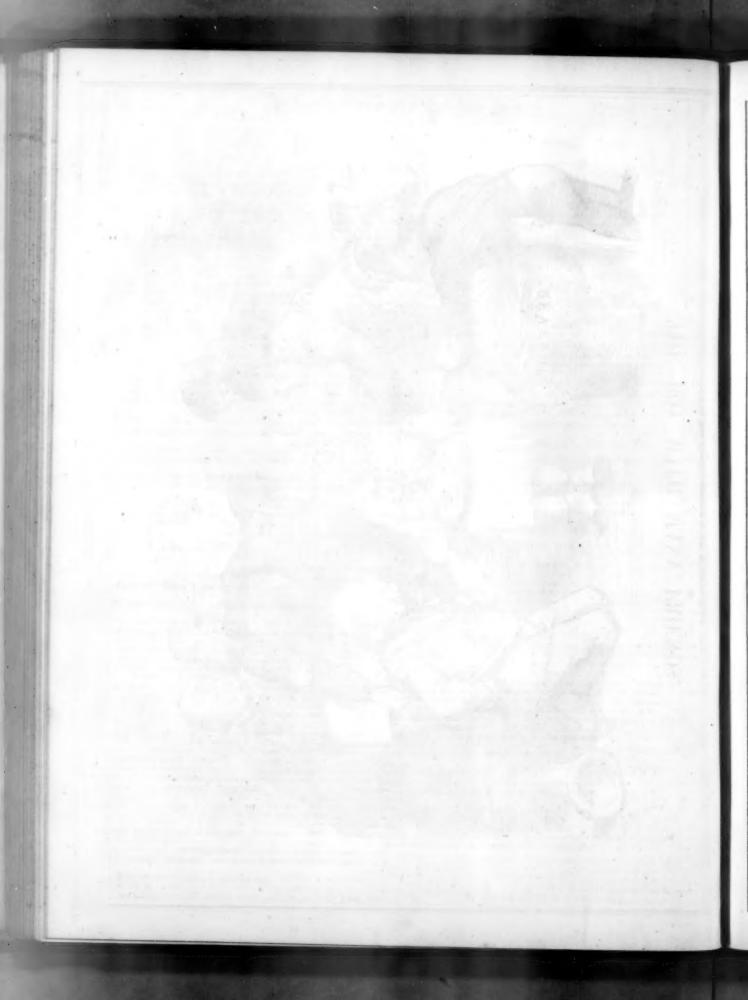
"Impeccability, he said, is not infallibility. The very worst man may be infallible so long as God chooses to speak through him."

Of course he may; but what if the worst of men choose to tell lies? To be entirely infallible, must he not be incapable of deceiv-ing as well as exempt from error, and therefore be impecable so far as veracity is concerned? This not being the place for controversy, perhaps these questions will be answered in some other.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARL-APRIL 11, 1874.



THE BOY WITH MANY FRIENDS. (With Mr. Punch's apologica to Mr. Webster, R.A.)





OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

My Drive Commences—Two Drives and a Ride—End of Jarvis's Cob—Trots's Quiet Animal.

THE Shambling Ostler wants to know if he is to drive JARVEN

horse. The alternative is my driving him.

Happy Thought.—Let him drive. Just because he is Jarvis's own man, and, therefore, if anything happens to the horse, the legal maxim, Qui facit per alium facit per se, will hold good—i.e., when Jarvis's paid agent, the Ostler, is driving, in effect Jarvis himself is holding the reine.

JANUES Build agent, the Oster, is driving, in effect JARVIS himself is holding the reins.

JARVIS'S Ostler is faciling per se for JARVIS.

Lenter the well of the T-cart behind. Dick the Ostler mounts to the driving-box. I stand up, holding on to the rail in front, after the manner of a Groom in a break when they 're trying steppers.

the driving-box. I stand up, holding on to the rail in front, after the manner of a Groom in a break when they 're trying steppers. This position, my eye on the horse, has a sporting look as we drive into the lane, and leave Murshe at the gate staring.

My first impression of Jarvis's Cob is, that he is curiously clover in the use of his near fore-leg, which he seems to employ in preference to any of the others. He beats time with it, marking, as it were, the first note of each bar.

Happy Thought (which I keep to myself because it sould be lost on the Ostler).—If "time flies," and Jarvis's Horse can beat time on the road, at what a tremendous pace Jarvis's Horse must go. Work this out, and put it down to Sudmer Smith.

I remark, on this leg, to the Ostler.

"He seems," I say diffidently, not liking to pronounce that he actually does what I am going to complain of—and after all I may be deceived, and the Ostler must be considered as an expert—"He seems," I say, "to rather stemp on his near fore-leg."

The Ostler is a man of very few words. He spares one or two forme. "Lor', no, Sir," he replies, huskily, and without turning.

Now, if ever I heard a stumper, that stumper is the positive negative of my proposition conveyed in the Ostler's reply.

Now, which is right?—he or I? Can I doubt my senses? If so, which sense?—my sight or my hearing? or both? I see the horse stump, I hear him stump, and I also hear the Ostler deny, totidem terbis, that he does stump.

Happy Thought.—New sign for an Inn. Instead of the "Magpie and Stump." Will send this to the reverse.

Happy Thought.—New sign for an Inn. Instead of the "Magnie and Stump," the "Horse and Stump." Will send this to the person who invents signs for Inns. By the way, who is he? Is it a regular profession,—the Sign-Inventor?

The Oatler makes a mysterious noise. When the horse hears this, he stumps less, and goes quicker.

"It's only his way at starting sometimes," the Ostler explains.

So far I see the Ostler is right. The horse has dropped his stump, and is going well—with an exception. He doesn't seem quite to know what to do with his head. He jerks it up loosely, about every two minutes, towards the left, as though he were saying, "Look

here! Come this way, down to the laft: that 's where I want to go."
I remark this to the Outler.
"That sin't nothing," replies the Ostler. "It's only his way.
He's as sound a little one as can be. If you was to drive him all day
he'd be no different."
To the horse's credit-side I must note that he doesn't shy, doesn't rear, or attempt to run away. That, in fact, he is quiet in harves.

I observe that I should like to take the reins.

The Ostler makes no objection. We change places. I drive, and the Ostler looks over my shoulder. I wish the Ostler had brought out a pocket-handkerchief. Sniffing may be, and probably is, economical, but it is unpleasant. Now I think of it, I never remember having heard of, or seen an Ostler with a pocket-handker-han

member having heard of, or seen an Ostler with a pocket-handkerchief.

We turn to the right on a new road.

The horse seems to hang on my hand heavily.

This the smifting Ostler attributes to the bit, "which," he says,
"don't give no freedom to the mouth."

I can't help remarking that this stumping with his near fore-leg
suggests lameness.

"Lame! Not him, Sir; it's only at startin' agen as he does it,"
replies the Ostler; and then makes a new noise, something between
a sniff and a chirrup, which is evidently recognised by the horse
as a sound of encouragement, as he, in sporting phrase, "pulls
himself together,"—he is rather in pieces with detached legs acting
on their own account, like those of his owner, Jarvis,—and goes
along as though he had never known what stumping meant.

Happy Thought.—"Stumping the country,"—another idea for a
sign-board,—"The Horse and Speaker," or, "'Orse and Orator."

I don't think he'll do. On returning I find Thorr the vet,
who has come over with a horse. Gloppin himself looks in.

Trott's horse.—"Gay, light-hearted, carries his head well," and
his tail, too, for the matter of that; in fact, his tail is more effective
than his head, as he has a way of flourishing the former round and
round triumphantly, with a kind of Catherine-wheel effect.

Disadeantages of Thorr's horse.—He (the'horse) is nearly sixteen
hands, which I find an obstacle in mounting. I don't get on very
easily, and it occurs to me that it is a nasty height to fall.

Advantages.—He is "showy," and, what Thorr calls, a "Gentleman's horse every inch of him." He's well worth his money
(says Thorr), if I take him at seventy; and every week will increase his value. Some people would be glad of him at a hundred;
only that having promised to get something good for me, Thorr
has brought him here directly he (the horse) came out of the
country.

Happy Thought.—Kind of Thorr, and thoughtful.

nas brought him here directly no (the horse) came out of the country.

Happy Thought.—Kind of Thorn, and thoughtful.

This puts Jarvis's Cob out of the question. Let Jarvis have his Cob back.

"I think you're right Sir," says Thorn, confidentially speaking about Jarvis's Cob. "It's not the sort of thing for you. It 'ud do very well for a butcher, or Mn. Jarvis himself to knock about on;



"USUFRUCT."

Wife. "Good gracious, George! what are you going to do!" George ("who is so hasty"). "Well, MY DEAR, YOU TALKED OF WAREHOUSING THE FURNITURE, WHILE WE WERE AWAY, IN A FIREPROOF 'THINGUMY,' SO I THOUGHT WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THE BURNING OF IT OURSELVES, AS COALS ARE SO DEAR!"

HORACE AT PUTNEY.

(March 28th, 1874.)

N.B.—Punch, as a rule, prefers the vernacular, but Horace has a right to veil the mysteries of Isis in his own Latin.

> Runsus heu! victi rediere nostri! Rursus et Cami rapuit juventus Nobilem palmam, assidui laboris Mite levamen!

Fors, diu nobis placida et benigna, Ore mutato nec ut ante nostris Annuens remis, procul avolavit,

Heu! Quibus nostris vitiis iniquus Tu sinis Camum dominare inultum? Cur, pater, victum genus et nepotes Negligis, Isis?

An suum tanta Tamesis fidelis Præsidem magnum, nihili æstimatum, Vindicat pæna? Scelerisne nostri Hoece piamen?

Quem vocent victi juvenes ruentis Remigi rebus? Prece qua fatigent, Dum rubent, Almam minus audientem Carmina Matrem 9

Cui dabunt partes scelus expiandi Principes P Tandem venias, precamur, Filius Morri,† superare remis Inclytus olim !

Tu rudes nervos hominum recentum ‡ Voce formasti catus et recurva Dorsa, sublimis rate vel propinqua Præpes in ora:

Seepius magna male remigantem Voce dum terres, resonabat undis Defluis ipso Jove ceu tonante O--xonins amnis.

Adveni O tandem! pater et refector Remigi usque Isim patiens vocari-Protinus priscos capient triumphos Te duce, nostri!

· LORD MAYOR.

+ I.e .- MORRISON.

\$ Anglice-" Freahmen."

but you want something that 'll not only do your country work, but if you do feel inclined to ride up to town, something that you can show on, and won't be ashamed of in a gentleman's stable."

Quite my view. So there's an end of Jarvis's Cob. After all he did stump. "I know him," says Thorr, summarily, "tendertee'd."

This country is the same of the s

"I know him," says Taorr, summarily, "tendertoe'd."

This sounds as if Jarvis's Cob was always having his feet in hot water, or was a trifle gouty.

Happy Thought.—To ask Thort (as a vet) whether a horse can have gout? Thorr smiles enigmatically. Clearly he is unwilling to impart professional knowledge for nothing. He has had to pay for his education, why should he give bits of it to me gratis? I do not, as counsel say, press the question.

Will Thorr's horse go in harness. Yes. I can try him. I Thorr's trap. Luckily Gloppin is able to accompany me on the cossion. Thort doesn't come, no Ostler or employé of Thorr's comes. My Aunt so admires the horse that she proposes joining us, and does so.

I drive. Aunt by my side. Gloppin behind. The horse starts easily. Almost too easily, as he goes with a high step suddenly out of the yard, and we nearly grase the gate-nost and take the pain off Thorr's wheels. It makes me gasp. Though I'm quite accustomed to the reins, yet I feel as though I were driving now for the first time. I turn him to the left with no decided object in view of going anywhere in particular, and he steps out freely.

But—there's a something—a sort of upheaving of his back and hind-quarters—which suggests an inclination on his part to get out of his harness. To my mind his very pace, his arched neek, and his sequences to bulge out his cheet and throw himself forward, suggest the idea of his feeling fettered, and wanting to chuck it all off and become the wild horse of the prairie, or, at all events, the browser on the common. As I may be wrong, I keep these reflections to myself, not wishing to make my Aunt nervous.

I feel, though, that she'll make me nervous very soon. She is

perpetually clutching at the side-rail, and throwing herself back whenever the horse makes a start forward; of which movement (perfectly in keeping with my theory about his wishing to get out of it altogether) he seems to be remarkably fond.

"He doesn't want the whip," GLOPPIN remarks.

He does not; and, if he did, I should not like to try its effect on him.

REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM THE GOLD COAST.



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COMPREHENSIVE.

Preceptor. " Now, can any of you Tell me anything Remarkable in the Live of Moses?" Boy. "YES, SIR. HE WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO BROKE ALL THE COMMANDMENTS AT ONCE!"

A GRANT IN AID, AND A CHECK THAT WANTS CROSSING.

WE have been long looking forward—if we should not rather say behind the hoarding which has for some months enclosed the so-called garden of Leicester Square—to a brilliant transformation-scene in that forlorn area. Nettles, mangy and soot-ingrained turf, withered shrubs, broken bottles, dead cats, and all the other abominations of desolation which have so long held undisputed possession of that melancholy spot — working up to a central climax of worlul waste in the 'mutilated and mouldering efficies of the First George and his steed—were, of a sudden, to be exchanged for green grass-plots, golden gravel-walks, and bright flower-beds, encircling a marble fountain crowned by a full-length statue of SHARSPEARE, and around him, at the four corners of the trim and tasteful garden, marble bustsof the four "genis loci"—NEWYON, RETNOLDS, HOGARTH, and HUNTER. and HUNTER.

marble bustsof the four "genis locs"—Newton, Keynolds, Hogarth, and Hunter.

The worker of this potent magic was to be Baron Albert Grant, who, fired with a desire to embellish our great Metropolits, had acquired for a round sum all but all the proprietary rights in the ground that money could buy, with a view to hand over the area so acquired, after embellishing it as we have described, to the Metropolitan Board of Works, to have and to hold for the benefit of the lieges of London.

This we call something like A Grant, and anything but a barren Grant, destined, as we had hoped it would prove, to be productive of similar acts of liberality, taste, and munificence by other public-spirited persons. But, lo! a Dog in the Manger has barked; and the withering hand of Chancery is invoked to stay this consummation so devoutly to be wished.

The "party" who has thus stepped in as the reverse of a Desse ex machined, is, we are informed, the recent acquirer of some small rights which enable him thus to oppose a great Metropolitan improvement, and put a public benefactor to cost and inconvenience.

We hope it will be found that the day for such an abuse of Chancery procedure is over, and that Equity distinctly declines.

Os Sunday last week a good many people were observed going about carrying Willow-branches in bud. In answer to inquiries, it was said that they carried Willow because the day was Palm Sunday.

Parliament can override even Equity when iniquitous; and we hope, in this case, if the Vice-Chancellor be powerless to protect Leicester Square against the Dog in the Manger, that the House of Commons will be able to defend that Iuckless area against Vice-Chancellor and Dog in the Manger both together.

STANZAS TO TWO STROKES.

(RHOADES, Cantab, and WAY, Oxon.)

THE right Way of two Roads,
Those to winning and losing,
May be hit in three modes—
By style, strength, or both, using.

The Light-blues will still sway
The stern dictates of Fate,
While their RHOADES takes a WAY



" BUSINESS!"

Bath-Chairman, "I s'rose the Duke of Edinboro' and his Missis will be by directly?"

Policemen. "No, they won't. They ain't in Town."

Bath-Chairman. "Ain't they !-- I say, if that Old Lady in my Chair

Ants you, say 'you don't know,' 'Gause she's a waitin' to see 'km, and
I'm engaged by the Houe!"

UNREALISED BEATITUDE !

THE Lion has not as yet come to lie down with the Lamb, but Victor-Emmanum, and Francis-Joseph are on visiting terms. Who shall undertake to say that the man who predicts that the Millennium will arrive between this and the first of this month next year is a fool? Not above ten years since, at Venice, the Austrians and the Italians were found refusing to sit in the same cafés. Two years later the Italian army was beaten by an Austrian force at Custorza, and the Italian navy at Lissa. Yet last year the King or Italy was enthusiastically received at Vienna, and the Empenor of Austrian may expect the same reception at Rome. It Re Galasticomo at the late celebration of his jubilee indignantly tore up a memorial presented to him from the inhabitants of Trieste, praying that they might cease to be Austrian, and become Italian. The Correspondent of a contemporary concludes a series of remarks to the foregoing effect by the observation that:—

"It is scarcely too much to say, that no one has more brought about this cordiality than the Pors. All the Powers on the Continent have learnt that they have a common fee in the Roman Church. The Vatican Council, which decreed the infallibility of the Pors, sounded his knell."

That is the knell, so to speak, of the Temporal Papacy. Far distant be the time for sounding a knell literally, in personal relation to the Pontificate. Vica il Papa! though not as il Papa Rê. May his Holiness outlive the annos Petri by many years beyond his present number in the enjoyment of all true temporal blessings, amongst which his best wishers would hardly reekon the cares of the Temporal Power. It is hoped that thus much may be said without presumption, though to invoke a benediction on the Pope of Rome may be deemed not only an impertinence but also a carriage of coals to Newcastle. There is, however, a blessing even of a spiritual nature which perhaps it is no offence to wish that the Holy Father may realise when he considers how highly he has contributed to bring about the cordiality at present existing between all the principal Continental Powers, with United Germany at the head of them. Can that blessing be so much as named without appearing

in a manner to neglect an admonition which warns us not to teach an agod female relative a peculiar method of eating eggs? Beati pacifici! Meditation on that merited beatitude might greatly solace the sanctopaternal heart.

"BOS LOCUTUS EST!" A LAY OF THE NEWMARKET STRIKE.

HE sang it at morn, when the rooks took flight
Over the misty hill:
He sang it at noon, when the san was bright
In the drip from the wheel of the mill:
He sang it at eve, when with weary hoof
Home came the plodding team,
And he sang it at night, 'neath his crazy roof,
Till his song died off in his dream:
And the song of Hoder was in minor key,
Less of music in it than moan:
The song of a life that blank of glee
From youth to age had grown.

- "Children eight, and a wife sere-tried, And twelve bob a-week to feed us: They do say as we be our country's pride— But she don't seem much to heed us.
- Parson do preach, and tell we to pray,
 And to think of our work, and not ask more pay:
 And to follow ploughshare, and not ask more pay:
 And to follow ploughshare, and never think
 Of crazy cottage and ditch-stuff's stink—
 That doctor do say breeds ager and chills,
 Or, worse than that, the fever that kills—
 And a' bids me pay my way like a man,
 Whether I can't, or whether I can:
 And, as I ha'n't beef, to be thankful for bread,
 And bless the Lord it ain't turmuts instead:
 And'never envy the farmer's pig.
 For all a' lies warm, and is fed so big;
 While the Missus and little 'uns grows that thin,
 You may count the bones underneath their skin:
 I'm to call all I gits 'the chastening rod,'
 And look up to my betters, and then thank God,
- "For my children eight, and my wife sore tried, And the twelve bob a-week to feed us: They do say we be the country's pride— But it don't much seem to heed us!
- Parson he preaches of Beulah's land,
 And the sheep, all sorts, at the Throne's right and—
 I often thinks how's their lotments given,
 With landlords and farmers and labourers even—
 To think of a place with no shop to pay,
 And no workin' through winter and summer's day!
 And never no clay to clog a man's feet,
 Nor no smocks to be mucked wi' the rain and sleet,
 And to think of the Missus and childer in white,
 Well-fed, and well-clad, and all in the light,
 Wi' plenty to eat, and time to play,
 And no winter nights to shiver away;
 And I thinks till the pains drop off o' my back,
 And there's no rheumatics my joints to rack,
 Though what's afore me I knows right well—
 The workhouse ward and the workhouse shell.
 Well, there's troubles for lab'rors and farmers alike,
 And I'd best stick to plough and hedge and ditch;
 Though bellies may pinch and bairns may squall,
 There's wonders 'tother side the sea—
 But I dunnow, somehow I'm used to here,
 And I'll do as I've done this many a year—
- "With a fam'ly of eight, and wife sore tried, And twelve bob a-week to feed us: They do say as we be our country's pride— But it don't seem much to heed us!"

QUESTION FOR NAVAL EXAMINATIONS.

Q. Can you give any other name for a Ship's Cut-water?
A. Yes. A Sea-saw.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.



O the world it matters vastly little what the words be of a song, so long as they be fortunately married to good music. Singers in society are rarely very careful in their articulation, and song-writers are doubtless well acquainted with this fact, and therefore apt to take small pains about their lyric compositions. This in some way may account for the surprising silliness, and hardly compensating sweetness, of many very popular and highly sentimental ditties. When we listen to the tuneful-ness of Mr. ARTHUR SUL-LIVAN'S "Little Maid of Areadee," we feel tempted to compose a companion piece of poetry, with the hope that it might lure him into taking out his note-book, and delighting

every drawing-room with another pleasant melody. Embellished with an elegant and highly-coloured portrait of a pretty lady's-maid, or sentimental kitchen ditto, our song, were it entitled "Little Maid of Belgravee," would doubtless charm the listening ears and touch the tender heart of many a John Tromas.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Dream after seeing the School for Scandal at the Prince of Wales's.

SIR, I was enchanted, I was ravished with pleasure. I had supper, and an animated discussion. I went to bed, and foll asleep. In my dreams,—for I was troubled with dreams that night, and will not take supper so late again—I fancied I was Somewhere, I don't know where, and met Mr. E. B. SHERIDAN, who straightway informed me that he, too, had been out that night, in order to be present at the Prince of Wales's. I record what I can remember of the conversation which took place between the Illustrious Author and Yors Expresentative. and Your Representative

Your Representative. I trust, Sir, you were both pleased and satisfied with the performance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre?

Sheridan. Why, Sir, I am not inclined to be pleased with anything, or anybody. For ninateen years I had been endeavouring to satisfy myself with my own style in The School for Scandal, and never

Succeeded.

Your Representative. What did you think, Sir, of the dresses and the seenery at the Prince of Wales's? Was not the illusion perfect? Sheridam. 'Egad, it was not an illusion at all; it was reality. From a painted ealing to a tea-cup, from a black boy to a candle-snuffer, there they were. It positively grieved me to turn from my place on the stage towards the audience. If it were not that I feel some delicacy about startling Mn. and Mns. Banchoff, I would visit them on purpose to tender my most sincere thanks, compliment them, as they deserve, on their liberality and good taste, and offer a few suggestions.

them, as they deserve, on their liberality and good taste, and offer a few suggestions.

Your Representative. I am sure they would be pleased to see you. Sheridan. Hum! you forget what David says—

Your Representative. David the Psalmist?

Sheridan. Odds harps and harpstrings, no, Sir! My David.

Your Representative. Ah, in The Rivals?

Sheridan. I am glad to find I am so well remembered. "Our ancestors," says he, "are very good kind of folks: but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with."

Your Representative. An idea which you used in another form in The School for Scandal.

Sheridan. Sir, you belong to the category of damned good-patured.

Sheridan. Sir, you belong to the category of damned good-natured friends; but let me tell you there are more ways than one of serving venison. But as I shall not disturb the repose of the Management

of the Prince of Wales's, let us discuss some items of the latest revival-

Four Representative. Thank you, Sir. If you would favour me with your view of Mr. BANCROFT as—

Sheridan. Joseph Surface? With all the pleasure in Elysian life.

ME. BANCROFT'S Joseph Surface, as a highly artistic study, was admirable. I say emphatically "as a study." I can make no comparisons. For, as Mr. BANCROFT was CAPTAIN HAWTREE in Caste, so ninety-seven years ago, Mr. PALMER—Plausible JACK PALMER—was JOSEPH SURFACE to the life. The great merit of his performance was that artificial as is the character, Mr. BANCROFT never forgots, even in the scene with Lady Teazle, which most nearly approaches passion, that Joseph's assumed strait-lacedness of demeanor has become part and parcel of himself, and cannot be thrown entirely aside, until he is well assured that the cloak is no longer necessary to his designs. to his designs.

Your Representative. Sir, I am beholden to you.

Sheridan. Their arrangement of seems (except in the First Act where Lady Teazle and Sir Peter fall out in Lady Sneerwell's drawing-room), was an improvement—yee, really an improvement—on my own plan. What say you?

What say you?

on my own plan. What say you?

Your Representative. Sir, I would not venture to differ from so excellent an authority. The stage management throughout was, even for the Prince of Wales's, exceptionally good. The natural arrangement of Charles Surface's guests around his table, the case with which the scating of Moses on one side, and of Mr. Premium on the other, was managed, contributed materially to realise what the half-tipsy reckless party would have considered as the fun of admitting a Jew money-lender and a broker within the circle of their own choice society. own choice society.

Sheridan. I wish DAYY GARRICK had been there. But he would not come. By the way, GARRICK wasn't so tall as Mr. HARE, and the latter looked a pigmy by the side of Mr. BANGMOFT'S Joseph.

Your Representative. And how, Sir, did you like Mr. HARE as

Sir Peter !

Sir Peter?

Sheridam. Gad, Sir, I think Mr. Robertson had this gentleman's measurement down to the last inch. Considering the great difficulties with which he had to contend, Mr. Harke's performance was highly creditable to him. But, I admit I am somewhat difficult to please. Mr. King at Old Drury, whose wardrobe was limited, was litted to a nicety. Mathews imitated him, and did not eatisfy me.

Four Representative. Mr. Hare looked a perfect picture. Sheridan. There I grant you. But he was more like the portrait of Uncle Oliver in Charles's room, than of my Sir Peter; as, to my thinking, he had a damned disinheriting countenance, and, like the ladies and gentlemen on the walls, he never moved a muscle.

Your Representative. But, Sir, under favour, Sir, when, after the discovery in the Screen Scene, he closed his eyes, as, for the moment, he shut the door of his heart against Lady Teczle, and refused to allow her to take his hand, was not his action excellent then?

Sheridan. I grant you. And so, also, when he blurted out, "Zounds, Madame, you had no taste when you married me," his look of blank dismay at being caught in such a word-trap could not have been better.

Your Representative. But, Sir, what sort of a man did you intend

Sir Peter to be?
Sheridan. 'Slife, Sir, the question's scarcely a fair one. Sheridan. 'Slife, Sir, the question's searcely a fair one. He was Old Teazle, in a farce, to begin with, and gradually the farce became a comedy; and Old Teazle grew into Sir Peter. He commenced by being an old fool—he ended by being an old wit, whose cynicism was the result of his folly. I found this out after I had finished him. How, to your thinking, was the Charles of Mr. Cochlan? I, myself, could wish for no better.

could wish for ne better.

Your Representative. After that expression of feeling, any opinion on my part would be uncalled for, had you not been good enough to demand it. To my mind, Mr. Coghlan was the careless, lounging-at-his-ease, good-hearted roue to the very life. When in his chair at the head of his own table, he strikingly recalled to my memory the figure of the dissipated husband in Hogarth's Marriage d la Mode. His performance left nothing to be desired. But, had Nature only foreseen that, one of these days, he would be east for this part, and had, providentially, gifted him with a less sinister expression about the mouth, then, in every detail, Mr. Coghlan's Charles Surface would have been perfect. This may be considered hypercritical, and I admit that this trifling accidental defect in no appreciable degree detracts from the morit of this elever actor's impersonation. impersonation.

Sheridan. They did not make so much of Moses as we did

Sheridan. They did not make so much of Moses as we did originally.
Your Representative. No, Sir; and I confess I was not sorry to see this infraction of ancient custom. Moses had degenerated into bufloonery, with a catch sentence of "I'll take my oath of that!" They do well to keep your Israelite in the background. At the Prince of Wales's, Moses is very much where Moses is in the old riddle "when the candle went out." Talking of innovations, by the way, there was a striking novelty, where all was so strikingly novel, in giving Sir Benjamin Backbite to the jeune premier.

Sheridan. Novelty, Sir!

Your Representative. Why, Sir, Sir Benjamin Backbite is usually

given to a low comedian.

Sheridan. Zounds, Sir! there never was such a mistake. The
Management of the Prince of Wales's has acted most wisely—a rare instance in the history of theatrical managements.

instance in the history of theatrical managements.

Your Representative. Present company—
Sheridan (smiling). Not excepted, Sir. I do not think that the now-existing Committee of Old Drury would have been so favourably disposed towards me, as, I hear, they have been towards Mr. CHATTERTON. But as I was saying, they have done well and wisely at the Prince of Walse's in giving Sir Benjamis to Mr. Lew RAYNE, who, but for the drawback of habitnal self-consistences, which sarrifices the interests of the same for the sake of an individual appeal to the andience, is the legitimate successor of the original Mr. Dond, the most perfect fopling of his time, "the primes of pink heels, and the soul of empty eminesse."

Your Representative. And the Crobbtee of Mr. Wood?

Sheridan. 'Gad, Sir, Crobbtee is Wood. Parsons was much the same—a fidgety old fellow who afterwards played Cambber—Imean Sir Fretful to the life.

Sir Fretful to the life.

Sir Fretful to the life.

Your Representative. Mrss Fressy Josephs was charming as Lody Sneeruell, and Mrs. Murry's Mrs. Candour was as good as could be wished. And as to Mrs. Banchour's Lody Teasle, Sir—
Sheridan. Whatever the Manageress of the Primes of Wales's does, she does well. But let me hear your opinion.

Your Representative. Well, Sir, with all due deference, it appears to me that the key-note of Mrs. Banchour's Lody Teasle is to be found in Sir Peter's description of her: "She plays her part in all the extravagant foppery of the fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square." There it is exactly. The sever, quick-witted country girl, the rural coquette, who, ax months ago, jogged on a pillion on old Dobbin's back behind the butler, refused the fox-hanting Squire and accepted Sir Peter, has, with ready perception of the requirements of her new rank, rapidly assimilated herself to the character of the society in which she is henceforward to live, move, and have her being, and sesing that she must either rule among the peacocks, or be encered at, and plucked as an intrusive jackdaw, she has at once successfully adopted all the graces and the manners of a woman of fashion. Giddy with excitement, she is, for a brief space only, in danger of yielding up her belief in virtue before the specious doctrines of a detestably false philosophy.

Sheridan (shaking me by the hand). Sir, this is all most true.

Your Representative. As Mr. Snake, (and, after him, the recently unfortunate Mr. Jran Loure) says, "I seorn a lie." But to continue. Note Mrs. Banchory's repentant air in the Sereen Scene, and her look of soorn for Joseph when he attempts to assist her from the room. Excuse my saying it, Mr. Sheridan. Serious, by your loave, Sir—at Sir Peter's expense in that trying and most serious situation.

Sheridan. Serious, Sir! A plague of your seriousmes! Don't

serious situation.

serious situation.

Sheridan. Serious, Sir! A plague of your seriousness! Don't mistake me, Sir. That seene was farcical, and the situation was farcical, and Charles Surface laughed at it as afterwards Old Rootley laughed at it, as Sir Oliver laughed at it, and as we should have laughed at it in my time. Serious!

Your Representative. But, surely, Sir—Sheridan. 'Slife, Sir, I am beginning to think that the youngsters pretend to understand me better than I ever understood myself. I am my own Lord Burlingh, and my shake of my hoad means a devilish deal more than I could possibly have imagined. It is getting late, and we keep early hours. Besides, I should like to talk this over with Garrick. Be it yours, Sir, to "draw wise morals from my play." And so I take my leave. Your most obsequious!

Your Representative. Your most devoted!

And so I awake—just in time to sign myself, quite wide awake.

And so I awoke-just in time to sign myself, quite wide awake, YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. The minust danced by Mis. Banchoff, Miss Josephs, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Lin Rayne, is alone worth a second visit, and the picture and frame are worth two more after that. Even with a view to learned theatrical conversation at the dinner-table and at five o'clock teas, everyone should see the revival at the Prince of Wales's of the School for Scandal.

Becoming Caution.

A warren on the Agricultural Statistics of Ireland, in the Irish Times for April 4th, notices that-

"Horses showed an increase over the previous year to the number of 2879; while Asses (quadruped) were 978 in excess."

WHAT LITERARY LADIES OUGHT TO WEAR,-Book Muslin.

ADDISON'S AGGRAVATION .

OR. " CHI PATTI NON TIENE!"

"Yes, all right; you shall have hair-pins, violet powder, and feet-(See Report of a late Trial at Liverpool.)

How could the most errant of Stam not be saught?
By a telegram thus with all gallantry faught?
But femme varie too often.
And violet-powder, and hair-pins to boot,
And even a warmer for each fairy fost,
A hard PATTE wen't setten?

How sad for this most enterprising lessee,
That in spite of his telegrams frolic and free,
Miss Partis turned traitor.
And if swingeing damages Antison get,
Punch must benestly own he will feel no regret
To be a "Spectator."

Young Ladies that country engagements accept,
To their country engagements should strictly be kept,
If by power of atterney;
And when a fair Star than comes down from her sphere,
Punch can only exclaim, "Ah, how facilis here
Is Descenses Laverni!"

FRUITS OF PISCICULTURE.



HE good news of last week includes the tidings, de-lightful if true, that, on Wednesday morning, a fine salmon - trout sup-posed to weigh from ten o eleven pounds was seen by a ferryman named Barker, leaping about in the Thames off Gordon House, Isleworth, the residence of Lonn KIL-MOREY. Among the better news is the event that a salmon - trout weighing 7lb. 4joz., was actually caught off the island near the same place by a barge-man named FINN. Mr. FINN was offered ten shillings for his prize, but preferred to keep it for his own consumption, whence we rejoice to infer that he is a prosperous bargee. It is a hopeful fact that a salmon-trout

Thames, and a remarkable one that it was eaught by a Firm.

THE LABOUR LAWS COMMISSION.

Approach of May with tints so gay
Is what the minstrel muses on:
But worthier far of poet's lay
Th' inquiry that Tom Huones is on.

Masters' and Workmon's wrongs and rights Maconald too will sit upon:
While Lords and Lawyers blend their lights,
Some plan of peace to hit upon.

Of Capital's and Labour's laws,
When they 've the tangled clue undone,
Let Men and Masters join applause,
And bless the Squire of Hughenden !

THE REVERSE OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A School in which very few Members of Society are brought up a Charity School.



THE ROUND OF THE STUDIOS.

Affable Stranger. "Good Morning, Mr. M'Gilp! I haven't the Pleasure of your Acquaintance, but a Brother of mine met you, some Years ago, at a Garden-Party, and I thought you wouldn't mind my Calling to see your Pictures, and—be-beinging some Cousins of my Wife's!"

[Our Artist bows low, to dissemble the too exuberant rapture that beams all over his tell-tale countenance,

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

Parts, April 8.

AFTER the longest run known in dramatic annals—a year and old months (Sundays and all)—long enough to produce for her parent a whole progeny of grandchildren in all forms and all languages, Madame Angot's Doughter gives up the ghost to-night. There is talk of a procession of the Dames deele Is Halle in honour of her obsequies; for she has supplied that worthy sisterhood with a new store of chaff. Wandering through the Fish Market the other day, and of chaff. Wandering through the Fish Market the other day, and most intelligible gestures, which would have made the fortune of several comedies and pantomines. If ever the world and most intelligible gestures, which would have made the fortune of several comedies and pantomines. If ever the world have proved, to conviction, that for a play or an opera to be successful in Paris it need not be of the usual unsavoury kind. A piece thoroughly "homotle"—barring a few little harmless eccentricities which need shock nobody—Lexog's opera has had a greater success than all the horrors of late years put together. Everybody must wish that M. Laccoa had stuck to his colours. But not he. Your wish that M. Laccoa had stuck to his colours. But not he. Your wish that M. Laccoa had stuck to his colours. But not he words of successional of homotle of the sum of

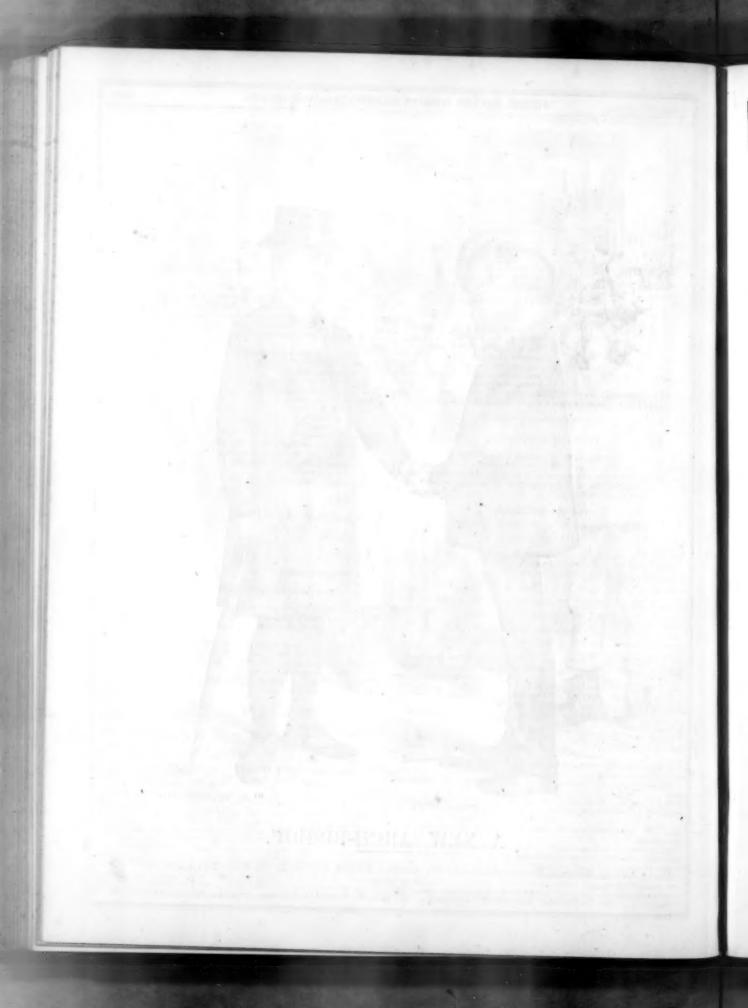
Als, to wonder at the comparative purity of the Demi-Monde which shocked everybody at the time, when honest old Schie's drame bourgeois was still popular. It is a long step from the Demi-Monde to some of the author's later productions. I wonder, by the way, what Schieb would think of M. Feuiller being called by the Times' Correspondent a pupil of his school? Also, I wonder much, though humbly, what that gentleman thought he meant when he said so.



A NEW ARCH-BISHOP.

Joseph Arch (to Bishop of Manchester). "AH! MY LORD, I NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND YOUR LORDSHIP ON OUR SIDE!"

[See the Bisnor of Manchester's Letter to the Times on the Lock-out of the Labourers-" Are the Farmers mad ?" &c., &c.



GLOVER AND GLOVER.



THERE are two GLOVERS of whom THERE are two GLOVERS of whom Posterity will read the names in biographical dictionaries. Both of them bear a relation to Leo-NIDAS. The first, GLOVER the Poet, celebrated the valour of that hero. The second, CAPTAIN GLOVER, of Ashantee remown, enulated it. Happily, however, there is this difference between CAPTAIN GLOVER and LEONIDAS, that whereas the latter fell at Thermopyle, the former lives to receive the thanks of Parliament, and to dine with the LORD MAYOR.

" L'ORIL DE MAÎTES."

A PROPOS of a recent fuseo at a great public school, a Member of the Governing Body was heard to remark that he had already "a Master in his eye." Mr. Punch, whilst freely admitting that Governing Bodies are not to be ranked as ordinary mortals, cannot help observing that the person referred to would be more likely to have a Pupil in his eye than a Master.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

MINDFUL of the success which attended the publication of Mole-anna, Chikkin Hazard, and the Treble Temptation in this Journal, &c., in the true spirit of enterprise, and not to be behind any of our worthy contemporaries in the production of genuine novelties, we beg to present our readers with the First Number of a new Serial entitled

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED PRENCH MOVELIST

FICTOR NOGO.

* Adapted expressly to the exigencies of this Paper by on Eminent Translator. All rights reserved. In case of any difficulties Translator. All rights reserved. In case of any difficulties arising out of the present adaptation, it is carneslly requested that all applications should be made at the Office between the hours of ten and four daily, where a Fighting Correspondent is specially retained. Pistols on hire by the hour, and Coffee, simpenes a cup.

PART THE FIRST-ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FIRST.

The Forest of La Sodar-an-bo.

On the first day of April a Regiment reconnoitred the dreaded forest of Sodar-an-be, in the department of Cellaret. Of six hundred Volunteers, mounted on hacks of true Irish breed, called cork-screws, only twenty-one and a boy remained.

Each Regiment from Paris took with it five pieces of cannon; these put together would have made one gun.

On the 31st of March the Directory had issued the password to the troops—"O, you April fool!" One fool makes many. The woods and forests were crowded that day.

The Regiment engaged at La Sodar-an-be looked to the right, the left, before, behind, all at once. Each man, forming a square, looked round.

ed round. KLEBER has said, "Every soldier has a nose on his face." The man who uttered this was a Kleber man.

Every soldier knew that should his leader fail, he could follow his

own nose,—to death, or victory.

The forest seemed deserted. Blunderbusses were heard at intervals. This caused redoubled vigilance in getting out of the way.

In a path a Soldier found a slug. He made signals. Nobody saw him. He repeated them. The slug moved on, and disappeared into an ambasis. an ambush.

In less than a minute & circle of pointed muskets surrounded it.

The soldiers awaited the Sergeant's order.

The Vivandière pressed forward.

Curiosity is a feminine instinct.

"Halt!" she cried.

When the Vivandière cried "Halt!" the Sergeant dared not say

"Fire!"

Claimed.

The children cried bitterly.

"Vite la 'publique!" cried the Soldiers.

And the Sergeant, turning to the woman, said—

"Quel jour est-ce que nous avons!" ("O what a day we are having!")

(To be continued.)

Seated among the bushes was a Woman with a small party of

infants of various ages.

A Sunday-school out for a holiday. This was the ambush. The

remains of one pork-pie was on the ground.

"A veal-and-ambush," said the Sergeant, grimly.

"How old are you all?" asked the Vivandière.

Your united ages are fifty next birthday," replied the Woman. Your name?" asked the Vivandière, in a tone singularly harsh and peculiarly soft.

d pecunariy sort.

The Woman did not understand.

The Vivandière persisted.

The Woman stammered.

"P-p-p-p-pic-nie."

"And the children's?" asked the Vivandière.

"P-p-p-ic-a-n-n-n-in-n-n-nies."
"We will give you some soup," said the Vivandière.
At this the Woman began to feel a certain confidence. Where

At this the Woman began to feel a certain confidence. Where there is soup there is hope.

"Where do you come from?" asked the Sergeant.

The Woman replied, "Q-q-quite w-well th-th-thank you."

The Sergeant was stupefied. He often was. He had once been an Usher in a School where the Ollendorfian system of languages was practised, and considered himself a fine teacher.

He, continued his interrogatories, and she replied, on this principle.

"Have you my coat or the tailor's?"
"I have the tailor's."
"Have you my ugly hat?"

I have not your ugly hat."
Have you anything good?"
I have nothing good."
Are you cold?"
I am not cold."

Are you warm?"

Have you warm."
Have you my brother's handsome nose?
I have not your brother's handsome nose."
Have you the fine old leather gun?"
No, I have it not."

"Have you the wine?"

The ribbon ?"

"No."
"The golden button?"

"No."
"The cheese ?"

"The coffee ?"

"The silver candlestick?"

"No."
"Then what's the matter with you?"

" Nothing."

"Five thousand varieties of blackbeetles!" exclaimed a Grenadier. "Five thousand varieties of blackbeetles!" exclaimed a Grenadier. The Woman gave a start of terror. It was all she had to give.

"You are not accustomed to soldiers' language," said the Vivandière, kindly.

"I h-h-h-ate b-b-b-lackbeetles," said the poor Woman.

"What have you to eat?" asked the Sergeant.

"Nothing but what she gets off the bushes," said the Vivandière.

"Sloe work!" said the Grenadier.

"Berry much so," answered the Sergeant, grimly.

The Vivandière filled a cup.

"Drink!"

The children obeyed. They made way faces.

The children obeyed. They made wry faces.
"It's our fine old One-and-Three," observed the Vivandière, turning to the Sergeant.

A thrill ran through the Regiment. It had not trembled in battle. omrades," exclaimed the Sergeant, "we'll adopt this little Is it agreed?" It shuddered now. "Comrades," en

"Conrades," exclaimed the Sergeant, "we'll adopt this little lot. Is it agreed?"
"Hurrah for the 'public!" shouted the Grenadiers, evasively.
"Fifty thousand names of small potatoes!" exclaimed the Grenadier. He lived on oatha.
"It is settled," said the Sergeant, and he kissed the young Woman, and cut a short twig for the benefit of the children. He was a Soldier; I have said he had been a Schoolmaster.
The Vivandière jumped for joy.
"I will give them our One-and-Three at half-prise!" she exclaimed.
The children cried bitterly.



FLATTERING IMITATION.

Sarah. "THERE, MARY ANN, THAT'S THE 'AT AS I TOOK MINE FROM!"

THE GENTLE CRAFTSMAN.

Scene.—Working-men's Temperance Athenœum. At a table, seated reading newspapers, William Smithers, skilled bricklayer, and James Blogg, Carman in the employ of a Coal-merchant.

Smithers (laying down his paper). JAMES, I feel somewhat ex-

Smithers (laying down his paper). James, I feel somewhat exhausted. Do not you? Suppose we partake of a little refreshment. Blogg. What do you propose? Smithers. Might I suggest tea? Blogg. With bread-and-butter? Smithers. Yes; and shall we say a portion of plum-cake? Blogg. I think so. (Beckons an Attendant). Tea, milk, sugar, bread-and-butter, and plum-cake for two. (To Attendant, who retires.) Does your journal contain any news of interest, WILLIAM? Smithers. Little. A Correspondent inquires, "Where is the Great Liberal Party?"

Smithers. Little. A Correspondent inquires, "Where is the Great Liberal Party?"

Blogg. Echo answers, "Where!"

Smithers. Excuse me, James. Echo never repeats the first word of a question, but always the last. Your friend Byron was wrong. To the inquiry, "Where is the Great Liberal Party?" if Echo could reply "Where," Echo could as easily reply "Everywhere." And that would be the correct answer. The Great Liberal Party still constitutes the great majority of Englishmen.

[Re-enter Attendant with refreshments, and exit. Blogg. Yet that majority is represented by a majority of Conservatives. If the Great Liberal Party is to blend itself with the Great Conservative Party, how is the QUEEN'S Opposition to be carried on?

carried on ? carried on?

Smithers. By the Little Liberal Party, James. By a Liberal Party formed of advanced Liberals, James; in short, James, by the Republican Party. That party, James, I apprehend, will form Her Majesty's Opposition of the Future; and Her Majesty's Opposition of the Future will be an Opposition to the Queen.

Blogg. In the meanwhile, William, you anticipate a course of essentially Liberal legislation?

Smithers. Certainly, whether the present Ministry remain in office or no. They will have forced upon them either Liberal measures, or resignation.

Blogg. Some of them, apparently, are not hostile to a large and enlightened policy of political and social reform.

Smithers. No, indeed. And in some particulars not a few have been converted to the most progressive views. For instance, there is Female Suffrage

Blogg. Which Mr. DISRAELI himself, I believe, is disposed to Smithers. Convinced that it will tend to the amelioration of our

venerated institutions as well as to the elevation of Woman.

Blogg. His supporters' views on the Labour Question are supposed to be not unfriendly to the Working-man.

Smithers. Time will show. I trust that in legislating on our behalf they will not forget to afford us adequate protection from the tyranny of our own Order.

Blogg. There are said to be those among them who are not indisposed to entertain the idea of a Free Breakfast Table. Smithers. Let us hope that they will balance any relief of that kind with a proportional reduction of direct taxation.

Blogg. A Free Stable, for instance; a Free Coat-of-Arms, and a Free Kitchen, with untaxed male domestics. But still do you not think that the fiscal burdens weigh most heavily on the Consuming Classes !

Smithers. The chief Consuming Classes, my dear James, are the Consumers of Intoxicating Liquors. James, would you legislate in order to promote the consumption of those (making a face of diagust) dreadful beverages?

dreadful beverages?

Blogg. Rum, brandy, whiskey, gin, and beer. (Makes similar faces.) Those pernicious fluids, those deleterious potions! (Makes more faces. They both make faces.) Ugh! Reduce the duty on those horrid articles of consumption? O no, WILLIAM—never!

Smithers. The Liquor Traffic, JAMES, will have to be dealt with cautiously. The taxes of the Temperate, like yourself and me, are limited to an inconsiderable amount by means of duties which in point of fact constitute an exceedingly heavy fine on national drunkenness. Would you wish that fine abolished?

Blogg. O dear no, WILLIAM! O, certainly not. That were unselfish to the verge of imprudence.

Smithers. It is in the power of every Working-man, at present,

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A TEMPTING INDUCEMENT.

Cheerful Agent for Life Assurance Company. "The Advantage of our Company is, that you do not Forfelt your Policy Ether by being Hanged or by committing Suicide! Pray take a Prospectus!"

to reduce his taxes to something almost nominal by becoming a votary of total abstinence.

total abstinence.

Blogg. Let us then, William, think once, twice, and even thrice, before we demand any alteration of so advantageous an arrangement.

Smithers. Well, Janes, it is now time to depart. Allow me to defray the expenses of our refreshment.

Blogg. Nay, William, it was our joint indulgence. Suppose for the enjoyment of a pleasure which you would monopolise, we draw lots.

Smithers. Willingly.

[As they proceed to make the requisite arrangements for that mode of settling who is to "stand," the Scene closes.]

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL IN THE KITCHEN.

"A CAMBRIDGESHIRE VICAR," writing to the Times, truly remarks that "the art of cookery, under the suspices of Mr. Buckmarter, is now assuming the place which it ought to hold among the accomplishments of English Ladies." It is, indeed, satisfactory to see the agrication for Women's Rights accomplained by a movement in the cultivation of their duties. Let the accomplishment of cooking be as generally studied by girls as that of music is, and the results of learning the one will probably prove in general a good deal more satisfactory than we find those of instruction in the other. The majority of our wives and daughters will be enabled to dress a dinner as well as they can dress themselves, and perhaps better than they dress their hair; and there will no longer be room for the unkind, if not altogether uncalled-for remark, that there are not many bread-winners whose wives are able to make bread-sauce.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

It is rumoured on the Stock Exchange that, stimulated by the noble Grant of Leicester Square, a Marylebone Vestryman declares that he too has a Green in his eye. It is believed to be "Paddington."

Morro FOR THE INNS OF COURT .- " Brief life is here our portion."

SONG OF THE SIREN.

(Picciformia.)

[A Morning Contemporary publishes the subjoined interesting announcement:—"BRIGHTON AGUARIUM.—The Mexican Axolotia, which have been for some time exhibited in one of the handsome vases in the entranse-hall of the Brighton Aquarium, spawned about a month ago. As the parents showed every disposition to deveur their eggs, the latter were removed to one of the troughs of the samen-hashing apparatus, where the young Axolotis may now be seen, having just been hatched after a period of twenty days in the egg."]

I'm the Mexican Axolotl;
And you all that gaze on me
Know a thing beyond ARISTOTIA,
Who the like of me ne'er did sea.
By the many who come to Brighton,
When their minds they here recruit,
I'm imagined to be a Triton,
Like the Greater Water Newt.

I'm the Mexican Axoletl,
From my native clime I've come,
Not to be kept in a bottle,
But in Brighton's Aquari-um.
To quietude oft though sticking
When little inclined to move,
You behold me alive and kicking
Whenever I trisky prove.

I'm a creature between the fishes
And reptiles a place which fills,
For it breathes by lungs when it wishes,
And it likewise breathes by gills.
So I'm equal to respiration
Both on land and in water too,
Being nearly in all creation.
The only amphibian true.

The blood of me cold, not warm, is;
For 'tis that of a creeping thing.
Yet the Siren, called pisciformia
In Zoology, this can sing:—
That the Mexican people cat us.
They esteem us right dainty meals.
For the table they mostly treat us.
By descript as you deal. By stewing as you do eels.

For our flesh they 've learned to prize us, Poor Sirens of savoury fame; And if e'er you acclimatise us, You, perhaps, will do the same. You eat turtle; why not fish-lizards? Though your girls call us "nasty things!" Our descendants may line great gizzards At the banquets of City Kings.

And suppose, from that fate to snatch them,
We had eaten up all our spawn.
You, to cook them, would have to catch them,
And you couldn't when they were gone.
His own children, old Father Saturn
Stuffed into paternal chops:
And we should but have taken pattern
From the sire of the sons of Ops.

Our intent had Fate permitted,
In the germ we had nipped our brood.
And you then would have been outwitted,
If to rear them you thought for food.
May the bones, though but gristle, throttle,
That Briton who'd eat our fry!
So prays the Axolotl,—
For what the word means, Ax-my-eye!

SHARSPEARIAN PENANCE.

The latest rumour from Richmond (not that we guarantee it) affirms that the Vicar has determined to preach a Reconciliation Sermon, "with rough-east about him, to signify wall."

GREAT CHEMICAL FRAT (By SER G. W.) .- Getting Gold out of COFFEE.



"OFF!" THEMESOUGH DWITSMET A

Sergeant O'Leary. " Double! LEFT! RIGHT! WHAT THE BLAZES, PAT ROOMEY, D'YE MANE BY NOT DOUBLIN' WID THE SQUAD!?" Pat. "SHURE, SERGEANT, 'TWARN'T A FAIR START!"

MIDLAND RAILWAY INSURANCE.

A good example is recorded in the newspaper announcement of an-

"ENCREASE OF PAY TO RAILWAY SERVANTS.—The Directors of the Midland Railway Company have given a general advance of three shillings a week to their roadside station-masters. They have also decided to supply their porters, policemen, and others similarly situated, with extra uniform clothing, and allow them four days' leave of absence annually without stoopage."

stoppage."
It may be reasonably expected that an advance of the wages of Railway Servants will be found by the Midland Company well repaid by increased efficiency of service, attended with decrease of accidents, so that what they expend in wages will be very much more than made up to them by preservation from damages. Thus they will effect a two-fold kind of Railway Insurance—the insurance of their own pockets, and also that of their passengers' lives and limbs. Those latter, to be sure, may be insured by their owners at an Accident Insurance Office, as far as their value in the event of their loss is concerned; but it is preferable that they should, to all possible extent, be insured against being lost at all. Considering this, the most thorough Conservative must approve of the Liberal Policy which has been adopted by the Midland Railway Directors.

Wine not Whiskey.

THE fairer portion, and better half, of mankind know who are their friends. Woman never repays kindness with hostility. The Pennsylvanian Ladies are waging a war against Whiskey. Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus. It is clear that Bacchus and Whiskey are not convertible terms.

A Definition for Sir Henry Thompson. — Cremation: "A mr. Gladstone, who is working away at his Homer, gives as his consume-ation devoutly to be wished."

EX-KING CACOBAU. (A Native Melody.)

CACOBAU, de Fiji King,
To resign his sceptre mean:
Bery wise and prudent thing;
Cede him throne to England's QUEEN.
CACOBAU have all made square;
Get two hundred pounds a year:
Free from trouble and from eare,
CACOBAU he drink him beer.

Coolie question settled now Like it never was afore.
Put Exchequer straight; allow Filis eate men no more.
Every chief he say, "Well done!"
RITOVO, TUI CAKAU,
MAAFU, all; and shout, each one,
"Hip! Hooray for CACOBAU!"

A Pleasant Prospect!

Floating Prospect:

A Pleasant Prospect:

Reports that in a Ritualist Easter Service at St. Matthias, South Kensington, "Nocturns are followed by Lauds."

Good gracious, Sir! What are we coming to? If the awful Anglican movement have brought us to Lauds already, how soon

may we not be struggling with Star-Chambers!

Yours, JOHN KNOX TWITTERS.

A GOOD GROUND.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OCTOR PUNCH'S
young friends resumed their duties,
on Monday, April
13, after the usual

MAJOR BEAUMONT opened the work of the School by ex-hibiting his large plan-quite as im-posing as any Christposing as any Christ-mas-piece ever dis-played by Blue Coat Boy to LORD MAYOR— for substituting for the Militia a Reserve to be formed by rapid filtration of short-service men

by rapid filtration of short-service men through the ranks into an English Landwehr. This drew down a scattered fire of desultory criticism on Lord Cardwell's Army changes—the short-service system, recruiting, and compulsory service—from such military experts as Colonell North, General Shute, Mr. O'Reilly, Sir H. Wilmot, Major Dickson, and Sir G. Balfour, till Mr. Campbell Bannerman, taking up the endgels for Lord Cardwell, warned the House against pulling up the shoots of the military crop sown by the late Government to look how they were growing, and insisted on the homely wisdom of looking before leaping. Mr. Hardy backed Mr. Bannerman. After all, recruiting is not so very bad. It would be premature to pronounce the Service, as now settled, too short to be sweet to Hodge, or our Reserves past praying for. Does not a British proverb say "Service is no inheritance"? Then what chance for schemes implying that the least pleasant form of service—Military Service—is to be everybody's inheritance? For this implication lies at the bottom of Major Braumont's proposition, which may be most briefly disposed of as "Prochian."

Of course, England expects every man to do his duty, but that doesn't include regimental duty.

So Major Braumont withdrew his Motion, having ventilated the subject — "from all the airts the wind can blaw;" for no two Members seemed to think alike on any one point started.

Only one thing seems disagreeably clear—that the Army has been thoroughly dis-organised. Is it settling down again into a sounder and stronger order (as CARDWELL & Co. maintain) or drifting nearer and nearer to chaos (as the military experts, for the most part, assert)?—that is the question about which JOHN BULL has a right to feel anxious, and on which he will extract little light from anything stated, or shown, in the Army discussions of the

Session thus far.

Tuesday. — In the Peers, the Lord Charcellon reed to the House See Garner Wolseller's thanks in due form for their Lordships' resolution of thanks to himself and the officers, and soldiers, sailors, and marines. No one can deny that BRITANNIA has given Sir Garner and his brave companions in arms an ample allowance of praise. She has now crowned the praise bestowed on all by a very good slice of selid pudding given to Sir Garner himself, in the shape of an allowance of £35,000. This is what the Queen recommends and Parliament has cheerfully provided. Long may he live to enjoy it!

In the Commons. Good news for Art-lovers—the improvements in the National Gallery.

are to be completed in a year, when all the National Pictures will be lodged at the sign of the Punch-bowl and Pepper-boxes, instead of being distributed between that house and the Brompton Boilers, as at present. So at all events our Art Treasures will now have one roof over their heads, if not a very stately or ornamental one.

SIR ROBERT MONTAGUE asked a silly question of Mr. DISRAELI, and got no answer.

SIR ROBERT MOSTAGUE asked a silly question of Mr. DISRAELI, and got no answer.

Mr. Bass, moving to do away with the last rag of Imprisonment for Debt,—still hung out of the County Courts,—was defeated by 215 to 52.

Dostore differ as to the value of this drastic remedy for the serious disease of Small Debts, which is wide-spread among sur isbouring classes—and their wives. Probably the Bootch tallyman, or travelling pediar, is at once the largest disseminator of the disease, and the most regular constomes of the County Court for the Prison-physic so liberally dispensed there.

Mr. Lores thinks credit a blessing to the soor man, and this power of commitment the condition of Credit. Bo thought Sin H. James once, but last year's Select Committee had converted him. It was the physics of Commitment that kept alive the disease of Credit.

And so the debate strayed off into the question: Which is best for the Working-man—that Credit should be kept alive by Power of Imprisonment, or that Power of Imprisonment should be done away with to get rid of Credit?

We have long ago settled the question for Master, why should we be still discussing it for Man?

Unluckily Mr. Bass stopping short at £3 had to admit his Bill was illogical; so the House, under Cross-direction, threw it out.

The next time it appears Punch ventures to prophesy that it will be without a £5 limit. It may then challenge a division on its merits with a different result from the present.

to prophesy that it will be without a £5 limit. It may then challenge a division on its merits with a different result from the present.

Wednesday.—Sir | John Lubbock, who has already attached his name for ever to the Bank Holiday Act, was bowled out in the attempt to throw the egis of the Law over such Celtic Remains as have escaped pick and ploughshare. The schedule of his Bill included dyke and fort, dolmen and menhir, cairn and cromlech, burial-mound and hut-circle, but said nothing of later meanuments.

The House cares a great deal about Rights of Property, and very little about Celtic Remains. It is not to be wondered at that Big Ben was allowed to toll the death-knell of the Bill to the Tennysonian tune of "Proputty, proputty," in spite of Hope's flattering tale, and a formidable array, at the back of Siz John and his Bill, of names divided in the House, but making common cause in defence of the Mysterious, Monumental, and Megalithic. Siz E. Antronus, the owner of Stonchenge, declared that Archeologists were the most formidable enemies the Great Stones had to fear: and vaunted his own care as having saved them from destruction at the hands of a band of enthusiastic excavators, headed by Sin John Lubbock himself. Siz John's plea for his Bill was swept sway by respect for "proputty" and fear of a heavy pull on the Treasury together; and his Bill was kinked out, very decidedly, by 147 to 94, but we hope to revive in a more comprehensive form some day.

Then we become practical, and really earried through Second Reading two useful Bills—Mr. Andrason's, for extending to Sectland Sir A. Cockburn's Act for the Suppression of Betting-Houses—mark, not



"A READ EASTER AMUSEMENT."

" MASTER IS VERY SORRY, MA'AM, BUT HE'S GOT SUCH A DREADVUL TOOTHACHS HE CAN'T SEE ANY PATIENTS TO-DAY!"

"betting," that is sanctioned by Society, but "betting-houses," the low haunts where low rogues tempt low fools into low turf transactions—'high' and 'low' makes such a difference, you see,—and Mr. Morley's Bill, for remedying an oversight introduced by the Lords in amending the Marxied Woman's Property Act, which exempted the lady's pre-nuptial property from hisblity for her use, supprised dobts. pre-nuptial debts.

And then on Thursday, was produced the exciting drama of THE BUDGET—to the most growded House of the Season. Here is a brief analysis of what we think we are safe as describing as a great success for Sir Staffond Northcore, Bart., the ingenious and ingenious author:

and ingenuous author:

The piece opens with a Prologue, entitled "Expenditure," in which we are introduced to those very familiar personages, Debt, Consolidated Fund, Army and Navy, Civil Service, Post-Office, Packet Service, Telegraphs, and Collection of Revenue. Their united incomes rise to the imposing dimensions of £72,503,000.

Act I. introduces a new figure—"Estimated Revenue"—who, in a struggle with Expenditure, comes out victorious. Estimated Revenue is the father of the child, whose fortunes give the leading interest to the night's performance—Surplus, a lusty young giant of Six Millions!

In Act II. the Author deals with the efforts of various rival powers—Indian Famine and English Fatness, Beer, Malt, Railways, &c., &c.—to get possession of Young Surplus, or to divide his wealth among them.

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Act III. we have the division of the spoil. Debt gets half a lillion; Local Taxation, for his children, Lanatics, Police, and overnment Buildings' Rating, a million and a quarter; Incomerat, close on two millions by remission of one of the four pennies ow levied); Sugar, two millions full; and Horse Duty half a million. The piece concludes with a general dance of the Relieved Industries, while the Disappointed Claimants—Beer, Malt, & Co.—sowlissatisfed and discomfited, in the background. Though there were, of ourse, some dissentient voices, we are bound to state that on Thursyn jnight the concluding tabless of Sie Stafforn's neat and intofensive production brought down the Curtain to general applause.

Friday.—After notices and questions miscellaneous, the answers In Act III. we have the division of the spoil. Debt gets half a million; Local Taxation, for his children, Lanatics, Police, and Government Buildings' Rating, a million and a quarter; Incometax, close on two millions (by remission of one of the four pennies now levied); Sugar, two millions full; and Horse Duty half a million. The piece concludes with a reneral dance of the Relieved Industries, while the Disappointed Claimants—Beer, Malt, & Co.—scowl, dissatisfied and discomfited, in the background. Though there were, of course, some dissentient voices, we are bound to state that on Thursday night the concluding tabless of SIE STAFFORD's neat and inoffensive production brought down the Curtain to general applicase.

to which showed what a vast deal the Government must have under consideration, Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE called attention to the Widows and Servants of Civil Servants, for whom the State makes no provision by way of pension. Mr. Cochrane quoted some hard cases of the kind, and there are but too many in the Civil Service as well as out of it. But the last sentence of the Charcellor of the Exchequer's answer contains the pith of the matter:—

"The proper system to adopt is to pay our servants fairly and liberally for the work they are called upon to do, and leave them to make their own pro-visions for those they leave behind them."

This, in or out of the House, comes home to common sense—so no wonder Mr. Cochrank took nothing by his motion, much as kindly feeling may have to say for it. Hard cases, it is said, make had law. They are just as likely to make had law, if too symputhetically listened to. The House must be hard of head, and, on occasion, hard of hearing at the ear where Counsellor Kind-Heart is whispering while Counsellor Common-Sense whispers to a very different nurses in the other.



"A RYADILONTHIAMBUTHENTAL

Paper. "Now, now shall we spend Monday most advantageously! You might take the Girla, my Love, to the German Bazaar; and I propose that as Charley intends to come out 'a Grecian,' he and I should have an instructive Day at the Museum of Economic Geology!"

ec-operation of Board of Trade, Admiralty, and Education Depart-

ment.

Mr. Norwood, Mr. Bentiner, and Mr. Gourley raised a chorus over the deterioration of Poor Jack. Sire C. Addresser, for the Board of Trade, ventured to contest this conclusion. There may be natural affinity between coulcur de rose and Red Tape on this point. If Jack de as good as ever, then all ship-owners, ship-massers, and ship-men, generally of Punch's acquaintance, are in a conspiracy to run him down. All report Poor Jack's deterioration—not more, however, than might be expected from bad lodging, bad food, bad wages, bad discipline, and bad usage—in short, from bad conditions in all points of life before the mast, all bred of loosened ties between owner and man, eagerness to save, and haste to get rich.

If the discussion led to nothing very practical, it stirred the straw of a very serious subject, and may, and ought to, bear fruit.

Will Ma. Brasser be good enough to keep "pegging away" at the matter, and see that the Admiralty new brooms are set to work, and kept to work, at it?

After Jack was got rid of, and a big batch of some twenty Estimates voted—including the expenses of most of the leading Departments.—Mr. Burr was beaten by 125 to 88 on the Second Reading of his Bill for lowering the Irish Municipal Franchise. Mr. Burr calls this assimilating the Irish Franchise to the English, but Sir M. H. Beack pointed out that circumstances after cases, and that the change would mean something like 16 per cent. of the rateable value in boroughs over-riding 82 per cent.

Mr. Hokker is appointed Solicitor-General, and the new writ is moved for Preston, which may be more than ever, "proud" Preston at this unexpected promotion of its young Q.C.

With a safe constituency for his apring-board, he has jumped clear over the heads of his professional betters, the Members for Norwich and Marylebone. Ah, if their seats had only been safe!

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS (April 13, 1874).—The Swallows.

A CHARGE TO A WATCH.

HERE is wisdom. It is printed in the Pall Mall Gazette :-

"In delivering his visitation charge at Taunton vesterday, ARCHDBACON DESIRON lamented she break-up of the old religious position on the Continent, as being satisfactory seither in fact nor in prospect. He condemned as worse even than persecution that hostility to all dogma which had set its mark on the century both in England and on the Continent, and which was the natural offspring of unfectored licence of private judgment, and synonymous with disbelief in and rejection of revealed religion."

Always duly pondering what he intends saying to the Clergy, whom he instructs whenever he performs archidiaconal functions, the thoughtful Archdeacon cannot have failed to give all due consideration to the fact that, in the "old religious position on the Continent," an Anglican Archdeacon would have been treated as a heretic; at one time possibly by ante mortem cremation. Of course; and, therefore, he very consistently pronounces hostility to all dogma worse even than persecution. It would be better that a Clergyman of the Church of England, for example—should be occasionally reasted alive, say in Spain, than that the old religious position in Spain should have become what it is now

Here is more wisdom, reported to have proceeded from the lips of the closely reasoning Divine who shines as the Light of Somensetahire:—

"Speaking of the position of religious education at home, the Archdeacon said the Education Act had destroyed, with the consent, and not without the applause of the bishops, clergy, and people, the parish schools of England. He believed that absolutely secular schools were less dangerous than those schools which had been cessated under the Act."

From time to time, Ancheracov Devisow is accustomed to deliver himself of utterances which, like those above-instanced, are evidently the result of profound and logical thought applied seriously to serious subjects. It is desirable that a collection should be made, if possible, of the Venerable Archdescon's sensible savings.



DIFFICULTIES OF ART.

Fair Artist (to her Model). "I WANT AN RASY, GRACEFUL, AND REFINED ATTITUDE, MR. SCRUPP—A GALLANT YOUNG PRINCE, YOU KNOW, ASKING A HIGH-BORN DAMSEL (WHOM HE SECRETLY LOVES) TO BE HIS PARTNER IN A GAY SARABAND. TRY TO REALISE THE SITUATION, Mr. Scrupp."

[Mr. Scrup does try to realise the situation.

Dabid Libingstone.

Died on the Shores of Lake Bembs, May 4, 1873. Landed at Southampton, April 15; Buried in Westminster Abbey, April 18, 1874.

DROOF half-mast colours, bow, bare-headed crowds, As this plain coffin o'er the side is alung, To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shronds, As erst by Afric's trunks lians-hung.

Tis the last mile, of many thousands trod
With failing strength, but never-failing will,
By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

Or if the ache of travel and of toil

Would sometimes wring a short sharp cry of pain,
From agony of fever, blain, and boil,
"Twas but to crush it down, and on again!

He knew not that the trumpet he had blown, Out of the darkness of that dismal land, Had reached, and roused an army of its own, To strike the chains from the Slave's fettered hand.

Now, we believe, he knows, sees all is well:

How God had stayed his will, and shaped his way,
To bring the light to those that darkling dwell,

With gains that life's devotion well repay.

Open the Abbey doors, and bear him in To sleep with king and statesman, chief, and sage,

The Missionary, come of weaver-kin, But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name Which men shall prize while worthy work is known; He lived and died for good—be that his fame: Let marble crumble: this is Living-stone,

"INFANDUS DOLOR."

WE thought the last catastrophe of Ouron, alids Castro,
Would only let an ass trow
That Room he could be;
And fondly hoped the Claimant,
By prison-food and raiment,
Would peacefully make payment
For his atrocity.

We thought to hear no more of The most tremendons bore of All bores that hannt the shore of Our sile, from sea to sea: So thin man, grown a fat one, (For seven long years thrown at one), Was such a curse as that one To all humanity.

Will none in Lethe steep him?
Where Portland's waters deep hymn
(If that is where they keep him)
Their melancholy dirge,
Methinks the prisoned giant,
Obese and olefant,
At fools on rogues reliant
Grins in his alcove of serge!

O, WHALLEY! Mr. WHALLEY!
It makes one melancholy
To think the force of fully
Can reach to such a pitch! In April-Fool lists bigger Doth Peterborough figure, Or he at whom we snigger— Her Member—tell us which?

As for poor Mr. Sripworth,
Whose light's a farthing dip worth,
He's scarcely Punch's whip worth,
So lightly let him down:
But you, Q.C. KENEALY—
With mouth reverse of mealy—
"The Englishman"—no, really,
We can't be done so brown!

O bone of strife! for ever
Wise folks from fools to sever!
When over Charon's river
BAIGERST and BRAIK are gone,
When graceful houris ogle
The good and steadfast BOGLE,
ORTON, the mighty rogue, 'll
Lie through the ages on!

DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.

Tunn was another Bore seen running up the Severn last week, and a third is expected in August. How much happier we should all, be, if bores would but confine themselves to the Severn !

"HAVING THE LAST WORD."

A CORRESPONDENT surgests that Echo's real answer to the question (propounded by the Gentle Craftsman in our last)—" Where is the great Liberal Party?" must have been "parts."

WRAT AND APPROPRIATE.

WE have to thank M. ADDLPHE BRAU, the eminent photographer, for coloured photos of Kine Coffee's umbrella, open and closed. We can only say, "c'est très beau."



THE SO ALL THURSDAY

minent FFEE'S "C'est

How d but

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON ART



WRESTLING

NDOS ARIVARI.-APRIL 25, 1874.

NG FOR LIFE.

In seriou may be yell make a rate of the board of the board of the board of the plan a market of the late of the three the streets.

The ways as in Neway In that a thin is the paid of the control of

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OUR ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

(By a Member of a Majority.)



H, I'm a Conservative to the backbone; the backbone;
One that holds fast by the
Altar and Throne,
And all of our old institutions and laws—
"Tis those things I call the
Conservative Cause:

Those, and a thing which things comprehend.

hend And which they subserve as the means to an end; Property: that's what, above all, I stand for, And which I most value rights vested in land for.

Above all, I'm bent on conserving my own;
And I'm safe to be trusted
to do that alone.
Of all fixtures d colo ad calum possest

How to take care of them
don't I know best?

As for old monuments, ancient remains, Earthworks or graves on my downs or my plains, No constitutional landmarks are they:
Why let them stand, when removal would pay?

Talk about tumnli, talk about mounds!
Wherefore should such things load arable grounds?
Dashed your cromlechs, and dolmens, and menhirs may be.
Cairns!—what are course, except Load Cairns, to me?

Law may with reason an owner compel Land, when a Railway demands it, to sell. Railways make wealth, the true standard of worth: Dolmens and cromleshs but oumber the earth.

Barrow, or cairn, or aught else on my field I, for a price, to a Railway would yield. Stonehenge itself, spite of all its renown, If, in the way of a Line, should come down.

Bills to retain heaps of stones on their site,—
For which compensation, of course, must be slight,—
We, Self and Party, must stoutly refuse—
Practical men of Conservative views.

What we'd conserve, politicians of sense, We can express in pounds, shillings, and pence. Thus we, on principle, shore the old shop With a "proputty, proputty, proputty"-prop.

CREMATION AND CONCORD.

On Saturday last two several deputations from Richmond waited on the Bishop of Winchester to complain of "the action taken by the Rev. C. T. Proctor, in erecting a wall between the Conformists; and Nonconformists' portions of the new burial-ground." The Bishop "promised to take the subject into his most serious consideration," and to "do his best so to arrange matters as to restore peace to the parish of Richmond, and allay the present state of excited feeling." He has been as good as his word, and the wall is to be demolished. The excellent Bishop also took occasion to remark that "he was exceedingly sorry that there should be any divisions among Christians in life, and still more sorry that they should be divided in death." Hear, hear! If Christians can live at Richmond or elsewhere without a wall to separate them in the town, what can be the use of one dividing those who lie in the cemetery?

Divisions of living Christians from Christians appear to be interminable by any human means; but those which part the defunct could be put an end to even more completely than they will be terminated at Richmond by the demolition of a wall set up between Conformist and Nonconformist citizens of a necropolis.

Should the practice of cremation come to be substituted for that of interment, the organic remains of both Conformists and Nonconformists will speedily be resolved, by the agency of heat, for the

greater part of them into gases, which will blend at once with the atmosphere, and, through that medium, commingle. When Christians shall have been then united after dissolution, the most strenuous sticklers for division in death will, perhaps, think it hardly worth while to erect walls to separate small residuary quantities of phosphate of lime.

THE MARTYR OF CRICKET.

"In this case (of Breach of Promise) £2000 damages were awarded. The only reason the gentleman could give for breaking his engagement, was that the lady did not take any interest in Cricket."—Liverpool Assess: Law Report: Stevenson v. Eccles.

"Nor care who bat, or bowl, or field!"
Growled Eccuss to his conscious pillow,
"I'll teach the maid, who will not wield,
That she instead must wear, the willow,"

But Miss to lese this Lord demurs, Who for Lord's pastime disregarded her; And so twelve anti-cricketers Two thousand damages awarded her!

With tears of pride, Elevens, beweep This muleted martyr to the game: His memory, like your wieksts, keep, Oval and Lord's—his carliest flame!

In wives may he yet make a catch—
Find some Grace worthy of his worth—
And when found, may they play a match
For life, of Cricket on the Hearth!

NATURE BROUGHT TO THE HAMMER.

They beat us in Norway. In that confined but picturesque country, buying and selling is not limited to such humdrum things as houses and farms, shops and warehouses, parks and gardens. They transact business there on a much grander scale. They deal in Waterfalls. No less than three are to be sold by auction at Christianssand the end of this month. There must be many of our wealthy countrymen who would be glad to embellish their estates with a Waterfall. But the difficulties of transport are, we fear, insuperable. This is to be lamented, for the Waterfalls prospects in their own land do not seem to be of the most romantic character. The Norwegian mind is sadly prosaic, and shockingly business-like. The advertisement states that together with the Waterfalls are to be sold "areas of ground appertaining thereto, of sufficient size for factories on the same." What a fall is here!

AGRICULTURAL DISCONTENT.

Take the tax off sugar? Yaa!
What's the good o' that to we?
Not the better, ne'er a straa,
But the grocers, none wun't be.

Wi' the Malt-tax if, instead, They 'd ha' gone and done away, Then the British Farmer med Tell um "That's your time e' day!"

"Krno Correst signs the Treaty, but is under an impression that the Indemnity stipulated for was 5000, not 50,000 cumess of gold."

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED PRESCH SOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE PIRST-ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE SECOND.

The Thunble-rigged Vessel off the Needles.

L.-The Ship.

From Kennel, L'Ile des Chiens, issued a barque, which soon turned

From Kennel, I'lle des Chiens, issued a barque, which soon turned into a deep bay.

This vessel, entered at Trinity College under the supervision of the Elder Brethren, was in reality a Man-of-war. Seen at a distance, she seemed only a Buoy.

She had the heavy look of a pacific merchantman, but her destiny was not the Pacific, but the Bellicose. Her name was in reality The Bellicose, painted under the letters The

Ringdore.

She was thimble-rigged. This deceived the eye. There were three maste, capped with three thimbles, and the first mate were the little Prince of t

There was half a regiment of Hora Marines on board, in case of necessity.

The yards wore made in Scotland, the chief being Scotland, the chief being Scotland, the chief being Scotland Yard; and the Rudder cost two hundred pounds in Southampton. This being so, what was the name of the Captain? Not Saurin.

The Captain was Towas LE BRUE. The

second in command was La Chevalier JOANNES, the First Mate was LEFILSDEnomin, and the Pilot was Romin, son fils— a Jersey man. True

was Rober, son fils—
a Jersey man. True
to his name, he was
a man in a Jersey.
There were basins,
kettles for fish, tureens, and pilés de la mer on board.

It was evident that the vessel had an unusual business on hand.
Indeed a man who had just come on board looked like it; but
did not appear to feel like it.

His face was black, he wore high collars, and a white hat with a
black band round it. The crown was ont. At that Communist
paried this was not uncommon; many crowns were out. The wind
blowing apen his clock showed a boat with long tails and large
buttons, a dirty white vest, a frilled shirt, check trousers, large
shoes, and a banjo.

He was conducted on board by Monsieur Guillaune Georges,
Governor of L'Ile des Chiens, and M. IE PRINCE DE LA SALLE DE
ST. JACQUES DE PICCADILLI.

The latter addressed the voyager.

despatch:—"A man will land, of whom this is the description: Black, long-tailed coat, check trousers, banjo. Warn the baigncuses. Wash the man. Find out who he is. Execute my orders and him."

II .- Parlour Cabin Boarders.

The night was dark.

There was a Moon. It was the second night of a New Moon. The New Moon was not a success, therefore it was not fall. It was but a speck in the sky, and the speck was a failure.

Massabons puzed the deck.

He entered the cabin where sat Bobbitor-acc-Cheveux-Blancs, and Heursupperse-ac-Frowr-de-Bois.

"You are the only two on board who know my name,"

"We will not reveal it."

"Nor will L."

Ha entered his cabin.

III .- Above and Below.

THE two Commanders, Towas LE BRUN and CHEVARIAN JOHNNES, walked the deck. This is their conversation caught by the shadows.
"Who? your hatter?"



"How's your poor feet?"
"Better,"
"Where are we now?"
"All at sea."
"What's being played in London?"
"Le Fille de Madame Angot."
"What in Paris?"
"Le Fille de Madame Angot."
"What in Brussele?"
"La Fille di Madame Angot."
"True. It is Giro-"How's your poor

"True. It is Giro-Aé." Is "Is there no chance?"
"For him?"
"Yes."

"Yet he is a no-

"Yet he is a novelty."
"In France, yes."
"And in France they like novelties."
I.E BRUN burst out laughing.
JOANNES observed,
"He should try. On the sands first."
"As at Margate..."
"And Ramsgate..."

"You quote Le Box—"
"Yes, and Lecocq's."
Bah! Madams Angot again."
"It will be Banjo against Angot,"
"True, but his oath—"

"True, but his oath—"
"Never to perform out of—"
LE BRUN had no time to finish his sentence.
A desperate cry. At the same time a noise as unaecountable as it

From the interior of the vessel.

A frightful thing had just happened.

IV .- Pulcher Lebes Piscis.

Sr. Jacques de Piccadilli.

The latter addressed the voyager.

"You swear you will never perform out of St. James's Hall?"

"I swear it."

"Good. Ju resour, Massanoure."

Massanoure. Massanoure."

Massanoure. Massanoure.

"At the crow immediately designated their passenger.

Guillaure Gronger and M. Le Prince de La Salle designated their passenger.

Guillaure Gronger and M. Le Prince de La Salle designated the stove in the caboose, becomes suddenly like some supernatural wild beast. It pitches with the pitching; it lops with the lopping; dances designated the stove in the reduced the stove in the reduced the supernatural wild beast. It pitches with the pitching; it lops with the lopping; cannons like a billiard-ball; rebounds like a request-ball; is perforted dans le magasin; it butto like a ream; it pops like a wearel; it hops about like old boots; it darks at you like Winkin; it dashes its wig: it comes at you like one o'clock. It has the weight of a Tupper's Philosophy, the agility of a Dancing Quaker, the im-



Tompkyns (icho has semllowed a bad Oyster). "Hallo! Weat sund of Oyster D'yr Call that!" Opener. "American, Sir." Tompkyne, "Au, thought so. KNEW BIM DIRECTLY BY HIS 'TWANG,"

perturbability of a Conservative Premier, the obstinacy of a policiasea, the uncertainty, of a Bench of Bishops, the roughness of a cabasa, the terriversatoriness of an independent Member, the violence of a Home-Ruler, the recklessness of a German Chancellor, the stupidity of an unstipendiary Justice of the Peace, the versatility of a journalist, and the deafness of a pillar-past.

You can beard an oyster, you can get a chop and potato to follow, you can say be to a goose, you can tickle a trout, you can hug the wild sea-share, but there is no resource with a monater kettle of fish let lost?

It was, indeed, le diable a wai lee tailleurs.

The whole Crew was astir. The scalding, boiling, raging monster was doing fearful damage. Legs, arms, fingers, toes, heads, all suffered horribly in turn.

It was the Cook's fault. He had forgotten to serew the kettle down. Now, there was a screw loose with a vengeance!

It was the Cook's fault. He had forgotten to serew the kettle down.
there was a screw loose with a vengeance!
The two Commanders stood at the head of the stairs, afraid to descend.
They were pushed aside by the elbows of the Mysterious Passenger.
"What is in the fish-kettle?" he asked,
"Fish," answered LE BRUN.
"What beside?"

"Leeks. We have a store on board. The ship is full of leeks."
"Then nothing can save us?"
"Nothing—except—" The Second Commander paused.
"Except what?"

WRESTLING FOR LIFE.

YES 'tis time to rouse and wrestle, but not With those who discuss the whether or not, If the duty be yours and mine, or the State's, All or mebody's—small felk or great's—To step between suffering and starvation Of a hungry and humble and helpless nation; Helpless now, and soon hopeless to be, But for the Sahibs—that 's you and me, And Englishmen all, at home, or o'er sea.

Yes, 'tis time for England to wrestle for life, At grips with Famine—a terrible strife! So purse out of pocket, and hand to the plough, And brains to the business—ALL, and Now!

Well for us, and hard for them
Whose toil the tide of death must stem;
Who face to face with Hunger must stand,
And stay, if they can, the stroke of his hand;
Must find—not the money—that 's easy found—
Nor the rice—there's eaough of that on the ground—
But the ways and means the grain to get
To the craving mouths of the millions neet o the craving mouths of the millions met here we had been a work to give, thib's annual to carn, fishib's stores to live. In the find the steam-ships, and trains, and trains, he boats and the bullocks, the coolies and wains y hundreds and thousands, for hundreds of miles, from the Ghauts choked up with the rice-bar piles, to where the hungry mouths await with a we'n! wait at the Sabib's gate! bungry, growing, growing!
ot, and hand to the plough,
ass—Alt, and Now!

And brains to the business—ALL, and Now!

Yes, the scork is out there for the mem of our race,
Who must up and look Famine full in the face; all
Must seel their nerves to the pitiful cry
Of mothers with dying babe held high,
And drawn mouths shrouded in scant screen,
And wasted begies on bendel knees;
To Laiwar too wast to work, if it would,
And Caste that will not work if it could,
But turns frest the Christian's food to die,
For sear pollution should come thereby,
Such and the scenes of the Schib's ride,
On he mission of messy far and wide,
Thrustiag back Learne, ince by inch,
With no time to faint, and no will to flinch.
Pichting such dark as has welden been fought.
And—Ged be thunked—as langlishmen ought?
The burden and heat of the work to bear,
The burden and heat of the work to bear,
The burden and heat of the work to bear,
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Dramatic Realism.

The Micror quotes a story to the effect that, at a San Francisco theatre, during the performance of a piece called the Sec of Ics, a current of cold air was let into the auditorism, to enable the spectators fully to appreciate the sensations of the actors. Where will the pussion for stage realism end? Perhaps, by and-by, we may come to real seting.

"Nothing—except —" The Second Commander pauseu.

"Except what?"

"Stopping the kettle. But nothing can be done without tin."

"I have no tin," said Bonshor-aux-Cheveux-Blancs.

"Nor I," said the voyager, whom the Crew called Massadones.

Suddenly, into the midst of the arena, where the fish-kettle lesped and counded, sprang a man. The Cook.

Behind a mast he waited for the fish-kettle.

He had dealt with it for years. It was his pet monster. He seemed to flour Chassi-Caps — Poch!" observed Lour Hamptink it would recognise him.

He muttered to himself:

"It is going round like a Cook's tourist."

Then he addressed it, as though it leved him, and would obey him.

"Now then! Come up! will yer," he said.

Then a Titanic struggle began. The struggle between the Cook and his Kettle!

A Nice Firm.—Since Lond G. Hamilton was appointed to the India Office, the two Members for Middle-sex are familiarly known as "Ind and Coope."

INNOCENT QUERIES.



VALUED Correspondent,
"SIMPLE SIMON," asks why
the Cambridgeshire Labourers should emigrate,
when they have a Newmarket for their labour
at their own door; and
further, how it is that the Prussians, with all their pride in BISMARCK'S Mili-tary WILLIAM, should kick so at his Army Bill?

Milesian Autonomy.

CIVIL war in Spain seems to have grown thronic, and to be getting looked upon as the normal condition

of that country, much the same as combustion, more or less active, is that of Vesuvius. New Spain, we know, is connected with Ireland by the community indifferently, wait till you can play—differently.

of Milesian blood. But Spain has one thing which Ireland is said to want; namely, Home Rule. And see what comes of it!

Nancy in Trouble.

THE BISHOP OF NANCY, part of whose diocese lies in the territory lately annexed from France, has got himself into a scrape with the German Government by a pastoral addressed to his Curés, for which he has been summoned to answer before the tribunal of Saverne. Should he decline to attend, and be condemned for contumacy, BISMAECK will probably annex the German part of Nancy to a see of his own. He is not the man to stick at dismembering Nancy. It will not, however, be in his power to divorce the BISHOP OF NANCY from Nancy altogether. Observe, that every Bishop is canonically married to his see, and that this, of course, is the case, but not particularly so, with the BISHOP OF NANCY. NAMEY.

COMING COOKERY.

Better days are in store for men and husbands. Their comfort, their temper, their pocket, their digestion, are all certain to be improved by the establishment of the School of Cookery now in active operation at South Kensington. Wives and mistresses of servants, both in the present and future tense and in the most industrious of moods, are at the present time hard at work, spending their mornings and afternoons in scouring and cleaning, roasting and frying, boiling and toiling, in the Classes for Fractical Instruction which are being regularly held at the Training School in the Exhibition Road.

There are those who object to the system of Examinations now so extensively applied to every rank and age, every profession and calling

extensively applied to every rank and age, every profession and calling in the kingdom; but we imagine the announcement in the Pro-spectus of the School that "at the end of each course an Examinaspectus of the School that "at the end of each course an Examination is held, and the learners who successfully pass it receive a certificate that they have done so," will be received with unanimous satisfaction from one end of the country to the other. We are not told whether honours are to be awarded for extraordinary proficiency, or whether the successful candidates are to have degrees conferred upon them, and to be entitled to write after their names the letters M.C. (Mistress of Cookery); but there can be no doubt that henceforth, in all matrimonial negotiations, one of the first questions every prudent bachelor will put to the lady whom he seeks as his wife, will be, "Have you a Cookery Certificate?"

We look forward to a future for England more glorious and comfortable than ever, when a well-cooked potato will be a reasonable possibility, and no woman of sense will feel ashamed to be even "wooden spoon" in the coming Cookery Tripos.

As a small contribution to this good cause, we have the pleasure of placing the following paper of questions at the service of those who have the management of these excellent Examinations:—

EXAMINATION PAPEE.

EXAMINATION PAPER.

- What are your views on Melted Butter?
 Describe minutely the following processes:
 - a. Boiling a Potato.

 - d. Boning a Fotato.
 b. Poaching an Egg.
 c. Frying a Rasher of Bacon.
 d. Broiling a Mutton-Chop.
 c. Tossing a Pancake.
 f. Making Coffee.

3. Distinguish between a carte and a menu, a gourmand and a gournet, a fricandeau and a fricassee, simmering and boiling, frying and broiling, an entrée and an entremet, and a leg of mutton and a leg of best.

4. What wines ought to be served with (a) oysters; (b) turtle soup; (c) salmon; (d) venison; (e) ortolans; (f) grouse; and (g) Stilton cheese?

Stilton cheese?

5. How would you act in the following emergency? At 4'30 P.M. you receive a telegram from your husband to say that he is bringing two friends home with him to dinner. Your dinner hour is six, and you have only provided a small joint, with vegetables and a pudding, sufficient for EDWARD and yourself. Your cook is one who cannot bear to be put out of her way, it is pouring with rain, and the butcher, poulterer, fishmonger, and greengroeer all live at a distance. There is nothing in the house but bread, flour, and butter, some apples and eggs, curry-powder, macaroni, rice, a piece of bacon, a good cheese, and a plate of prawns.

6. Give biographical notices of Mrs. Glasse, Mrs. Rundell, and Miss Acton; and enumerate the principal cookery-books which have appeared since the time of the first of these distinguished

Indies.
7. What is the corresponding proverb to "Too many cooks spoil the broth" in the Erse, Russ, Finnish, Danish, Gaelic, Sanscrit, and

the broth "in the Erse, Russ, Finnish, Danish, Gaëlic, Sanscrit, and Sclavonic languages?

8. What ought to be the weekly consumption of butter, eggs, potatoes, and fire-wheels, in a household consisting of six adults?

9. If a leg of mutton weighing 8lbs. 10oz. requires to be roasted 2 hours 11 minutes, how long will it take to boil a piece of beef (silver side) sufficient to dine eight people?

10. Where are the following places, and for what are they famous—Bologna, Bath, Cheddar, Epping, Stilton, Westphalia, Burton, Aylesbury, Dorking, Gruyère, Roquefort, Banbury, Colchester, Mocha, and Dundee?

11. Green, who has an income under £600 a-year, and a family of six sons and daughters, all growing up, has been brought to think that he ought to give a dinner to the Blacks, the Browns, the Whites, and the Greys. Draw up a bill of fare (month of May) suitable to the means of Green, and the expectations of his guests.

12. How do you propose to manage an oven and a General Servant; and can you prove your competency to regulate the kitchen flue and the dress of the kitchen domestic?

the dress of the kitchen domestic?

13. How can a leg of mutton be used up in an economical and savoury manner, with little expense and no grumbling?

14. Give diagrams of a sirloin, a saddle, a round, a brisket, a chump-end, a shoulder, a spare-rib, and a trussed fowl.

15. What is the maximum time required for blackleading an ordinary dining-room grate, burnishing a copper kettle, scouring a set of kitchen saucepans, and cleaning the doorsteps (in the last mentioned operation allowance to be made for conversation with the butcher and the baker)?

16. What opinions have you formed on the subject of dripping and kitchen-stuff?

and kitchen-stuff?

"The Deformed Transformed."

LESS strange than sad that a self-formed Q.C. Should, self-deformed, earn Bar's and Bench's ban; More strange, KENEALY should the Proteus be To change this Irish, to The Englishman.

Of this cool venture one thing I opine,
For Punch himself and all his English kin—
We'll nor take in this Englishman of thine, Nor by this Englishman be taken in.

Such is the title of the new paper, founded, edited, and written, by Dr. Kenealy, who blows his own trumpst through twenty-eight columns—by way, apparently, of raising the wind.

SHORT AND SHARP.

THE EARL OF PRIMERORS, whose South Sea experiences (see "the Earl and the Doctor") quite qualify him to advise the Government on such a subject, when questioned on the expediency of accepting King Cacobat's offer, summed up the character of that much perplexed Sovereign's subjects, black and white, in one word—Fiji-ty.



"TIME BY THE FORELOCK!"

Dodger. "HULLO, NOW ARE YOU! CAN'T STOP, THOUGH, OR I SHAN'T MISS MT TRAIN !"

Codger. " CATCH IT, YOU MEAN."

Dodger. "No, I don't. I always used to Miss my right Train, so now I always Miss the one before it, and get Home in time for Dimner! Ta, Ta!"

DERBYSHIRE AND SURREY.

DERBYSHIRE AND SURREY.

It has been announced that, on the recommendation of Mr. Dirrakli, Her Majery has been pleased to confer the dignity of a Baronetey on Mr. William Herry Peer, one of the Members for Mid-Surrey. The Surrey hills may now lift up their heads, for the Prek of Surrey hills may now lift up their heads, for the Prek of Surrey has risen to an altitude not exceeded by the Peek of Derbyshire. But we would rather compare the Surrey Prek to Mount Atlas, for Atlas was supposed to be a Caryatid to the heavens, and Preks, since December, 1868, when he was first returned, "has given a consistent support to the Conservative Party." Hence the elevation of the Surrey Preks, who (as we learn from the Daily Neves), "as a thank-offering for being made a Baronet, has forwarded a cheque for 2000 guineau to the Chairman of the Surrey Sessions."

The Surrey Bench may congratulate itself on having caught Sfr H. Preks red-handed . . . and with his red-hand in his pocket.

"Well done, old Hoss!"

HACKWEY has done itself justice by carrying Profession Fawcerr into Parliament, and riding double with Holms, too. It was a good stort young Hackney after all—if it did break down under an ill-arranged load of stupid stationery. The truth is, the lively young Metropolitan Borough has no turn for anything in the stationary line. It prefers Progress, and so chooses one of the most sensible, honest, and straightforward promoters of Progress, Professor Fawcerr, in preference to Lieutershart Gill, whoever that plucky young Conservative Candidate may be. Punch hasn't a notion.

ON A SWEET THING CRAMMING FOR MIDDLE CLASS EXAM.

SEE that meek maiden at her Logic toiling, Her fair check wan, her soft, sweet brains a-boiling! What's worse, I ask, in barbarous times' worst ills, Than Women thus set grinding at their Mills?

An Exemption.—The new Bill which has been introduced into the House of Commons, to alter the law affecting Jurors, does not propose to abolish the Old Jewry in the City of London.

A New LITTLE GAME FOR AN OLD ONE (as now played at the Home Office).—Crocked Questions and Cross Answers.

MAGUS ANTI-MAGUS.

HAIL! thou Episcopal Reformer thorough, Eloquent PETERBOROUGH! Who, deeming that too close is the affinity 'Twixt Dives and Divinity, That money magnetises human nature,

That £ s. d. has special power to plague us,

Dost magically move the Legislature,

To exorcise Simon Magus.

Who has not sighed to own that pleasant Rectory—
With drawing-room, refectory,
Coverts adjacent, stream where trout grow lusty,
An air that 's never fusty, A village population, not too many,

Rector who, growing old, feels 'twould be wiser,

Before he dies, to turn a final penny,

And so turns advertiser?

A Country Parson may have dwelling eosy,
Where peaches ripen rosy
On southern walls, and lawns and woods and waters
Delight his numerous daughters:
But, advertised for sale, the thing looks sinister,
And moves the outer world to scorn and malice:
Suppose, to swell a surplus, the Prime Minister
Should sell a Bishop's palace!

Go on, Magre: expose a crying scandal,
That asks rare pluck to handle:
Needs both sharp-pointed wit and keen-edged humour
To lance this ugly tumour.

Those parish homes that should be altars holy,
Hallowed by saints' pure life, and blood of martyr,
It is a consummation melancholy
To see them brought to barter,

A text for agitators anti-elerical A text for agitators anti-elerical

To preach tirades hysterical
Against the unclean brood that in State churches'
O'erladen branches perches.
On, till "Ecclesic aurea clus redit,"
And only simple Simons attempt Simony,
On, till Macre shall Macre so discredit,
Advowson-owners shy mency!

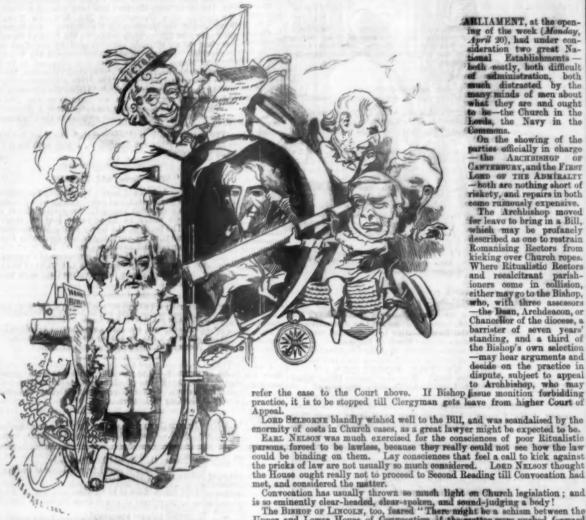
SOMETHING LIKE A (C)RAM.

"COLLISION AT SEA.—At the time of the collision between the Parific and Oriental steamer Bangalors and the Prince Ruport, the Prince Ruport was under full sail, and the Bangalore was coming up the Channel at quarter speed. Beyond the loss of her main yard, topgallant yard, bulwarks, and two boats in the rigging on her port side, the Bangalore sustained no damage. After the collision the Prince Ruport was off St. John's, New Brunswick.—

Irish Times, April 23.

Ir the news in the Irish Times of 23rd April be true, our coasts are safe. The Lords of the Admiralty have only to buy the Bangalore at once. Coming up Channel at only quarter speed, she strikes the Prince Rupert, which disappears, and after the collision is found off St. John's, New Brunswick. Suppose we are without seagoing Iron-clads, what have we to fear, with the Bangalore which can hurl an enemy from the Channel to New Brunswick at a blow?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ARLIAMENT, at the open-ing of the week (Monday, April 20), had under con-aideration two great Na-tional Establishments costly, both difficult administration, both h distracted by the hat they are and ought be—the Church in the ods, the Navy in the

On the showing of the parties officially in charge—the Archeisher of Carrenoury, and the First Lond OF THE ADMIRALTY—both are nothing short of rickety, and repairs in both

come rumously expensive.

The Archbishop moved for leave to bring in a Bill, which may be profanely described as one to restrain Romanising Rectors from kicking over Church ropes. Where Ritualistic Rectors and recalcitrant parish-ioners come in collision, either may go to the Bishop, who, with three assessors—the Dean, Archdeacon, or Chancellor of the diocese, a barrister of seven years' standing, and a third of the Bishop's own selection -may hear arguments and

Appeal.

Lond Selbonne blandly wished well to the Bill, and was scandalised by the enormity of costs in Church cases, as a great lawyer might be expected to be.

EARL NELSON was much exercised for the consciences of poor Ritualistic parsons, forced to be lawless, because they really could not see how the law could be binding on them. Lay consciences that feel a call to kick against the pricks of law are not usually so much considered. Lond Nelson thought the House ought really not to proceed to Second Reading till Convocation had met, and considered the matter.

Convocation has usually thrown so much light on Church legislation; and is so eminently clear-headed, clear-spoken, and sound-judging a body!

The Bibbor of Lincoln, too, feared "There might be a schism between the Upper and Lower House of Convocation, if the matter were pushed forward in the Carmanyon has had no official communication of the cession of Fiji to the British Crown. When it comes, then will come

"considerations of climate and production, of winds and currents, of expense, of organisation of administration; and there was, lastly, but by no means least of all, the very serious question of the feelings of the native races."

"Tantæ molis erat Fijeiam condere gentem."

In the Commons we lingered awhile in Her Majesty's Dockyards, while Admiral Elliot argued (as became the Member for Chatham) that the late Admiralty had "disestablished the Dockyards," and handed over the Navy to the tender mercies of private builders. Even the breaking up of the old ships had been put out to contract; one ship sold for £500, and her copper bought back for £5000.

Mr. Hunt deprecated a Committee, but promised attention. Just now his hands were really too full, and he wanted to get on with the Naval Estimates. Would the Admiral be so kind as to shut up—
But Mr. Rent had a speech ready, and insisted on firing it off.

It was the very best thing that ever happened to the Navy when Government handed over the building of a good part of it to private

It was the very best thing that ever happened to the Navy when Government handed over the building of a good part of it to private hands. Experto crede.

Mr. Rhed orgate to know. He was chief Government Constructor. He is head of a great Private Ship-building Company.

Mr. Shaw Lefever did what the grievance-mongers say we have never done—defended the Dockyards.

Then, on Mr. Disrari's Motion, the Vote for Sir Garner Wolseler's grant of £25,000 was agreed to. Her Majesty wished to sidd an hereditary distinction. Sir Garner may succeed to either of two family Baroneteies, and, under these circumstances, feels he has quite chances enough of hereditary rank. Besides, he really thinks he has been over-rewarded already. We don't; but the feeling is a creditable one. And then, at last, the Richard Honourable Ward Hunt reached the Navy Estimates.

O, what a speech was there, my countrymen! A bill of close on Ten Millions. Dockyard Establishments short by 800 men, for repairs of from-elads, at an expense of one-third their original cost! Only 5,592 tons of Iron-elads, built in the year, though the vote taken for 8,500 tons had been exceeded. This year we mean to build 19,470 tons.

Then for the debtor and creditor account of our commonising friends on the other side. Of our forty-one was going Iron-elads (five still on the stocks, by the way) only eighteen effective! Of our fourteen for coast and harbour desence, including the Devastation (we don't

mean to send her to sea till we know more about her), only nine good for anything at all! Our Mr. Corry was abused for his lavish expenditure on the Navy, and yet, in less than seven years from Flying Childers's year, the Estimates are up within a quarter of a million to where our Mr. Corry left them.

"Though he" (Mr. W. H.) "was not prepared to propose any sulfition to his predecessor's Estimates, he could not take upon himself to say that he was satisfied of their sufficiency to maintain the Navy in a satisficatory condition, nor could be conesal from himself that it might be necessary hisseafter to make fresh demands on the public."

Then followed an awful pause.

"M.P's. lesked at each other, pale and dumb, Or whispering with white lips, 'The extrac come, they come!""

Mr. Reen laughed to seen the idea of sending the 60,000 men who had been voted to see in modern ships for Ten Millions. There must be more ships built. Is not REED there to build them? To es orfevre, Monsieur Joses!

MR. Göschen made as good a fight as could be expected on the spur of the moment. As Mr. Hunt had found so much fault, he was surely bound to take action. But the House must bear in mind the increase in wages, coal, and cost of materials, the unexpected costliness of the repairs of Iron-clads, and the astonishing rapidity with which the modern type of ships deteriorated. (Lucky they do, by the way, for the model of one year is the awful warning of the next.) Some ships out of repair? Of course there were. Why, if every ship in the Navy were required to be completely efficient at every moment, the Estimates must be increased by hundreds of thousands.

And then on Mr. Samuda's Motion progress was reported, and members skedadelled, asking each other racfully, with Mr. Hust's indefinite "supplements" looming in the distance, "What is to become of the Budget?"

Altogether, this was a highly sensational evening . . . For what John Bull thought of it next morning, see Cartoon.

Tuesday. — The Bishop of Petranogough (Dr. Magna) the Irish diamond of the Bench, moved for, and gnt, a Committee of the Lords to inquire into the Law relating to Patronage, Simony, and the Exchange of Benefices in the Church of England.

In the Commons, Punch rejoiced to hear that the Chancesion was considered the contraction of the Chancesion was

considering the possibility of putting two Clerks on the Civil Service

Talk of new brooms, after that! Was ever such a thing heard? The under millstone to have a voice as well as the upper!
COLONEL KINGSCOTE called attention to the social and sanitary state

of? The under milistons to have a voice as well as the upper?

Colonel Kingscott called attention to the social and sanitary state of the Forest of Dean—where is a population of 22,000 on Crown property contributing only £335 to the Poor-rates, largely productive in timber, coal, and iron, with no parochial system. no drainage, no water-supply, no surveyor of highways, no sanitary, highway, or parochial authority whatever within its bounds, and but one turnpilse road. A preperty, in short, producing from the ground a valuable growth of navy oak and a nett revenue of £14,684, and from the inhabitants an abundant and increasing crop of filth, ignorance, blackgnardism, and typhoid fever.

Ma. W. H. Sahth promised inquiry. Let him pag away at Her Majesty's Office of Woods.

There is no denying or disgraising that the late abstract of correspondence between the Indian Government and the Secretary of State in Council, relative to the Drought in Bengal—official for "Famine,"—has been very "severely" edited, with an apparent disposition to back up Lord Normathencoke's views, and to clap an extinguisher on Sin George Campute.'9.

Ma. O'Dowwell brought the matter tellingly, because temperately, forward, and moved a Resolution that the name of the Editor should be appended to such "Selections" for the future.

The case seemed irresistible, but the Motion was negatived; how, why, or through whom, the report of the might gives us no information.

Ma. Cross promises inquiry into the Dukinfield Colliery Haylesion, which has cost fifty, three lines, on the Motion of Mar Magneyara.

Mr. Cross premises inquiry into the Dukinfield Colliery Explosion, which has cost fifty-three lives, on the Motion of Mr. MacDonald, Member for the Miners.

Mr. Burr carried, without a division, the Second Reading of his Bill, empowering: Irish Corporations to close their own High Macriffs and Clerks of the Peace.

Wednesday, - Mn. Mowe's Revenue Officers' Voting, and Mn. Lopes's Juries' Bills were read a Second time; but as both will have to be further considered, we waive them now.

wadny. -- In the Lords, the LORD CHANCELLON'S Land Tran Bills were advanced a stage. They are not to be referred to a Select Committee, for the House of Lords is always a Select Committee only the Select Committee that sits at night has, usually, nothing to do; while a Select Committee in the moraing interferes with their Lordshipe' appeal business.

In the Commons, we are going to look into the Suez Canal business, and see if M. DE LESSIFS is to be allowed to stop the commerce between West and East, along of a difference of a few france a ton settled against him by the representatives of all nations, including his own

Punch, and all England, rejoices to hear that CAPTAIN GLOVER is to have a mark of distinction given him for his services against Coomassie, and we hope a little bit of pudding besides.

The date of the abolition of the Duty on Refined Sugar (May 21)

on to be postponed.
On bringing up the Report on Budget Resolutions Mr., GLADSTONE ame out in the new character of "sucking dove," and said ditto to be GRANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with an unction of unanimity mostly and sweet enough to make

"Time run back and fetch the age of gold,"

when Liberal Lions and Tory Lambs lay side by side, and rival financiers blessed instead of bully-ragged each other. The Budget was the best possible Budget—the estimates of revenue the most trustworthy—the remissions of taxation the most happily choses.

"In short, if I were not Gladerous, I would be Northcore" was the burden of a speech that fills three columns of the Times.

"Thus aided, abetted, and comforted, Sire Staffords sourced into the seventh heaven of complacency on rese-coloured wings, was cocksurer than ever of his million and a half expansion of revenue,—have we not the absorption of spirits steadily increasing, and what will not free sugar do to swell consumption of all other viotual, and to open all sorts of new industries?—and as for Mm. WARD HUER'S threatened supplementary demands on the public purse for Navy expenses, what are a few hundreds of thousands, and who is John Bull, tath he should go in fear of such fleabites?

But, still, com Mn. Ward HUER on Monday talking Bunkum? Sear apart, John Bull, would like to feel quite easy on that point.

Mn. PIERLES Wixided the House on the repeal of the Malt Tax, with a division of 17 to 244; Mn. LAIRG was not even allowed to move a Resolution for keeping the Insome Tax at 34. (by reason of informality), and Sr. J. C. LAWB was was defeated by 255 to 139 on a Motion to exempt incomes under 1200, and to deduct 2100 in taxing incomes between £200 and £500.

The upshot of the evening was the voting the Budget Resolutions, without amendment. "So let that fly stick to the wa"."

Sin Staffold may also on both ears, for the present.

SIR STAFFORD may sleep on both ears, for the present.

Friday.—Their Lordships heard the late and present Secretary of State for India on "The Drought in Bengal." As became Secretaries of State for India, they justified, in the strongest terms, all that had been done by the Governor-General; and quite right too. The utmost encouragement that Parliament and the Country can give Lord Northebook is not more than he wants—and, as far as Punch can judge, deserves—in this terrible trial of his courage and resources. At the same time, one cannot blink the fact that the two strongest and hardest-headed of Indian administrators, LORD LAWRENCE and SIR GEORGE CAMPRILL, are at odds with him on two strongest and hardest-headed of Indian administrators, LOED LAWRENCE and SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, are at odds with him on the question of exportation. Doctors will differ, even when patients are dying; but LOED NORTHEROOK must have felt very clear as to his conclusions before he accepted the responsibility of differing with such authorities as LAWRENCE and CAMPBELL. It seems abundantly clear that all that can be done is being done, and will be done, at home and in India, by everybedy in power from highest to lowest, till this affliction is overpast.

In the Commons we had a night. After the preternatural assessing of Threader.

of Thursday,

" Disspiter per purum tenantes Egit eques volueremque currum."

Mis. Sections drew down the thunder by a Resolution condemning the late Dissolution for precipitancy and surprise.

The bold Member for Cambridge is lucky or unlucky in the possession of a historic name, which recalls remembrances of Random and Pickle, Bramble and Trunnion. His attack combined the slap dash and mischief of the first pair, with the sting and coarseness of the second. But he caught it, when the King of Men aross, and smote Theritas! That was a caution!

"Infelix puor, atque imper congressus Achilli."

But harder to bear them even the onslaught of Acutiles in his weath, was the ignominy of having to put up with Whaller for a Secondar! But for the plaintive backing of the Member for Omes-whose description of himself, dissevered in prison on the 24th of Jameary, suggests a picture to which Chutmaran's Figs. in the condemned cell would be fashle. Mr. Shollers would have had to go without even a single voice to earry his Motion as far as a negative without even a single voice to earry his Motion as far as a negative without a division.

Before breaking up, the House did a good stroke of business in Supply, principally under the head of Public Works and Buildings, Lord H. Lennon smoothing away difficulties as inseniously as Mr. Ayrron used to make them.



ILLI ROBUR, ET ÆS TRIPLEX !

"WHY, COOK, I DECLARS! HERE COMES THE LONG-LOST TORTOISE UNCLE PHILIP GAVE US LAST YEAR! AND OUT OF THE COAL-CELLAR, OF ALL PLACES IN THE WORLD!"

"Lon', Miss Grace, is fust the Tortoise ? Why, I've been a-usin' of 'im all through the Winter to break the Coals with!"

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

Paris, April 25.

It must be a very pleasant thing (no disrespect to you, Sir 25 be a French journalist. To sit down and write a pleasant article, about nothing on earth, sprinkled with epigrams more or less pointed (all epigrams look pointed in French, while, translated into English—but no matter!), made up of nice little anecdotes about the last new piece or the last new scandal—politics, and subjects requiring information, avoided so dexterously that I never can make out, on the one hand, where English newspapers get their French politics from, and, on the other, why every successive Government takes, after a time, to "warning" these gentlemen for their innocent productions—with a whole firmament of stars, as thus as thus

thrown in at every third line to fill out the column. When a French journalist is, as Rosalind says, "gravelled for lack of matter, his cleanliest shift is to" star. And, finally, with your name in full signed ostentatiously at the end—it is difficult to imagine a pleasanter line in life. And what is the result? Journalism in France is the road to everything. It has the same mysterious oyster-opening qualification which tradition assigns with us to the fascinating and elevating profession of the Bar. If every British barrister is expected to attain to the Woolsack, every French journalist sees himself a possible Thirds or an embryo Girlardin. Then the pay! Do you know (no reproach to you, Sir), that, for one of those brilliant fireworks in the Gaudos, which leave his reader (and him) no wiser than he started, M. Albert Wolff receives some two hundred and fifty france—ten pounds sterling, money down? Meanwhile, he is making to himself a name and a style of his own.

Now, in England journalism means (in nine cases out of ten) a living grave. We are always being told that our wits are a sad falling-off from our fathers', and that there is no young talent now-adays. Nonsense! there is as much of it as ever. But that same young wit, fresh from College triumph, and full of working power, but unacquainted with attorneys, and eraving small profits and quick returns, drifts straight into anonymity, and writes flashy articles based upon a certain knowledge of Greek and Latin, and an uncertain amattering of general information, and what becomes of him in ten years? Like the chameleon, he has taken the colour of his soil. Has he Saturday-Reviewed?—he is chronically epigrammatic, ill-natured, superficial. Has he Telegraphed?—he is gushing, sentimental, spasmodic. Does he belong (I write with bated ink) to the "Leading Journal"?—he is ponderous, didactic, overpoweringly "well-informed." Has he been admitted among the sacred few that bear the mark of Punch, and recognise motiey as their only wear?—he is pathetic, witty, or grotesque at will. But, one and all, these slaves of the pen have sacrificed their individuality. They are part of the great "We" and not one in a hundred will ever be an "I" till his last spitaph appears in the last paper for which he has worked, and informs the world, which has never heard of him, how Mr. Jones carried all before him at College in the year of grace ——, and ever since has been one of the stoutest pillars of journalism, but without a mark, a date, or a name, to tell "here Jones once wrote."

Look at the other side. Writing as an unit and a somebody, a French journalist works under a sense of personal responsibility. If he doesn't take care, he gets "called out." Calling out is very shocking, of course; and if "We" were called out in England we should stay at home. But though England doesn't call out, it brings actions. And what is the advantage to some unfortunate individual—who has made himself a singular, and finds himself some morning recklessly ac



"THE OLD STORY!"

JOHN BULL. "O, HANG YOUR CHARGES AND COUNTER-CHARGES! YOU'RE ONE JUST AS BAD AS THE OTHER! TEN MILLIONS A-YEAR FOR MY NAVY, AND —AND NOT A SHIP TO MY BACK, AS USUAL!"

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Table (as a second

THE PRITON OF AN PRINCE



A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

pain "We" give. But, for the purposes of the Law, we—the plural that isn't, and will, probably, never make itself, a singular—are the great newspaper which has published our valuable thought. It would be highly improper in our Editor to give up our name, and we take very good care not to do it ourselves. So we get a verdict against the poer singular, who has been weak enough to object to fair criticism; and the world says, as it is so foud of saying in the good old game of consequences, "Serve him right!"

Your Occasional began this letter with the intention of supplying some very valuable information about the present condition of French parties and French politics, with which it would give him the greatest possible pleasure—at the rate of remuneration mentioned above, by way of a delicate hint to you—to fill, at the least, another of your columns. But if he did, Sir, you are quite capable of cutting it all out. "We" propose, therefore, to continue the subject in our noxt.

subject in our next.

"THERE BE LAND-MONSTERS AND SEA-MONSTERS."



ROBABLY the uglicat, as well as the latest, addition to that Super - Mare Chamber of Super - Mare Change Horrors—the Brighton Aquawho, among other engaging peculiarities, we are in-formed, carries his "organs of respiration and sound under his arms." There among other engage is a terrestrial plague piperus diabolicus - whom

stimity with this fee monster is proved by his carrying
his organ of sound in the
same place. He may be seen
and worse,
Brighton Beach during the
season. Happy those who escape the formidable means of amoyance
with which this terrestrial demon has been armed by one of those
mysterious dispensations of creative power which puzzle the philosophers.

Another Deputation.

"The next Resolution, relating to the Sugar Duties, was also agreed to, with some verbal alteration proposed by the Chamonaton or ram Exchanguma, in respect to plums preserved in sugar."

WITH reference to the above extract from the preceedings of the House of Commons, we are requested to state that, owing to the pressure of business, the CHANCELLOR OF THE RECEIVER, to his extreme regret, was anable to receive a large and influential Deputation from the Children of England, to remonstrate with him for not extending the general remission of the Sugar Duties to Sugarplums.

The Press and the Prince of Darkness.

IF the Echo is worthy of its name, it has not reproduced words never spoken in stating that:-

"BISHOP HEDLEY (Roman Catholic), while preaching in Monanouth on Sunday evening, described the Press as "the most powerful engine in the armoury of the Devil."

Let us hope that the Devil in whose armoury the Bishop regards the Press as an engine is only the Printer's Devil.

A Likely Restur.—The Man who picked up an Acquaintance soon dropped him again.

THE HAMMER OF THOR.

" Si vis pacem, para bellum."



"A Grant Syram Hamsen.—A work of national importance, was consummated yesterday in the completion of the 30-ton steam hammer, erected in the Royal Arsenal. Woolwich, for the manufacture of the great artillery of the future. The apparatus, and the steam properties, if possible, by the lat of May, in actional to the virit about to be said to England by the Empanon or Eurosta, has been, by dint of industry, finished a work within the date. Yesterday merning, the steam pipes were charged for the first time, and the hammer was worked. To say it is the largest and most powerful in the world conveys below faint idea of its espablishes."—Times.

Is this the hammer of Thor That was wielded long ago By the giant god of war In the realms of endless snow When our hero-sires came forth.
From their home in the hardy North,
On their track of triumph and wee?

Ay, 'tis the weapon of might The Scandinavian Mars, Held in the front of fight Under the frosty stars:
'Tis the constable's handiest tool
Against Folks or Kings of Misrule
We show to the keenest of Czar

Twill whip up a hundred tons, As in a giant's caprice, And weld the mass to guns— Monsters that still increase When thus the sons of Thon, Can forge great weapons of war, They have forged the Hammer of Peace.

AID TO THE ADMIRALTY.—How is the problem of Naval Re-construction (which recurs annually) to be solved? One step towards permanently reconstructing the Navy might be the avoidance of misconstruction, which has been so rife in recent divisions of opinion at the Admiralty.

Ma

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

By FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST-ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE SECOND.

V .- Quodeunque vis, meus parvus carus.

THE Cook's name was POTT.
It was a struggle between Port and Kettle.

All watched in terrified silence.

No one spoke to the Man at the Wheel.

The struggle began.

"Kettle began it," muttered LE BEUN to himself, quoting from the Cricket on the Hearth. This fearful duel between Porr and Kettle was the nearest thing to Cricket on the Hearth that he had yet seen. It was Skittles in the Kitchen, it was Polo in the Pantry,

yet seen. It was Skittlit was Football in the Larder. Thus it chanced that he quoted unconsciously. Otherwise, it was not

a time for quotations.
The whole happened in a half-light. It is not often that you find a whole in a half. The boiling tin Kettle against the Cook, bold as brass.

It was tin against

brass. Metal against

mettle.
"Come on, carn't
yer!" said the Man.
The Kettle seemed

The Kettle seemed to listen; then, with a whisking noise, and spouting forth an overflow of boiling soup, it rushed at him.

He, supple, agile, adroit, glided away out of reach of these lightning-like movements.

The hissing monster turned, and came at him. With its spout, like a bird's heak. It sprang suddenly upon the Cook, and pecked him.

"Keep up your pecker," said Lz Bauw, from the head of the stairs on the upper deck. He could sneer, even in the

sneer, even in the face of danger.

The Cook serewed himself noiselessly out of his jacket, and slid away. The senseless Kettle tore the garment to shreds.

Then the Cook rushed at the handle, as a Spanish Matador will seize a bull by the tail. Far safer than acting by the proverb, and taking him by the horns. Proverbs are not Practice. Even a wise saw has no wisdom teeth.

The handle came off in the man's grasp.

For a second the Kettle was puzzled at its loss. Then it showed its nails. They were not claws, they were not talons: simply nails. With fury redoubled by the indignity, it seemed to say, "Come, I've lost my tail: I must put an end to this, somehow." Then, in blind rage, hissing and steaming, it rushed upon the defeated Cook.

"Give it one in the eye!" shouted COMMANDER JOHANNES, from

above.

The Cook, armed with a spit, attempted to act upon this advice.

The Kettle had no eye, only a lid. This latter he failed to wound.

The Furious Monster was on him, and, in another moment, the doom of the Man would have been sealed.

But for the Mysterious Passenger, MASSABONES, on the companian

It flashed across him. An Inspiration. A memory of his early childhood. Kettles sang—he sang. Now he sang loudly. He sang wisely, but not well.

The Kettle paused in its fierce onslaught. The Monster seemed to remember the time when it, too, sat on a hob, singing.

Clearly the creature was moved. Its lid trembled, and more than one drop trickled down its sides. Taking advantage of this momentary weakness, the Cook scrambled on his legs, and catching the machine a stupendous kick, sent it over, sprawling, on its side, spent, helpless: an inert, inanimate mass. Such a fest as this was only possible to one who had been brought up as the Son of a Sea Cook. It was ended. The Man had conquered the Monster. The Cow had jumped over the Moon. The Pott had conquered the Kettle.

The whole Crew hurried down the companion.

But the soup was boiled away to nothing.

"Sir," said the Cook to the distinguished Passenger, "I owe you my life." And he handed him a paper with three letters on it. They were I. O. U.

were I. O. U.

The old man answered nothing. He appeared to be dead to what was going on around him. And more than dead, he was buried in thought.

A wonderful thing is steam. In an instant the kettle was securely lashed.

"Now," said the dignified Passenger, whom the Sailors only knew as MASSABONES, "the Kettle has been lashed, too."
The Ship's Chaplain, who, throughout the danger, had been seated on the maintopgallant mizen.

reading the Act of Uniformity, now de-scended, and prepared the Man for his fate.

The Cat with nine tails—the last of its marvellous species—was brought out.

LEBRUN, JOHANNES and ROBIN son fils

senger.
"You are the General," they said;
"and a General always gives orders on board ship."
"Then," said the stately Passenger,
"nitch him over."

stately Passenger, "pitch him over." They pitched him all over.

VI. - Out with a Sail, in with a Lottery.

THE Sea rocked the vessel threateningly. Since she had been

on her cradle she had

on her cradle she had never been so rocked.

The damage done by the Kettle of fish was irreparable.
The Manguis de Bordior spoke to the Man at the Wheel.
"Where are we now?"
"Here," replied the Man, vaguely.
Neither one thing nor the other—such is the Sailor. A man is either a bad sailor, or a good sailor. To the former the answer had a disquieting significance. The motto of the Ocean is "rough and ready." The Sea was ready—it was going to be rough.
Ships in the offing. Ready to blow the Ringdove out of the water.
The water ready to sink the Ringdove.
LE BRUN cried aloud, in his brave merriment, "Here's a go!"

VII. -a x = y.

THE Ship was little more than a wreck. The Captain put his glass in his eye.

"I see the rocks."
"You see double," answered the Pilot.
"It's all up with us," said the Captain, looking at the ships-of-

war.

"Or all down," said the Pilot, looking at the rocks.

"What are those rocks?" asked the MARQUIS DE BOBBILOT.

"Blue Rocks." answered the Pilot.

"Blue Rocks! Then we are near Hurlingham."

"A good shot of yours," replied ROBIN son fils.



THE PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

Husband, "I THINK YOU MIGHT LET ME NURSE THAT TRAPOT A LITTLE NOW, MARGERY! YOU 'VE HAD IT TO YOURSELF ALL THE MORNING, YOU KNOW!"

NEW SPANISH WAR INVENTION.

A TIMES' telegram from Santander informs us that :-

"From one o'clock of the morning of the sixth to seven o'clock of the morning of the cighth (fifty-five hours), 435 shells were thrown into the town of Bilbao, there being constantly in the air five projection."

the air two projectiles."

By simple arithmetic it follows that each shall must have been thirty-eight minutes in the air. As the time of flight of shells fired for the purposes of hombardment, according to the system of artillery hitherto in vogue, has never been known to exceed thirty-eight seconds, it is evident that this Correspondent has brought to our knowledge a wonderful discovery, which, if he would be kind enough to discover and communicate, our War Office authorities will, no doubt, immediately adopt.

Nothing can be conceived more trying to the nerves of a beleaguered garrison than a succession of shells, five at a time, wavering for thirty-eight minutes over their domestic head, in a state of uncertainty as to where they will pitch.

will pitch.

The only wonder is how the defenders of Bilbao have been able to hold out so long against this fearful new missile; and we have, if Our Own Correspondent has not invented it himself, that he will seen "nose" out the invention for the use of his country, whenever she is called upon to provide bombarding materiel.

We should propose to christen this formidable projectile "Spanish-fly-shell."

Ashantee Glover.

The thanks of one House, and much praise from the

Is this the reward that we give our brave GLOVER? Premotion and Honours are scattered about, But the hero of heroes is strangely left out. His share is the many fine things that were said. "Tis excellent butter—but where is the broad?"

THE WISDOM OF ULYSSES.

Parstder Geart has vetoed the Bill for adding a hundred million in paper dollars to the United States our may. Expans, in his wisdom, declines to figure as a Guant in aid of bogus-speculation, unsubstantial enterprise, and hollow prosperity,—with the certain prospect of discredit, collapse, and bankruptsy in the background.

LE BRUN laughed aloud.
"Those are the Blue Rocks—we are the Pigeons. We have played, and lost."

The Sailors collected the pieces, and tried to put the cannon.

The Sanors conserved the second of the secon And he must be let off," said Haunner strange-up-Fnowr-pre-Born.

VIII .- Some one gate out.

The Passenger had not quitted the dook. Amilist all the dangers he had not changed colour.

LE BRUN addressed the men.

Sallors, Soldiers, and Mountait Murinos. We must either be prisoners for travelling without a licence, or we go to pieces."

"Hear! Hear!"

"Hear! Hear!"
"This man, our respected Passenger, does not wish to unblacken his face. To blacken a face is not to blacken a character. To save washing, is to save a great deal."
"Yes, yos, yes!" cried the Crow.
The distinguished Passenger put his hand to his heart, shook his head, and made an obeisance so low as to send his coat-tails up towards the sky, while his close-cropped hair nearly touched the deak.

"He is about to risk serious danger," sontinued Le Baux.
"Horay!"

"Hooray!"
"He must land on the ceast. Where there is no coast, he cannot land. Where the sea is deeper than two inches, there is a chance of drowning. The Shrimp is taken where the Whale escapes. Or vice terral. Who will row this gentleman to shore?"

"Here y are, Sir?" cried all the Crew at once, eagerly, and in different tonce. "Go out for a sail this morning, Sir? Nice day for a row, Sir? Fine outside. Eighteen pence an hour. Here y are, Sir! Take you for a shilling."

"No. Who will go for nothing?"
The men held back.
Then one stepped for ward.
"I will."
"Your name?"

"Your name?"

"GUILLAUME TAILLEUR."

LE BRUN addressed him. "You are a gay young fellow, full of mirth and full of spree. You accept the situation?"

"I do."

The dignified Passenger took LE Bruss's hand. He murmured, "O, JOHNNY, I'm in luck dis time."

(To be continued.)

La Compagnie Transatlantique.

A HAPPY name, n'est-se pus? Belits a purpose so gigantie!

La Ligne Française, link of two worlds on either side the Atlantic!

But where are worlds to link, since you've abandoned, in your pother,

L'Europe, on one side of the sea, and L'Amérique on t'other?

* Punck need acarcely remind his readers that these two fine steamers of La Compagnie, abandoned at sea by their officers and crows, have been brought into port by salvers who were sailors.

THE REAL AUTHORITIES ON SPIRITUALISM.

MILITIA-MEN. Aren't they disembodied eleven months out of the twelve?

Ma



"SMALL BY DEGREES."

Suffolk Farmer, "Two Shill'n's a When more!! Never! That 'll never do!—out o' the Question!"

Suffolk Ploughman. "You're right there, Mas'r Wuzzler, sart'n sure! It 'on't dew. Our Sal sany there 'll be Eight
Shill'n' and Thereffence for Bread, There-and-Sixprice for Rent and Coal, and Half-a-Craown for Club, Clother, Botes,
and be the owd 'Onan, five Kids, and me. No, that 'on't dew—that, that 'on't, b'um by. But it'll be enow to
show for the owd 'Onan, five Kids, and me. No, that 'on't dew—that, that 'on't, b'um by.

BRITANNIA'S CHICKS IN A BAD WAY.

(A Funcy Sketch,—at least, Punch hopes so,—after W. HURT.)

TEN British Iron-clads, above, and of, the line, One eat her own copper off, then there were nine?

Nine British Iron-clads, much peppered in debate, One struck a shoal—not in the charts—then there were eight!

Eight British Iron-elads, manœuvring off Devon, One burst her boilers, then there were seven.

Seven British Iron-clads, lined all through with bricks, The dry-rot got into one, then there were six.

Six British Iron-clads, unsteady to ride or drive, One was rammed by all the rest, then there were five.

Five British Iron-clads, sailing round the Nore, One fouled the Ramsgate light-ship, then there were four.

Four British Iron-clads, for harbour use, not sea, One grounded on her own beef-bones, then there were three.

Three British Iron-clads, firing in review, One blew her turrets through her keel, then there were two.

Two British Iron-clads, each with its monster gun, One burst and blew her ship up, then there was one.

One British Iron-clad, won't stay, wear, steam, nor steer—If the late bad lot come back again, p'rape she will disappear.

EVIDENT.-The Duty on Sugar is, of course, to bring in a Lump Sum.

MEN OF THE NORTH, BEWARE!

THE Sheffield Telegraph of April 18th, contains the following mysterious advertisement:

WANTED, a MAN to make POTS, and pull out three HOLES in the North of England."

What has the North of England done amiss that gentle and amiable Sheffield should thus desire to pull holes in her? Are there not hales enough already in the bright and blooming coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland, and the iron-fields of Cleveland? Who can it be that thus proposes to mine—to undermine—the North? "Holes?" "Holy!" Can it be? A light dawns on me. "Holy Island!" "Holy Father!" Ha! ha! No—yes—it is—it must be! "Now, Jesuit, I have thee on the hip!" Yes, fool, idiot that I was! I see it now in all its hideous nakadness!—a Popish plot, an Ultramontane conspiracy!

A nous, NEWDEGATE! WHALLEY to the rescue!

Well may they advertise, at the same time, for one to "make Pots," those Pots to which our England will go, when once she has been made holy in the hideous hierarchical sense borne by the word

or Ultramontane lips.
Unholy Roman, Avaunt! Rampant Ritualist, retire!
WHALLEY and NEWDEGATE aiding, I defy you and all your works,
from the St. Barnabas Baldacchino to the Exeter Reredes!

The Gravedigger's Bemonstrance.

(To SIR H. THOMPSON.)

Who are you, to be thieving
The poor Sexton's bread?
How can we earn our living,
If you urn our dead?



"BALANCÉ, MESSIEURS!"

Old Green. "What I always says about Jumpin', Master Fred, is this-The great Thing is to keep "the Ballast." Master Fred. "YES. AND THAT GENTLEMAN'S HORSE SEEMS TO PREVER SHIFTING HIS, JOE."

HAMPSHIRE HOGS AND HOGSTYES.

(See Hampshire Independent, April 25, " Rural Life in Hampshire.")

You've heer'd folks talk o' Hampshire hogs; the hogs they means

is we.
We doen't refuse the compliment we takes it for to be.
For unto prime perfection pigs in Hampshire we do bring;
And Cobbert says, "this hog is altogether a good thing."

That there 's a hog on four legs though; but there be hogs likewise Of our own breed in Hampshire, yet that lives like hogs in styes; And two sich two-legged Hampshire hogs was WILLIAM and DAME

DAY, As pigged in a chalk-pit on the Down, near Lasham, Alton-way.

Their house they couldn't bide in ; a' was out of all repair. And so they went and made theirselves wot you med call a lair.

Dree hurdles, thatched, set in a hole, for a hut they made to do.

I calls that there a pigstye, and a sorry pigstye too.

And there they bid for some four year, until the 'coman died, O' droppy caused by heart-disease, the doctor sartified. The Crowner's quest as sat on her their verdict gie'd the same; And on the want o' sanitairy inspection laid the blame.

Undressed and unattended nigh four days the copes did lay Upon a bed on the bare ground; none other goods had they. And bad a place as was the stye where they a pig's life led, "Twas ten times wuss than pigstyes be when one on "um was dead.

No pig bean't never arter death neglected not like that; We got too much respect for 'un, good pork and bacon fat. And ne'er an Alton Guardian in his pigstye would allow From Saturday to Tuesday for to lay his poor old sow.

It come out at the Crowner's quest, at Froyle, a year agoo, Some people o' them parts was in a chalk-pit piggun' too;

A family o' Hampshire Hogs, both gurt and little swine, Housed in a way I shouldn't like to zee no hogs o' mine.

The Crowner's sent the verdict to the Local Guv'ment Board; And now a fit Inspector p'raps the Guardians 'col afford; And then Hampshire Hogs on two legs wun't ne'er be found no more A livun' in a pigstye that 's too bad for hogs on four.

FACULTY AND FACULTY.

A RATHER uncommon event occurred the other day in the Lower House of Convocation. A moderate and reasonable speech was de-livered there. The subject of it was the Archbishop's Message, and the speaker Canon Gregory. According to report:—

"Speaking of the Exeter reredes case, CANON GREGORY said that it would be impossible to say what adornments might not be ordered to be removed if erected without a faculty."

There is a faculty without which some monuments are creeted, as some follies are practised in some churches—the faculty of common sense on the part of Clergymen. In that case, indeed, ought the follies not to be stopped, and the monuments of folly removed? But the Exeter reredes appears to be hardly a monument of this description. The faculty without which it was erected was a permissive faculty, which should have been obtained from the Bishop. If, however, the Bishop of Exerge has such a faculty as common sense to confer, would he have objected to the erection of a simply ornamental and architectural work of Art?

Alarming Scarcity.

Is the country short of competent Judges? Is it found difficult to obtain fit Magistrates when vacancies occur? Is the demand for a good Lawyer greater than the supply of that valuable and expensive article? These questions, which suggest very serious reflections to the thoughtful mind, are prompted by observing the following significant notice—" Wanted first-class Bench hands."

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



delay was only desent in the case of "a Bill that binds the Clergy hand and foot;"—a Bill (says Punch) that lessens cost and delay in enforcing the law against Ritualising Incumbents. Strange, how different a thing looks from opposite sides.

The Lond Charcellon was all for delay, as the Bill "stirred the minds of great masses of people"—and masses, we suppose, should be stirred allowly. We should have thought "the masses" stirred the people mare than the Bill.

The real objection to the Measure in certain quarters is, precisely, that it does stir "masses,"—sands them further from us, it is to be hoped, and us from them. But we doubt if the Bill's clerical opponents would like this public identification with "masses." It is what they may expect at the hands of their enemies, the ultra-Protestants, but not of Lond Charlellos Carries.

Having shunted the Church Bill, their Lordships got on, and off, the Rail, Lond Delawark moving for a Royal Commission to inquire into Railway management, assidents, and means of preventing them—legislative and mechanical. Neglect of proper appliances and overworking of servants his Lordship thought the chief sources of smash.

Lond Hovelmon (as leader for the Directoral and a half) was the state of the state of the birectoral and health or the latter of the long of the latter of t

Sources of smash.

Lond Hoventon (as leader for the Directors), spoke beldly up to Mn. Mn. his brief and instructions, contending all was for the best in this he likes.

best of possible railway worlds. Directors, he thought, behaved with "quite affecting disinterestedness." [If disinterestedness means not paying enough interest, we agree with Lond Houghton—and shareholders generally—that the disinterestedness of Directors is affecting, painfully affecting.] Besides, the interest of Directors is that their lines should be well managed. True, my dear Lord, were there no "capital account" to counsel, "" Sace" besse si possis, si non, quocunque modo, "acce!" "till a smash comes and swallows up four times the year's saving in compensations. But Directors are so disinterested. Bless you, they like paying compensations.

possis, si non, quocunque modo, 'ance'' till a smash comes and swallows up four times the year's saving in compensations. But Directors are so disinterested. Bless you, they sake paying compensations.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND was ready to grant a Select Committee—for the Government did not see their way to legislation. So the blind shall lead the blind, that both may not fall into a railway outting. The DUKE OF SOMERSET—who, like a certain other old gentleman, is always finding work for idle hands to do—suggested that the new Commission, which is over-paid and under-worked, should undertake the job. Lord Carlingeroun—speaking with full official knowledge off Carling Tries's big Report, and all the little Reports bred by all the sailway accidents, printed at the public expense, and neatly obscience—pointed out that nine accidents out of ten were caused by overgrown traffle. Traffle, is fast, has grown into a giant, with feet so big he can't put 'em down without smashing something, like a hen with too many chicks. Still he liked the idea of a Commission and an inquiry. Officials, and ex-officials always do. They stave off legislation, which means infinite trouble and voxation, often ton end, to already overtaxed office-staffs, and their heads.

Lord Salishuk had no faith in legislation, none in inquiry, none—yes, a little, in Time-tables punctually kept. Would he suggest a Bill for enacting the month's Bradshaw, on bloc, as a law of the Medes and Persians, which no traffic—manager shall alter on pain of being torn to pieces by wild engines, and so give history its Bradshaw of the Carling from the month's Bradshaw, on bloc, as a law of Mr. Dumarki, in answer to a question about the property is Mr. Bourake, in fine fabrical shallow his property be by that time? "There are no audio in lealand." So Mr. Dumarki, in fine fabrical shallow his property be by that time? "Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?" "Who cares to hope from ninety-three?"

Mr. BOURKE informed Str. G. JUKKINSON that M. Lessures had shown his good sense

"Uno avulso non deficit alter Aurous, et simili frondescit virga metalle."

There are always good Governors to be had, if you'll pay for 'em.

Mr. Holms, by way of seconding the Motion, argued that our
Gold Coast Settlements cost more than they were worth, and that
our late war promised a legacy of anything but peace. The war
was due to Colamial Office meddling and muddling. The Ashantses
were the best of the black bunch, and we had denied them access to
trade-ports, and given King Coffin strong grounds to boil over.

As to our duty in the future, it was to pave the way to clear
out, and leave the natives and the traders to settle matters their
own way. And thus was Mr. Hannun's seconded. "Call you that
backing of your friends," Mr. Holms?

The Motion was adjourned till this day week, on the motion of
Mr. Mills, who is welcome to the addition of "Coffee "Mills, if
he likes.

And then we came to "the toast of the evening." Mr. Cross y proposed the health of his friend, Mr. Bung, and the Public. He began by sketching his friend's career, gave some lively statistics of the growth in drink, and the improvement in drinking-phases. Buwe was a benefactor of his species. It was not public-houses that encouraged drinking—(true, but sub-mode Mr. Cross)—but higher wages and more Saint-Bondays. More inviting homes, and better education—these are the true checks on tippling. (True, O Mr. Cross)—but higher wages and more Saint-Bondays. More inviting homes, and better education—these are the true checks on tippling. (True, O Mr. Cross)—but higher wages and more Saint-Bondays. More inviting homes, and better education—these are the true checks on tippling. (True, O Mr. Cross)—but higher wages and more saint-Bondays. More inviting homes, and better education—these are the true checks on tippling. (True, O Mr. Cross)—but would rather he were robbed of, than by, the drugged decoction of grains of Paradice, Cocculus seasons, and sait and water, which too often nauros the homoured name of malt-and-hop-juice.) So Mr. Cross proposes to abolish exempted houses, and to fix/certain closing hours for all—15-80 a.w. for London, 11-30 r.w. for towns of over 10,000 inhabitants, and 11 r.w. for the set of the countxy. Night-houses will be under these rules. Beer-houses will remain as they are. Any eccentric publican with a taste for being healthy, wealthy, and wise, may take out an early-closing license, and shue up and go to bed an hour before his neighbouring night-owis.) Then Mr. Cross eighs the Magistrate's claws. He is not to be bound to endorse the license on a first conviction, ner to put the house under Borby. And maxiles our friend Robbertuus. The Police powers of entry under the present Act are suspended, and the Force may only enter to kee order. The Adulteration Clauses are repealed, and Publicans will be left to the ordinary law on the subject. Mr. Cross would up by professing his desire to supply t

SIR W. Lawon gave the House a bit of his teetotal mind—hot. So Conservative reaction means half-an-hour's more boosing! What Mr. Punch thinks Bune will think, and, indeed, what he thinks himself, will be seen in his Cartoon. If GRANDMOTHER BRUCE upset the coach, is GRANDMOTHER Cross doing so very much to keep it on its wheels? And for the life of him Punch can't see why Bune should have half-an-hour more night-life allowed him in London, than in Leeds and Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool.

Tuesday.—In the Lords we learnt with pleasure that the Ashantee Loot is to be treated as prize. A little bit of butter on the common men's bread will make the handsome spread on Siz. GARNET'S big slice taste all the sweeter to his soldierly lips.

The Gold Coast Funds are to be drawn on for some compensation to CAPTAIN GLOVER and his Officers. BRITANNIA would not have minded putting her hand in her pooket for them too, as well as STR

wrong side. Fancy Government working all the Railways! Clasham Junction would be clearness and order compared with it! Think of Bradshow in the shape of a monthly blue-book! That would be confusion worse confounded. Then the 25,000 Railway Servants, chosen by competitive examination, to be cut down from time to time, under Treasury Minute, by some Bob Lowe of the period, and the cellieries, and steamers, and canals, and hotels Government would have to buy! Even Punch's mighty mind staggers under the idea!

The Collective Windom of England followed Goldento, but the voice of Ireland was for Blueyrerrasser.

Six Michael Brack, on behalf of Government, repudiated a purchase, which would such that to be made up out of traffic that didn't pay as it was? Then the patronage—and in Ireland, too! Poor Six Michael, and doubt, and in spirit all the genteel impounts of Erin, subside recubens sub tegmine Fag; and felt that no conceivable patulousness would be broad enough. He wondered Home-Rulers should suggest a gigantic measure of centralisation to take Irish Railways out of Irish hands. O, bother! sure wendidn't it rise the price of charge, and be an illigent thing for the country entirely! Wouldn't it be Irish and English salaries into the bargin?

But two Irish voices were uplifted in a meller strain. Why is there no Ossaav to since the lument of Coronax, the true and of Berin, "blushing for a gigantic Jeb," and the war-seng of the O'Gomax, decendant of a hundred chieftains, as he waised the shout of "H... or Community," and was reproved by the Strakerr, and told the House, in trumpos-tone, how the Irish Railways that paid were Railways held by Irish hardholders, and managed by Irish Directors, and how the direction!

There was a latch about the division; should it be on Amendment or Isoshution was negatived by 241 to 55; then the Amendment carried by 255 to 59. Apparently by House which the Amendment carried by 255 to 59. Apparently by proving the Second Reading of his Metropolitan buildings Bill, campowering the Metr

bait we shall have!

Then followed debate on the Second Reading of Mr. M'LAGAN'S Game Bill for Scotland. Another case of "questio vexata," between many men and many minds; no agreement as to principles, and much contradiction of interests. The Bill would take hares and rabbits out of the Game-pale, give the property in game to tenants, barring contract to the contrary, and transfer Game Law cases from the Mexicutes to the Shoriff

minded putting her hand in her pooket for them too, as well as State Galenter.

The Government has no intention (the Durk of Richmond told Lond Sidnouth) of altering the Education Act, "with a view to facilitate a return to the voluntary system in rural districts where the School Board system had failed." . . . in other words, to set the National School Committee up again, and put the School Board Committee down. Mr. Directory is a man to believe the school Roard Committee down. Mr. Directory to the Committee down. Mr. Directory to the School Roard Committee of Roard Committee of Roard Roa



THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

Ethel. "And, O Mamma, do you know as we were Coming along we saw a horrid, horrid Woman with a red, striped Shawl, drink something out of a Bottle, and then hand it to some Men. I'm sure she was Tipey." Beatrice (who always looks on the best side of things). "PRINAPS IT WAS ONLY CASTOR OIL, AFTER ALL!"

Zounds! We have read nothing like CHILDERS since Bobadil's :-

"We twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy. They could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them too! . . . and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day . . . till in two hundred days we had killed them all up by computation!"

omputation!"

Mr. Egerson denied any intention of bringing out an Admiralty Bogy, and entirely agreed with Mr. Ward Hubt's statements. (What else is Mr. Egerson there for?)

Lord Eslington would be glad to know if Mr. Goschen's naval advisers had represented to him the inefficiency of our Iron-clad floet, as a Pall Mall paragraph had told us.

Mr. Brassey was practical and conciliatory, Mr. Brenneck damnatory and dissatisfied, both as usual. Mr. Shaw Le Fevre put a few ex-official couleur-de-rose touches on the late Naval Administration. Mr. Ward Hubt persisted he hadn't brought out a Bogy, but had spoken, even to the words, what his naval advisers put into his mouth. The real friend of the Navy had been Shorr, not Codlin; Corry, not Children—all the late Board had done had been gradually to spend more and more, and to build less and less. Mr. Goschen repeated his perfectly fair and final facer—"If your supplementary estimate is so small, how can our short-comings have been so great? He hoped bygones would be bygones, and that all would work together to establish, not only the reputation, but the efficiency of the Navy."

Mr. Punch must say that for candour, public spirit, good humour, and good sense, nobody comes out of this Admiralty mess so well as Mr. Goschen.

Friday.—The Lords talked about Schools—the Commons about Irish Fisheries. Of course they want "stimulating," that is, public money, and Mr. Synan moved a Resolution to support any well considered measure for administering stimulants to this exhausted Irish industry. Sir M. Bracu thought the Irish Reproductive Loan Fund might be drawn on for small loans. But Mr. Burrwould prefer £20,000 down. Lord Hartingreen thought that

might do something; and Mr. Burr, seeing his chance, snatched a division, and beat the Government by 95 to 93. First blood for Mr. Burr; and great excitement.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK moved to carry school-teaching beyond the narrow region of the three R's "into the wide-spread domain of extras." LORD SANDON promised a move—cautious, of course, and

extras." LOED SANDON promised a move—cautious, or course, and in due time—in that direction.

Then the House and the Home-Rulers had a row over the Fag of Ireland—appropriate ensign for a shindy.

The Flag has published sedition, which Sir M. Brach proved by reading some of it, and has only been "warned," not suppressed.

"Shameful!" said Sir P. O'Brien. "Stupid!" argued Mr. Burr. Proceeding against such writings only makes martyrs of the writers. The Irish Attorney-General showed how 'tis all in the interests of the dacent papers that we come down on the blackguard

MR. DIGBY gave it them all round (like the man at Donnybrook MR. DIGBY gave it them all round (like the man at Donnybrook Fair, who first counted the heads under the canvas of a tent, and then came down on every head in the row, impartially, with his shillelagh), pitching into Government and also into "the miserable scribblers of a venal Press." MR. HENNY and MR. MCKENNA followed suit against Government, MR. GEBOORY against the "venal scribblers," and the row ended, as Irish rows usually do, without the smallest practical result.

Curious Ichthyological Observation.

"AQUARIUS" writes to call attention, as a striking instance of natural adaptation, to the decided tendency of the "loose fish" (Piscis laxus) to get tight. No doubt the creature has an instinctive sense of its own looseness, and strives thus to remedy it.

AMENDED PROVEED—FOR THE SEASON. (By a Belgravian Doseager.)

Marriages are made in—London.



THE GOOD LITTLE "VITLER."

GRANDMANNA CROSS. "GRANDMA' BRUCE SENT YOU TO BED AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, BUT AS YOU WERE A VERY GOOD BOY LAST ELECTION, GRANDMA' CROSS WILL LET YOU STOP UP TILL HALF-PAST!!"

[Intense Delight of the good little Vitier.]



THE GOOD LITTLE "VITLER."

Once a way Come. * GRANGER IN THE COST NEW TOTAL AND ADDRESS OF THE STATE A VIEW AND AND ADDRESS OF THE STATE ADDRESS OF

REPORTED PLUCK OF A POLICEMAN.



"Police-Constable John Whin, 318 M, seeing that prompt action was necessary, drew his staff, and started in pursuit past the Elephant and Castle, but, getting winded, took a cab, and was driven after the maddened brute, who had now manimed half-a-dozen persons, but he was unable to get ahead until passing Olney Street in the Walworth Road, a full mile and a quarter from the starting-point. The moment he passed the dog he jumped from the box of the cab, and gave the beast a transmotous blow arross the lenn; but it would have fared badly with the constable even them, had it not been that. Mr. Brown's ironmongery store was close at hand, for the animal made a rush against the constable, who had just time to saine a coal-harmoner which stood outside the shop, and give the deg a finishing blass."

Well done, brave Borny, advoit as braves. The number of Police-Constable John Wenn, 318, M., should be taken. If the facts related in the Morning Post may be taken to be facts, at least essentially, Policeman Wenn, of the number and letter above-mentioned advoitly destroyed a mad dog at the imminent risk of hydrophobia. Has not the Victoria Cross been won by distinguished, gallantry, but gallantry not more worthy of distinction than this P Collaring a mad dog is a serious business. We would suggest, as a neat and appropriate reward, a Civic wreath, in the shape of a dog-collar, inscribed "Ob cross servatos."

BILL-STICKERS BE BLITTE!

A PRETTY thing the Metropolitan Board of Works wanted to do! At the instance of that acciety of ediles, a clause inserted in the Metropolitan Buildings and Management Bill proposed to make it an offence, unless the consent of the Metropolitan Board of Works should have been first obtained, to place any advertisement on any building or structure, excepting an announcement referring to the business of the occupier of the premises. This provision, if emasted and enforced, would have despotled the Metropolis of some of its most ornamental features, namely, the beantiful posters placeasided on every accessible hearding, and the sides and fromts of many of the houses, exhibiting all possible varieties of charming contrasts of colour and congruities of design. What a refreshing change is presented to the eye of the Excursionist, asted with gazing on the dead green, or mixed green, yellow and white, of the fields, by the combinations of hue and form so different from anything in Nature which he encounters in the advertisements adarming every railway-station, and the interior of many even first-classe carriages. Perhaps the Metropolitan Board of Works would like to abolish these splendid embelliahments too. Of course a House the majority of whose Members have an eye as well to Beauty as to Business, refused to entertain a proposal equally injurious to both; and perhaps one of them will move a clause empowering bill-stickers, in defisance of any Board, or anybody, to improve the principal Statues,

Monuments, and Public Buildings of London by covering them all over with brilliant Advertisements, so as to afford the mind intellectual pleasure whilst they regale the sight.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE OLD RAILWAY SERVANTS.

MR. PUNCH,

DID you, Sir, ever see an old, or, rather, a very old Railway Servant, more particularly a Guard? I never did; and, I venture to say, neither have you, nor any of your numerous readers. What becomes of them? This is the mystery which has long oppressed me. I had often inquired of Railway Directors and Railway Managers, and was always met by evasive replies. I inquired of the men themselves, and have hitherto been met with evasion; but their assvons start at the question showed something lay hiddon, which they were unwilling or afraid to divulge. At length, yesterday, I found one who, under a solemn pledge of servesy as to his name and residence, revealed the startling secret.

Every Railway Servant, when he enters upon his employment, signs an agreement that he will—provided that he arrives at sixty years of age—allow himself to be converted, by some process or other, the secret of which is in the Manager's hands, into Buffers?

When he told me, my blood curelled in my veins, and I could only stare my informant in the face. Upon the whole, he took it quietly, each, being a bit of a wag, suggested that this was the origin of the expression "Old Buffers," first applied to some one, who had not duly administered a tip, by a railway official. This led him further to massix, that it was in death as in life—you have to grease the paims of the buffers in prospective to secure ready service—and (he added after a pause) information. I understood the hint. He familiaded ma with statistics, showing how few reached to sixty—if I resollect rightly, not five in a hundred; and the reasons he assigned were—(1) a carelessness of life, myendered through their knowledge of what would befalthem should they reach that age: (2) the small pay, which killed the men off through starvation; (3) long hours, which induced death either from natural causes or by accident. He was an administered feath either from natural causes or by accident. He was an administered for a provided through their knowledge of what would befalthem s

TENOR.

THE PUBLICANS OR THE PROPLE?

(A Government Question.)

Your gratitude for pelf and place, From vanquished Liberals wrung, Accords some grace to BONIFACE— We will not call him BUNG.

hereas, as midnight's witching hour, The slock struck BRUCK before, will not strike Cnoss, now you're in power, Till thirty minutes more.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED PRENCH MOVELIEF.

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST-ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE SECOND.

The Thimble-rigged Vessel off the Needles.

IX .- Where are you now?

A FEW minutes later the Captain's gig had been brought out. BOBBILOT explained the nautical terms for this gig, They

two shillings for the first hour, eighteenpence for the second. Naturally the Old Man began with the second

The Captain's gig, once hired, was immediately lowered. This did not alter the price. It was a bargain. An agreement. There are certain provi-There are certain provisions in every agreement. These were placed in the gig. They were, a dozen of champagne, trés sec. a Strasbourg pie, a Welsh rabbit, a raspberry and currant tart, three tins of Australian meat, a refrigerator, a cut off the joint,

and a sausage-machine.

They calculated upon reaching the shore in one

LE BRUN, always a scoffer, looked over the side of the vessel, and sneered this farewell to

the boat—
"The night is dark for the gig. Take my gig-

the gig. Take my gig-lamps."

And he threw his spec-tacles at the Old Man in the stern. Till now the Old Man had been the Distinguished Passenger; now, out of the light, he could no longer be distin-guished. In the darkness a beggar is as good as a king.

a beggar is as good as a king.

The start was quickly made. The boat got well away from the vessel. The Old Man in the stern, the Sailor, who had volunteered, in the bow. There

Sallor, who had volunteered, in the bow: There was no luggage in the bow: it was merely a bow without a trunk. In the stern the Old Man lay asleep on his chest.

The carsman obeyed his Captain's order, who had said, "The shortest and the cheapest route."

He rowed in the direction of the Blue Rocks.

Suddenly, amid the wide and turbulent silence of the roaring sea, arose the blast of the speaking-trumpet, the boom of the drum, and the bang of the stricken gong.

It was the voice of Commander Johannes defying the enemy: "Walk up! Walk up! Just a-goin' to begin."

The troops on board were the Mounted Marines. They were divided into Officers and Sub-Marines.

They nailed the White Feather to the Mast.

Then a din like the peeling of three hundred oranges burst over the depths of the sea.

Only those who have peeled three hundred oranges can know what this means.

The two men in the little boat kept silence. This arcse from their not speaking.

Near the Blue Rocks are the Trappes. From the Trappes escape is difficult.

The Boat was a mere cockle-leaky in a high sea.
The Sailor spoke:
"Do you know where we are now?"
The Old Man replied,
"I can tell exactly by my magnificent compass."
He opened his chest, and produced some notes.

He said,
"This is the upper sea. A little lower down is a flat. We can land there."

"This is the upper sea. A land there."

Day appeared. Without Martix.
The two sat in the boat. A white, and, apparently, a black man. The latter could have explained this had he been willing. He could have said, "It is necessary I should be kept dark."
He did not say it, however. The silence remained unbroken. A silence once broken cannot be mended.
The Sailor broke it.
He looked fixedly at the Man in the stern, and said,
"I am the brother of him you ordered to be pitched over."

BOOK THE THIRD.

GUILLAUMB TAILLEUR.

I. — The Speech and the Stumper.

THE Old Man slowly raised his head. He who had spoken was a man about forty. His tone was soft. Judging

a man about forty. His tone was soft. Judging from this latter, he was more piano than forty.

In his belt were pistols, knives, and daggers. He wore a frock, an open collar, a knotted tie, a small jacket, huge boots, and a cap. He had black ringlets, and a high colour; but for this he would have been plain. Every man has his price: his was a penny plain, and twopence coloured. Now he was twopence.

ras twopence.

The other did not know

The other did not know this.
"Who comes there?" asked the Stern Passenger.
"A Grenadier."
"What do you want?"
"A pot of beer."
"Why?" asked the Old

"Why?" asked the Old Man. The Sailor was puzzled for an instant by the ques-tion. Then he answered, "My brother's name was Porr."
"Well."

"I mean to make you die o'laughin'." The situation was tick-

The situation was tick-lish.

The Sailor began to sharpen his wits. The Stern Passenger regarded him unmoved, curiously.

The Old Man stood up in the boat.

"You would pot me?" asid he.

"Like a hardy annual."

"Your name?"

"Guntaling The situation was tick-lish.

The Stern Passenger re-

"GUILLAUME TAILLEUR. My brother took Port for tin."

"GUILLAUME TAILLEUR. My brother took Port for tin."

"He was fortunate."

"Yes. Pott-lucky. Now he has cut his lucky. But you do not want to know all this in order to be killed by me."

The Passenger drew himself up. He was a draughtsman. It was as easy for him to draw himself up as to take some one else down. This was what he had set himself to do.

"You know your Catechism?" he asked.

"M. or N., as the case may be," replied the Sailor. He pointed a remark at the Stern Passenger. Then he resumed: "It is all said. I give you one minute, MISTER KRISTIMINSTRAL."

"Why do you call me MISTER KRISTIMINSTRAL?"

"Because you are a Kristiminstral. That is plain enough. I have never seen one, but I have heard of them."



CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.

Shreet Boy. ""FIVE 'UNDERD LIVES LOST !!!" 'ERR'S A A'P'NY! ULLOA! WHAT A SELL! 'ANG IT ALL! IT'S IN CALIFORNIA!"

W'THE SPEAKER.—I may state that it has sometimes hap-pened that the House has negatived the proposal that the words proposed to be added should stand part of the question, but the collect of that vote is that an entry is made upon our journals that the word 'that' is the only word which remains."

HISTORIC Parliamentary That!
Of many a Resolution platitudinous the kernel!
How most magnificent the attitude of isolated That,
Upon the House's journal!

The Irish Members rage and storm;
The bulls run wild, the words wax warm;
The fight assumes sublimity,
When BUTT, Home-Ruler seat by Heaven,
Tays ninety out of ninety-seven.
Is perfect unanimity.

O'GORMAN comes, the fee to vex. And says he longs to change his a.r.,
And suddenly to don aught
Left of Cassandra's pettionat,
Then on Atlantic waves to float
In search of "H—am—ar Counsi or Connaught!"

Ye Orators of Erin, spare
Our English tongue! Such wear and tear
'Tis hopeless of anstaining:
For when dies out the fluent rear,
The SPEAKER vows there's nothing more
Than one small That zomaining.

Superfluous.

Is a letter written to the Times a gentleman, under the signature of "R. C. R. C.," announces that he has established in Ireland an Irish School of Cookery. One Irish dish should be tabooed in that school. There can be no need of instruction how to make an Irish Stew, considering that England's cooks have taught nothing else since Strowesow's day: and the Irish, by this time, are perfect masters of the process.

TITLE FOR A DARWINIAN BOOK OF TRAVEL.—From the Isle of Dogs to the Isle of Man.

minstral, but came out on a tour to amuse, delight, and instruct,

The Sailor bent his head in thought. The Stern Passenger laid down his hanjo, and drew on his gloves. He fixed his hat firmly on his head. Then he waved aloft his ambrella.

down his banjo, and drew on his gloves. He fixed his hat firmly on his head. Then he waved aloft his umbrella.

"What then?" pursued the Dark and dignified Passenger, who had been hitherto known as Massaconas. "Is it because You do not use the Archimedean Iswn Mower that none other is genuine and strikes on its own box? No. Will You take upon yourself to assert that the Waxworks at Madane Tussacup's could ever be melted by a mere tale of woe, even though a tax were taken off horses, on the removal of the statue in Leicester Square, and a man of Straw were put at Ragby instead of a HAMMAN? No. Never! Shall it be said by those who can read, write, and speak it, but can't sing it, that the three years' system is to be abolished in the Army, and the best price given for gents' cate-off clothes? And, if so, why? ur, if not, why not? And, should it be so, who will have caused it? Thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother. But can You say it is so? No. Then whose fault is it that carpets are besten, that hair falls off in the presence of PULVERNACHER'S painless deatistry, that Linoleum is the best spring medicine, that perambulators are doubled up, that there are no more pills or other drum, that you may go for miles along the LYNES and get back to Mores in the Minories, where baldness, greyness, and deficiency of hair, are guaranteed at twenty-three shillings a dozen, and Time, Labour, and half your fuel are saved by those who are willing and ready to dwell in a Paradisaical Panklibanon, on the golden-grained shores of the Revalenta Arabica, with youth at the prow and Plansock at the helm, and the certainty that the duty on Sugar will make Convocation dance the deux tongs, and interfere with the sale of Apollinaris Water in the progress of the New Law Courts? Go ca. Where are we now? That's what's the matter."

The Old Man, erect and firm in the boat, while the sea raged mountains high, uttered these words in a voice louder than the noise of the waves, while he shock his umbrella sloft, and brought it down sharply on the seat before him. With it he, too, in his energy, fell. His hat rolled on the planks, but he quickly recovered himself, and then regained his legs. To have lout his legs at sea would have caused him delay and trouble. The Ocean is trackless, and legs once lost are gone, over the horizon, away, it may be, into the Offing Asylum, for ever.

The Sailor's hair had suddenly grown white. He trembled.

He clasped his hands together, and murmursd, "Angeore, I says, Angeore!"

Angeore!"
Then he threw himself on his knees.
"My brother, the Cook, was wrong. I am another. It's a way we have in the Navy. We will not go home till morning. Till daylight does appear. Command. I obey!"
"I forgive you," said the Distinguished Passenger in the stern.

(To be continued.)

L'Africain.

AFTER a careful examination of the remarkable gold ornaments brought from Ashantee, the connoisseurs seem to be of opinion that the natives knew but little of the art of soldering. Perhaps it was as well that they were not also better acquainted with another art—that of soldiering.

THE MALF-HOUR BILL.

THE Publicans will never be fully satisfied with any measure but one of their own.



ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

First Collier. "Here comes t' new Ganger, Bill. Hast thoo heard, he doesn't Drine, nue Dog-Fright, an' goes to Chu'ch! Let's Smart 'im!"

Second Collier. "Na-ay, Na-ay, Lad, we've gotten Shampane, an' bides Fust-Class; let's be Gen'lemen, not loike them Soulemesteds I meard on tother day at Rusby—ratten t' new Ganger!"

THE ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON.

44 ARCHDRACON DENISON presented schedules of gravamina complaining of the Bismor or Bath and Wells for revoking his Curate's licence, and for refusing to license another to pricet's orders."

Oun earnest Archdeacon. Your cause you will weaken
By plaguing the Bishop of BATH
AND WELLS—
Although he's obdurate To you and your Curate, Yet in the Church's safe path He dwells.

GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON
Shall have Punch's benison
If for warfare he'll cotton to peace,

To make charities cluster
Round life's autumn lustre.
Why should not these quarrels all cease?
Ah, why?

Why should you not fashion
Restraints on your passion:
And Church shibboleths all shout
"Avaunt" on;
Why not drop scorn and scoff too,
Leave your turn for taunt off too,
Though known as Archdeacon so stout,
Of Taunt-on?

AN AFRICAN WHITE ELEPHANT.

WE have too good grounds for supposing that there is an African as well as an Asiatic White Elephant. It is well known that White Elephants exist in Siam, and that, when the King of that country wishes to ruin any principal person whom he has a grudge against, he is accustomed to send him one of those animals, which the unhappy man is obliged to maintain, and by which he soon gets eaten out of house and home. There is every reason to apprehend that we shall discover a White Elephant in Elmina on the Gold Coast, of which we have obtained possession from the Dutch, thus letting ourselves in for the Ashantee War, and a costly Protectorate.

Postry for Schoolboys.

LITTLE TOMMY TENDER, who received a flogging the week before his holidays, says his feelings were the contrary of these felt by the poet, when he penned the touching line—

" My grief lies onward, and my joy behind."

Ships not Shadows.

Ir appears that the nation has lately been seared by some exaggeration of talk about Phantom Ships. The Phantom Ship was a Flying Dutchman; and there is not one flying Englishman on the sea—though there is a Flying Squadron.

A Brilliant Display.

PAPER KNIFE (For Artists' Use.)—The article which cuts up half your Academy picture, and picks holes in the rest.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that the Conservative party at Windsor intend to celebrate the failure of the attempt to unseat Mr. RICHARDSON-GARDNER, M.P., with a banquet and fireworks. The fireworks may be expected to include election squibs.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



of the growth of the Ashantee quarrel than JOHN BULL has yet had. It seems pretty clear the row couldn't be helped. COFFEE thought he was more than a match for us, and had made up his mind to trial by bettle, and only used the Elmina business as a peg to hang his black

glove on.

Nothing came of the night's pelover but an adjournment, and an assurance that Government has nearly made up its large mind what to do in the matter, and will let us know the result "before the grouse scatter the House."

Tuesday.—The Lords really did a stroke of business a the Lands Transfer Bill: though they did adjourn at

on the Lands Transfer Bill: though they did adjourn at half-past seven.

SIR G. BOWYER asked a question, and got his answer. Did Mr. DISEAREL know that the Irish Judges all wanted Irish Appeals left to the House of Lords? Yes, Mr. DISEAREL did know—supposing that is, the Lords were left with any Appeal Jurisdiction at all. If not, the Irish Judges wished that the Appellant goose, of England, Scotland, and Ireland, should be cooked by the same cook and with the same surve.

Mr. EUSTACE, SELTER wants a Committee to inquire into the Marine Department of the Board of Trade. Lowe Estington told him, and us, how the Department, in discharge of its recent duties, out of 264 ships detained by it had pronounced 234 unseaworthy, and of twenty-two stopped for over-leading had lightened every one.

twenty-two stopped for over-leading had lightened every one.

Sir Charles Addressly deprecated Inquiry Number Two while Inquiry Number One (under the Duke of Soureser's Commission) is still in progress. (Sit down, Smith, and shut up.)

The Committee of Council have lowered the Education standard which little out-door Paupers must jump over before they are allowed to earn wages. So, to-night, the late Educators, Right Homourables Forster and Lowe, with Kan-Shutteworth and Playtain, &e., had it out with Lond Sandor, and divided against him 202 to 265.

Present Committee of Council says Standard five is too high for desent national school children—only 373,000 out of a million and a quarter jump over even Standard three. To keep up the standard means keeping little paupers in school, and out of work till thirteen—which is absurd.

"Not so absurd," say the Educators. It is their only chance of getting unpauperised. Our school standards are too low as it is. Lowering still further will be fatal—the small end of the wedge to split the slowly-growing tree of knowledge. And so says Psuch, who will fight till he drops on this Education line by the side of his friend. Forster, Meanwhile, the standard is lowered only for this year and the next. We hate lowering it at all, in face of the enemy; but many things may happen before 1875.

Mr. Lowe came out gallantly in his great performance of the "Standard-Bearer," being the first time, if Punch is not mistaken, that this distinguished artist has favoured us this season.

Wednesday,—Mr. Munderla moved the Second Read-

which, rout of a militional school children—only 373,000 and the finish of the might? Such was the question which, roughly such as the question which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen—which which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen—which which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen—which which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen—which which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen—which which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen—which which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen—which which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen—which which, roughly supports in school, and out of work till thirteen which which, roughly support in school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing on the school standards on the control of the wedges to split the slowly-growing of the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing on the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing of the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing of the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing of the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing of the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing of the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing the subject to the school of the wedges to split the slowly-growing the subject to the school of the sweapons the sweapons the school of the sweapons the school of the sweapons the school of the sweapons the sweapo



EFFECT OF M. LOPPE'S ALPINE PICTURES.

DARING ASCENT OF BEN-BAYAWATER, THE GRAWITE MOUNTAIN ON THE NORTH SIDE OF KENSIKGTON GARDENS, BY A RESPECTABLE OLD GENTLEMAN, ASSISTED BY HIS NEPHEWS, DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB!

The compromise is to be accepted.

Let Punch note that all who spoke on the question were practical mill-masters. Mr. Crossley told how, when a lad of twolve, he had been worked as a mill-hand by his father, from six to eight.

Mr. MUNDELLA himself has stood at the loom. Sir Thomas Bazley, Mr. Calleyder, Mr. Tenany, and Mr. Holms are all men of the mill; and yet they differ about the working of these changes. It was just a case for Government to split the difference, and Cross struck in in the right time, with a good aim, and putting his weight in the blow.

In the blow.

Thursday.—The LORD CHANCELLOR expounded the constitution of the new Court of Final Appeal, which is to be one for England, Scotland and Ireland (see above for the Irish Judges' wish on the matter); but of this High Court there is to be a First Division, including the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and the Master of the Rolls, ex afficio, with two other Judges named by the Crown. The other Judges of Appeal will sit in Divisions of not less than three. If the three differ, then there may be rehearing before First Division. Lord Carrins hopes that this reduction (with the balance of gain between the reduction of four Irish Judges, and the appointment of a new Irish Lord Justice) will save £14,000 a-year. Lord Redesdall doubt it. The big-wigs of the Peers, on the whole, approve with qualifications; but, of course, Lord Redesdall and Lord Derman objected to be deprived of their jurisdiction as Lords of Appeal. They exercise it so regularly and so well!

In the Commons there was another Shipbuilding row, got up by Sir John Hay—

"Forum habet in cornu; hune tu Romans, caveto"——

"Fornum habet in cornu; hune tu Romane, caveto

"Formum habet in cornu; hune tu Romane, caveto"—

which soon thickened into confusion worse confounded, as usual. Six William Harcourar contributed some of his peculiarly pungent friends. The writ is to issue. There was no bribery, only treating, fight between Mr. Hunr and the critics of his criticisms all over again. Mr. Hunr takes a Supplementary Estimate of £150,000 to replace the "dumies" by forwarding ships now on the stocks and building some unarmoured small craft. Mr. Goechen admits his assands of grumble, but not "officially," he says, and therefore

he gave the Pall Mall the lie the other day for saying they did. The night wound up with a considerable Irish row, led by Sir Colman O'Loghlen, in which Mr. Sullivan distinguished himself—the wrong way, over the appointment of Justice Lawson to try the Galway Borough Election Petition, while one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal in Ireland—an office of honour held at pleasure of the Crown, and the holder of which cannot (it was argued) constitutionally try a right to a seat in Parliament. If this be a grievance, it seems too flimsy a one for any but Milesian temperaments to take fire over. The row ended, as Irish rows usually end, "re infecta."

"re infectă."

Friday.—In the Lords, my Lord Napier and Ettrica tried to lay salt on my Lord Derby's tail, but my Lord Derby would not have his tail salted. Here is Afighanistan (said my Lord Napier and Ettrica). Lord Granville last year fixed its northern boundary. Do you mean to see that boundary kept against all comers—in plain English, if Russia invade Afighanistan is it to be a "casus belli"?—(An awkward question to put on the eve of the Czar's friendly call.) Lord Derby pointed out the inconveniences of answering such a question, and, in fact, declined to answer it, whereupon Lord Granville very much applauded him for what he'd done. Sufficient for the day is the Indian question thereof. The course of events may put it—worse luck—but not Lord Napier and Ettrica.

Then we had another question, and an answer, of which, Punch takes a note, short but not sweet. "What are altar-carde?" asked EARL NELSON. "The small end of the Mass," said the Archesishop of Canterbury, and showed cards, anything but correct cards, to prove it.

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A PAIR.

Cousin Kale. " WHY, MINNIE, YOU AND PONY ARE ALL PLAITS TO-DAY!" Minnie. "YES. PAPA BAID BOTH OUR MANES ARE TROUBLESOME, SO WE DRESS ALIKE."

to the population of a kingdom.

Mr. Cross knows and groans under the evil; has it at heart to find out the road to a remedy, if he can, and promises a Government Bill. Somebody must have a power of Compulsory Clearance, probably the Board of Works, which people have ceased to call the Board of Words. But how, let COLONEL Hoog tell us, did the House treat the Board's Building Bill the other day?

What is to be done when strong powers are wanted, and Parliament—that is the Public—won't give the powers?

The House sensibly declined, by 201 to 110, to shut up the Whiskey from Paddy on Sundays, as it is now shut from Sandy—who is not cited as a model of "Sawbath" sobriety for all that—

For a' that and a' that, And twice as much as a' that: Your honest Scot will has his pot On Sawbaths too, for a' that!

RITUALIST AND REREDOS.

WHAT is the difference between a Reredos and a Ritualist ? This is not a fool's question; for the difference is as important as it is obvious. That difference must strike anyone on reading the subjoined statement in the Builder:—

"In consequence of the Bishop's judgment in respect to the Exeter Cathedral Reredos, the Dean and Chapter have stopped the whole of the other works of restoration at this Cathedral. All the men employed there were paid off on Saturday, and matters are now at a standstill. The Dean and Chapter have unanimously resolved to appeal against the Bishop's order for the demolition of their costly Reredos."

The important difference between the Ritualist and the Reredos is that the latter, if illegal, is capable of being legally demolished, and the former is not. Should the judgment of the Bishor or Exerce and Judge Krattison upon the Reredos in Exerce Cathedral be confirmed by the Privy Council, it will be lawful for a Bishop to

body's misfortune, and comes naturally of the growth of a capital to the population of a kingdom.

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GAEL AND GROOM.

It is not often that the Court Circular suggests poetry. But the other day our stately contemporary came out with an announcement which recalls the stirring passage in Childe Harold:—

"And wild and high the 'Camerons' gathering' rose !
The war-cry of Locurer, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes!"

For the Court Circular said that :-

"Mr. Donald Camenon (of Lochiel) has arrived at the Castle as Groom in Waiting."

Wow, Sirs, but these are better times than those whereof Tom CAMPBELL sang

"LOCHIEL, LOCHIEL, beware of the day."

When we behold the chief of the CAMEBONS officiating in a service of honour about the Sovereign, we are delighted in being able to congratulate both Scotland and ourselves on the immensely altered, and improved, relations existing between the Tartan and the

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED PRENCH MOVELIST, FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST-ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE THIRD. - GUILLAUME TAILLEUR.

IL - Stokes-on- Memory.

Guillaums Tailleus was a marvellous seaman. He performed miracles of dexterity: splashing one oar wildly into the waves, while the other was struggling with the breeze; receiving blows from both cars at once in the centre of his belt where the buckle was fastened. Those blows hurled him backwards, but in a moment he was in his place again, gasping, but intelligent.

place again, gasping, but intelligent, "If all previsions fail," said the Old Man, "you can catch a crab."

catch a crab."

The Sea grow calmer. He entered the bay called Coupde-pied-en-nir, in the neighbourhood of Cancan.

GUILLAUMS drove the gighigh up into the sand, and sprang on shore.

The Distinguished Passenger placed himself, in the fashion called pique-d-bac, on the Man's shoulders.

So they landed.

GUILLAUME TAILLEUR asked

GUILLAUME TAILLEUR asked

"Well, Old Man, shall I go
behind, or precede you?" "Neither."

GUILLAUME regarded the speaker in utter astonishment. Of two things, one; he could not conceive inaction in either.

The dignified Passenger, whom GUILLAUME had now reverentially called "the Old Man," answered. "GUILLAUME, we must separate."

separate."

He drew from his pocket a aquare card of a green colour.
On it there were letters.
"Can you read?" he asked.

" No."
" No."
" So much the better. You have heard of an Order?"
" Yes; but I have never had one."
" Have you ever deserved."

"Often. When on shore I have displayed bills and posters."

"Good. Then take this now. On it is written, 'Admit two. Gallery.

I understand."

"I understand."

"Have you a good memory?"

"I have studied Stokes On Memory."

"Where?"

"When I was in Stokes' Bay."

"That will do. Listen. You must go to the right, I to the left. When you come to the first field, take the left. Go straight on till you come to the second turning after the third stile. Leave the river behind you."

"I shall not take it with me."

"The Old Man pursued, "When at the river, call at the right bank and ask for some money; mind, it must be the right bank, as to call at the wrong one would be dangerous. Conceal your weapons in your mouth, if necessary. Cut your stick when you get to the thicket. Go straight through Peckham Rye."

"Gin a body"—

"Meet a body"—

"Coming through the rye"—
"In that case not a sound must be heard; not even though your Pretty Jane"—
"Ha!"
—"Should meet you in the evening when the bleem is an the Rye. Glide over ploughed fields. Walk an your head all among the bariey: olimb trees, eat nuts, see no one, hear nobody, turn to the left, and when in doubt lead trumps. You follow me?"
"You are not to,"
"You are not to,"
"You recollect?"
"Every word. Sporks."
"Breery word. Sporks."
"When you get to the gallery can you give the call?"
GUILLADER put the first and little fingers of both hands in his mouth, puffed out his cheeks, and gave the call.

It was shrill and costermongerish.

It was shrill and costermongerish.

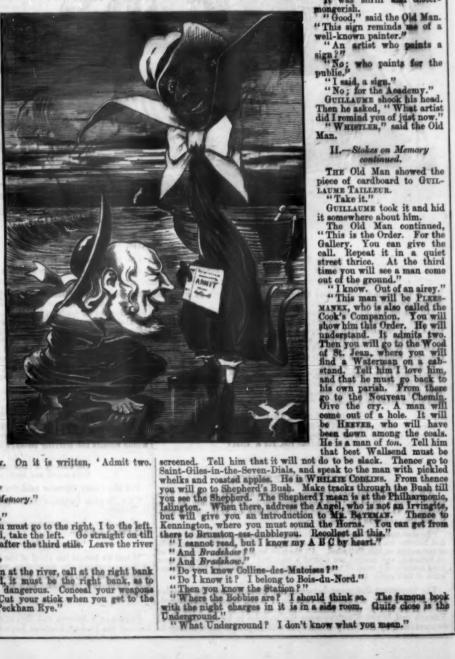
It was shrill and coster-mongerish.

"Good," said the Old Man.
"This sign reminds me of a well-known painter."
"An artist who paints a sign?"
"No; who paints for the public."
"I said a sign."

public."
"I said, a sign."
"No; for the Academy."
GUILLATHE shock his head.
Then he saked, "What artist
did I remind you of just now."
"WHISTLER," said the Old

II.—Stokes on Memory continued.

THE Old Man showed the piece of cardboard to GUIL-LAUME TAILLEUR.
"Take it."



"You can get from there to Marteau-forgeron by underground

"You can get from there to Marteau-forgeron by underground rail."
"There is a line of that description from Marteau-forgeron to La Mer-de-farine-detrempse; but there is not one from Colline-des-Matoises to Marteau-forgaron."
"O yes, indeed, Sir. Nobody but myself knows it. It is not taked about."
The Old Man shrugged his aboutders.
"We are wasting time. Listen. Go to Bath: also to Jericho. Thenes you can go to the —"
He broke off.
"I forgot the money."
He took from his pocket a purse and a posket-back, and placed them in Guillaumy's hand.
"These are your property—I should say, your properties. They were made for a piece at the Thestre de la Reine. In the pocket-back are bills. It is better that nothing of the sort should be found on me. To resume. From there you will no to the Fossé-des-Chiens-de-la-Chasse, thence to 'Phopital de Lit-agness, where I shall come (if I do not stop att Holny-Catch or Hanwell), thence to Chapelle Blanche, from Chapelle Blanche to Chemin-du-Commerce, and thence to Les-cuvres-de-cire, Rue du Boulanger, Can you recollect all this?"
"Like Stokes."
"You will go, free of charge, for the eard will ensure you a good reception, to the Circue Rue du Régent, the Circue Rue d'Oxford.

"Like Stokes,"

"You will go, free of charge, for the eard will ensure you a good reception, to the Cirque Rue du Régent, the Cirque Rue d'Oxford. You will see the gigantic company at Hashler's. You will go to the Salle de St. Jacques, where are men with blackened faces. They have instruments in their hands, and make a noise. Tell them to make a hit. You will see Mistrermoons. Kias him for his mother."

He paused.

"Guillaure, I say all this to you. You do not understand: nor I, clearly, nor anyone else. That is nothing. To matter. Who's afraid? Why give more? To resume. Tell all I 've told you to the Pocket Hanker Chiefs. Say 'Nobody nose as I nose!' Will you say all this?"

"Every word."

"Forget nothing."

"Certainly not."

"If you succeed, do you know what I will make you?"

"If you succeed, do you know what I will make you?"
"If I succeed you will make me a pair of new shoes."
"No."

A new hat ?"
No." "What then?"

"What then?"
"I will make an April Fool of you."
"I kike my brother?"
"Like your brother."
"And, if I don't succeed, you'll pitch me over?"
"Like your brother."
"And, if I don't succeed, you'll pitch me over?"
"Like your brother."
"Agreed!"
The Old Man bent his head, and closed one eye, slowly. When he opened it, he was alone. Guillaume was going down the other side of the horizon. Night approached. Ships, riding at anchor, turned towards the sea-mews. The frogs on the Military undress were silent. The pools were full, white played on red, blue his player in hand, while the one star had gone, disappeared. Fisherwomen washed themselves ashore and went to bed. Guils and rooks came out together: then went in for something: then, later, the rooks let in the guils, and all was silent. The solitude was complete. There was a wild division of colour: the wind blew, the moon rose. The dew heavy, the night light.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.) Decidedly Supplementary.

WHEN next, WARD HUNT, in solemn sounding tones, (GOSCHEN first cursed) you to your grief give vent, Consigning the whole fleet to DAYY JONES, Yet asking for a new one two per cent, You'll pause, reflecting that if this mere mite The growing danger of the hour can smother, Praps GOSCHEN, if he im't too polite, May hint, emphatically, "You're another!"

"The Heart of Africa." (A Bors Firgilians.)

"INTUS aque dulces, viscque sedilia sazo."
Virgil, Abreid, lib. i. 1. 167.

(Freely translated by Mr. Punch)-

"Within are fresh-water lakes, and a pedestal for LIVINGSTONE."

THE MORNING WALK OF PERICLES.

"Pericus himself, in a morning's walk in this great metropolis, beginning with South Kensington and ending with Wapping (a laugh), would almost despair of impressing on this colossel capital any consistent aspect of symmetry and beauty."—(The Rour How. B. Disharli's Speech at the Dinner of the Royal Academy.)



O, from the Babylon of Herodotus
Trees of the Hanging Gardens nod at us;
Still we worship the outhanasia
Of the City of Pericles and Aspasia.

But what would Pericles think if he went Through mighty London's huge extent? This is the question put to us gaily By our Pericles-Dishaell.

Fancy a walk, without any stopping, From Cole's (C.B.) to Onron's, Wapping; Pericles arm-in-arm with Dizzy, Through Streets hustlingly, horribly busy;

The Lilliput fountains of Trafalgar—
The great Law desert of Temple Bar—
Punch's Fleet Street, whose papers daily
Would puzzle Pericles, not Disnaell.

Would Architecture's Attic apostle Care for our Capital Colossal? Would he not sneer at its alleys ugly, Where Nob. Snob, and Mob, cheek-by-jowl stew snugly?

If he ever takes this morning walk, He 'll have one thing to cheer him, the PREMIER'S How Mr. Punch would like to drop gaily On Pericus, arm-in-arm with Dishard!

The haunts of business passing beyond
To the "Ship and Turtle," or Spiers and Pond,
Or wherever a dinner, devoid of fault,
May be pleasantly flavoured with Attic salt.

And when, his napkin over his knees, With his Punch and his port sits Pericus, He 'Il say, before his final vale, "Don't rebuild London, dear DISHAELL."

"There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men."

THE Edinburgh Review, in its article on the "past and future of the Whig Party," says that the Conservative Party has been brought into power by "a strong tidal wave." Ms. GLADSTONE, on this being quoted to him, drily replied, "I don't consider this movement an ordinary 'tidal wave," but an extraordinary 'great bore."



A FLOWER OF FASHION.

Fashionable Milliner. "YOU'LL HAVE THE FLOWER ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BONNET, OF COURSE, MADAM!" Foshionable Lady. "Well-er-No! The Fact is, there's a Pillar on the Left Side of my Pew in Church, so that only the Right Side of my Head is seen by the Congregation. Of course I could change my Pew!" Fashionable Lady's Husband. "YA-AS. OR EVEN THE CHURCH, YOU KNOW, IF MECESSARY."

[Fashionable Milliner considers the point.

AFTER THE ACADEMY.

AFTER THE ACADEMY.

How odd! Ulysses was ploughing near some Scotch Firs in The Heart of Surrey, and Clytemnestra, who had been Knitting a Stocking and Cow Tending in a Moorish Garden, Escaped by a North West Passage into The Picture Gallery (looking The Picture of Health), for A Cup of Tea at Five o'Clock with Marie Antoinette.

Lord Selborne and John Bright were discussing A State Secret; Monsignor Capel was recommending Pot-pourri to the Rev. James Martineau; the Archbishop of York and the Rev. Harry Jones were wavering between "Sermons in Stones" and Half Hours with the Best Authors—A Page of Rabelais, John Stuart Mill, Pamela, and Dr. Newman; and Charles the Second and Ophelia, Apollo and Lady Rachel Russell, all dressed in The Latest Fashion, were driving Four in Hand over The Field of the Cloth of Gold, to The Ball on Ship-board at Our Northern Walls.

Now it was Winter, with its Applicants for admission to a Casual Ward Out in the Cold! Now it was Summer Noon in the Scilly Isles, and A Venetian Fruit Seller brought Peaches From Naxos for The Blue Girls of Canterbury and Little Swansdown, who had all got mixed up with The Crowd before the Guards' Band, on their way in The Convent Boat to A Norwegian Wedding in the Jews' Quarter at Old Damascus! Prometheus Bound My Legal Adviser (feeling "A Little Better" for The Doctor's Visit) to The Defence of Latham House, and gave him Instructions in Deportment before The Queen of the Tournament, who was Blessing the Little Children—never Still for a Moment—and telling them Stories for Sunday Evenings in the Roman Cattle Market.

I was as busy as I could be—arbitrating on Newmarket Heath between Capital and Labour, inspecting Fox-hounds in Kennel, Eavesdropping in The Bazaar at Cairo, Visiting a Moor's Honuse, taking lessons of a Country Dancing Master, Returning the Salute, and Calling the Roll after an Engagement when—I was called, and awoke.

It was very strange, for I had "Only been with a Few Friends" after leaving the Academy; but it might have been The Beefsteak Pudding which was the guilty cause of these disordered dreams.

THINGS THE CZAR WON'T DO.

DINE with EARL RUSSELL, and tell him, confidentially, over the claret, what BISMARCK and GORTSCHAKOFF settled the other day at

Attend a State performance (revival) of The Exiles of Siberia at

Attend a State portonnance the Princess's.

Burst into tears at the sight of the Crimean Memorial in Waterloo Place, and renew the Treaty of Paris on the spot, out of consideration for the feeling of the neighbourhood.

Understand what an "immense draw" he will be at the Crystal Palace on the 16th, along with the fireworks.

Forget to call on Mr. Punch on his way to the City.

Ashes v. Fires.

- "Crescere et cremari, Sors dignissima laudari."
- "May we each, in his turn,
 Ripen, drop, and then burn."
 SIR H. THOMPSON.
- MILL talked of the "unearned increment" that comes to the price
- of land;
 SIR HENRY'S "unurned increment" in a different sense doth stand.
 The first means the rise in landlords' rents, though (MILL says) they
 never earn'd 'em;
 The other means our dead, whom, as yet, we won't pot after we 've
 burned 'em.



THE NEW (NORTH) "STAR."

FREEDOM AND LOVE, GO FORTH TO MEET
THE CZAR ON WELCOME'S WINGS;
YOURS ARE THE SMILES THE GUEST TO GREET
WHO SUCH CREDENTIALS BRINGS.

IN THIS HAND, HIS AND OUR LOVED CHILD, WHOM TO OUR PRINCE HE GAVE; IN THAT, THE COLLAR THAT HE FILED FROM THE NECK OF THE SLAVE.

THE NEW COURTE "STAR,"

AND THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

The Child of the College of the Coll

WANTED, THE PHILOSOPHER.

"PHILOSOPHER WANTED (B.A. preferred), as SECRETARY to a LADIES' CLUB. State Terms and Salary required. Apply, by letter, to Rusehius, 22, Upper Berkeley Street West, Hyde Park Square."—(Times Advertisement.)



Spare their pains; Wait her transit here, addrest Upper Berkeley Street West— Happy swains!

LL the young Philosophers, Lo, a sudden impulse retire; Head and heart

For the pippin, writ

—O glory! " Detur sapien-Keen to start!

Some 'twixt man and chasm o'er with Protoplasm and ape

voured:
Some for HUXLEY,
some for Moses,
Have pulled caps,
and almost noses, Science-severed

Some who in Ker-guelen's Land To watch Venus' transit planned,

From developments Darwinian Some ascend on fancy's pinion,
Scorning check;
Of development they dream,
Swift as light and soft as cream—
Hub. from Sec. !

"See" (triumphantly say some)
"Natural Selection come
To the rub,
When, by Nature's laws, the Blues
Their B.A. are free to choose
In their Club!"

Ladies, do think where you are! Youth your Sac. should find a bar In his way! To B.A.'s sans barbe prefer That sedate Philosopher, Punch, B.A.!

" Wolf!"

THE Irish Roman Catholic Members have been so often disappointed about the appearance of the measure for putting Monks and Nuns under inspection, with which the Honourable Member for Morth Wassickshire "oft threatens, oft forbears to strike," that they have now christened his Motion for the Bill "The Convent Cell."

THE FOR TAX.

Str. W. HATTER, in his retirement, reading how the defeat of the Government on the Irish Fishery Loan Motion was entirely due to "bad whipping," remarked that such a blunder deserved a good whipping.

PUNCH'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Desirous to be ahead as far as possible of the brilliant enterprise of the day, Mr. Punch has organised a staff of Special Correspondents, to report to him on countries hitherto unexplored, and, for the most part, undiscovered. It need not be said that immense energy and expense have been required to earry out this splendid scheme of thoroughly investigating the Universe; but it is well known that Mr. Punch spares neither brain nor coin when great deeds have to be done, and is always ready to discover a new Continent when one is wanted.

tinent when one is wanted.

The first despatch received (by cable wire) is from one of the most reliable travellers upon his special staff, and relates to the hitherto undescribed island of

DARWINIA.

April 1, 1875.

As there is a considerable difference of latitude, my dear Mr. Punch, between London and this remarkable island, I calculate that you will receive this important despatch about a year before I have sent it. This is accounted for by the vertical precession of the parallaxes, which have been calculated by Sie Islac Newrow at nineteen-twentieths of an inch in the twinking of a bed-post. To this calculation some objection was made by Larrace, but it holds perfectly good.

I reached the island of Darwinia in a submarine steam-paddle cance, after a voyage entre deux caux of somewhat less than a million miles, with no provisions, except a box of lucifers that wouldn't ignite, and a mustard plainter. I am used to long voyages with an insufficient commissariat, and did not swear much. But I was glad to paddle my own cance into the beautiful land-locked harbour of Darwinia. When I reached the pier, I was welcomed by a very handsome Ascidian, who protruded an undeveloped paw, and exclaimed,

"Am I not a man and a brother?"

"Am I not a man and a brother?"

I threw the end of a cigar at him, and proceeded to explore the eapital of Darwinia.

It is in the form of the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid. Each line is a street, and, at the spex of the triangle, there is a most magnificent temple, built entirely of the hones of gorillas, and dedicated to the Titan Icococles, whom the Darwinians worship. It is related in their sacred traditions of that renowned demiged that his two legs were exactly equal in length, which is not the ease with any of the inhabitants of Darwinia. They limp, and their gait thus acquires that one-sidedness which has been noticed in their

way of approaching and traversing any region of Darwinian inves-

The Darwinians are a hospitable and amiable race, but they have a habit of rapid development which is rather trying to a norvous stranger like myself. I went the other night to a friend's house to eat oysters and drink Chablis. The Chablis behaved perfectly well, but I regret to say that I cannot give as good a character to the oysters. Before I had finished my first dozen, one of them had begun to develop, and had assumed the form of humanity on a very small scale. I had not noticed this curious fact, being eccupied in conversation; but 0, Mr. Punch, can you not imagine my horror, when, about to raise an oyster to my lips, I beheld a little homunculus laughing at me in the coolest fashion? Could I swallow this human oysterling? Would he have been nice eating? I did not try the experiment. try the experiment.

human oysterling? Would he have been nice cating? A did not try the experiment.

This is the chief discomfort of the otherwise pleasant island of Darwinia. Everything has an aggressive tendency to become something clae. I have made the acquaintance of a very charming lady, who, like Charles Lame, is peculiarly fond of sucking pig. I also like that succulent quadruped. She invited me to dine, with the temptation of a little pig (currant sauce, of course), and I went, fully determined to enjoy myself. Imagine my horror when I found that the pig had just developed into a handsome colley dog, and that the lady was occupied in developing into the strong-minded woman of the day. Now, the strong-minded woman of Darwinia is one of the most fearful developments of an objectionable species. She combines the scientific acquirements and aspirations of a Garrer-Ardermon with the combativeness of a Blake, the volubility of a Breker, and the loudness, fastness, and alang of a Girl of the Period in our less developed sphere—only much, much more so!

Fearful as to whether the disease of development might be contagious, Your Correspondent immediately consulted the nearest physician, who recommended a lowering pill and a cold bath. Your Correspondent did not follow this prescription with absolute accuracy: he took, instead, a rump-steak and a bottle of port wine. He is, therefore, still alive to subscribe himself,

MUNCHARSEN (BAROW).

A DELICATE ATTENTION.

"No flags, please, through our streets as rolls the Czak: Flags mean Poles; and he'd rather see no Poles, by far."



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

I'M TIRED OF THIS FUN. DO YOU MIND LOOKING AFTER THE MEN WHILE I GO AND GET TAKEN PRISONER?" Facctious Volunteer Sub. "LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN; I'M TIRED OF THIS FUM.

MEMS. OF CHINAMANIA.

By a Half-cracked Collector.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Spent a most delightful day in dusting my old Worcester. Mem.—Mind not to take up the blue milk-jug by

Lady-Day.—Having dreamt that Salisbury Plain is a very likely place for picking up old Sèvres, I take lodgings for a week in a mouldy old farm-house, where all that I pick up is a terribly bad cold and a quarrel with my landlady. Mem.—Dreams not always

mouldy old farm-house, where all that I pick up is a terribly bad cold and a quarrel with my landlady. Mem.—Dreams not always to be trusted.

April Fool's Day.—Great sale at Gristy's. Great sell for a good many of us. Nothing to be got cheap. Lord Crests bids a thousand guineas for a crackle tea-cup. Gets it. Mem.—To imitate his Lordship, and be bold in bidding.

May Day.—Lany Humgufffy's soirés. Meet Sir Mac Muffy Duffyra, the famous Scotch collector. Shows me an old Bow dog, fitted as a snuff-box. Always carries it about with him in his breeches' pocket. I say it is the finest Bow-wow dog I ever saw, and, the rappee notwithstanding, is not one to be sneezed at. Laugh heartily at this. Sir Mac Muffyr Duffyra doesn't. Mem.—In future, not to waste my wit upon a Scotchman.

My Birthday.—Old Dodger, the dealer, calls on me at lunch time, and, after drinking my good health in rather more than half a bottle of my choicest old East India Madeira, he shows me a magnificent old Willow-Pattern plate. Kindly lets me have it, as a favour, for five shillings. Discover, on consulting my Chaffers, that it is not the correct Quan-Sung-Hi Willow-Pattern of the 6th dynasty, and would be dear at five-pence. Mem.—Not to be so generous with my old Madeira.

Midesummer Day.—A day of sad disasters. At breakfast I sip hastily a scalding cup of tea, and, setting it down roughly, crack a valuable saucer. Then, while arranging my new cabinet, I chip off half the nose of my lovely Derby Milkmaid. Finally, the footman tumbles down-stairs after dinner, and fractures half a score of my pet Dreaden soup plates. Mem.—To stop a sovereign out of his next quarter's wages.

Some other Day.—A pleasant morning passed in viewing Lond Tow Nondr's beautiful collection. Fell over head and ears in love with a charming Chelsea Shepherdess. Offered to exchange my crackle China tea-pot for her. Mem.—Exchange is no robbery, but may be an advantage.

Next day.—His Lordship sends me his Shepherdess, and, with a fond embrace at parting, I let him have my tea-pot. When too late, I find out that the anchor on my Phillis is indubitably forged, and that her left arm is loose and will come off in hot water. Mem.—In future, not to fall in love without a microscope.

Goose Day.—Being fond of the bird (Wagge calls me an old cannibal), I rather over-eat myself, and have a dreadful nightmare. Dream that I have sat upon my hundred-guinea slop-basin! Mem.—Next year, not to help myself so freely to the stuffing.

Our Wedding-Day.—By way of a little treat, I take my wife to Botherny's. Sale-room very full, and sadly close and stuffy. The first lot which is offered is an Oriental bowl; but a dealer at my elbow whispers it is Lowestoft. Boldly make a bid of five guineas for a start, and, to my great surprise, I find it is knocked down to me without a second offer. I also find, however, on examining my purchase, that it is really Oriental, and, moreover, has been riveted in some half a dozen places. Mem.—To try and give up going into auction rooms, and to take the pledge of total china-buying abstinence. abstinence.

A Terrible Hitch.

DEAR PUNCH,

I Am so puzzled. Can you solve my dilemma? Having a father and mother, I must have had two grandfathers; therefore, four great-grandfathers; therefore, eight great-great-grandfathers, and so on: till, many generations back, there must be an infinity of great-great-grandfathers. But I have always understood we all sprang from ADAM. I dareasy this has perplexed many before, but I should be so glad if you will explain it to me.

Yours, ever faithfully, DUNDREAMY.



VERY NATURAL.

"Vell, and vat to you sink tit happen to me at Matame Tussaud's de oder Tay! A Laty door me for vun of de Vax Vickers, and agdually Abbollochised vor her Misdake 1"

"O WHAT FUN, MR. SCHMITZ! AND WAS IT IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS!"

A SMALL BOOK IS A GREAT BLESSING.

This is the One Hundred and Sixth year of the existence of the Royal Academy. A most memorable one. Perhaps the most memorable since its foundation. The Exhibition was never so large—the Catalogue never so small. Mr. Pussch congratulates the President and all the Members, he congratulates the new Secretary and all the Officers, he congratulates the Public, he congratulates the Himself, on the issue of the very convenient, the very comfortable, the very portable, the very handy new-sized Catalogue. It is one which sweetens the temper, smoothes wrinkles, banishes frowns, and increases twofold, fourfold, tenfold, manifold, the pleasure of a visit to the Exhibition. The dream of Mr. Punch's youth has come true, the ardent desire of his whole life is at last realised.

He has now only one more been to sak. England is a great mechanical

He has now only one more boon to ask. England is a great mechanical nation, and the age in which we live is distinguished for inventions and improvements everywhere and in all places. If the Royal Academy would confer with the Royal Society, or consult the Institute of Civil Engineers, Mr. Punch is confident that some better means might be devised than the present cumbrous arrangements with pieces of string and pasteboard tickets, for the custody of all the sticks, umbrellas, parasols, and sun-shades which the thousands of visitors are compelled to render up to the keeping of the Academy before they can enter its Finakothek and Glyptothek. This done, the last drawback to a visit to Burlington House would disappear, the echo of the last grumble would fade into the distance of Piccadilly. From May to July the vestibule of the Academy would be crowded with happy, smiling faces, even on the rainiest and wettiest of days; the indefatigable and patient attendants would take a more cheerful view of existence between the hours of 3 A.K. and 7 P.K.; all angry passions would be signalised by another achievement of victorious skill, beside which our bridges, and tunnels, and viaducts, and embankments, would appear but as insignificant triumphs.

WELCOME, LITTLE STURGEON!

[The papers have announced a new arrival at the

"BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.—A royal sturgeon, caught in Rye harbour, has been successfully conveyed to the Brighton Aquarium by the curator. This royal fish measures 6ft. 6in. in length, and weights 2jcwt. It was brought seven miles overland to flye Station, and conveyed thence to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles. The sturgeon is in good health and vigour, and is now swimming in one of the great tanks of the Aquarium. This is the largest specimen that has over been exhibited."

Arn-Handelian.

Welcome, welcome Acipenser
Sturio, throngs attract yet denser;
Make those called immense, immenser;
Nigh three hundred pounds!
Pisciculture's champion Surgeon,
BUCKLAND halls thee, giant Sturgeon.
Draw more crowds than aught but Spurgeon
Could within these bounds.

Daily hosts of fresh beholders,
Thick as mites in cheese which moulders,
High and low will, rubbing shoulders,
At thee come to peep:
Big fish feasting greedy sight on,
The most brilliant eyes in Brighton,
Thee will focus all their light on,
Monster of the Deep!

At the tubercles that sunder
Thy spine's ridge will gaze in wonder,
And thy mouth, which so far underlies thy taper snout;
Mouth as any leather bottle's
Void of teeth, but graced with wattles.
Where are now the Axolotls?
Thou wilt cut them out,

Stranded, by the waves forsaken,
Thou for jetsam hadst been taken,
Caught at sea, thou sav'st thy bacon,
Likewise that of swine;
Since thy flesh, experts in flavour
Use to say, as veal doth savour,
And with veal we hold in favour
Bacon when we dine.

Glass twixt thee and crowd that presses, In the Aquarium's recesses, Thou art safe from all distresses. Russia's mighty Czar. With a visit soon must greet thee. Let's hope he'll not want to eat thee, Or misuse and ill-entreat thee For thy caviar.

In thy tank no hands can rip thee,
Of thine isinglass to strip thee;
Off to market none shall ship thee—
Frisk, in joy, thy tail.
Something, with amaze profounder
Opening gazers' eyes yet rounder,
Neighbour to thee, soon may flounder,
Yery like a whale!

Authority and Example.

Twe Post announces that :-

"MR. DION BOUCICAULT, who has for some time past been fulfilling engagements in the United States, has arrived in England."

PRESIDENT GRANT has, by the exercise of his official authority, arrested a Currency Bill which, had it been enacted, would, we are told, have paved the way to repudiation. Thanks to Mr. PRESIDENT GRANT'S veto, fortified with the example of Mr. DION BOUGGAULT, it may now be hoped that the United States will continue to fulfil their engagements.

A PASSAGE IN THE INFERSO. — Passing over the Sticks (and Umbreilas) at the Royal Academy.

OLD IRELAND'S OLD OCTOBER.

"We are unable to inform our correspondent Ducasus, D.D. what has become of the College October. We drank it out of large aliver flagons, consule Flames. How we all enjoyed it after might rell, especially when Ancier Birrain opened on metaphysics. "They are all going these joyous, hopeful spirits—gone with the eld October, and the ancient flagons. This is the day of 'Pale Ale' and 'Bitter Boer' and 'Smalla." The old humming ale of the College was barrelled in one October and tapped the October of the next year. A pint of it sent a hard student to his rooms, sure of a sound sleep, and no headache in the merning."—The Irish Times.



With Irish "vis" and "vir" gone? We haven't brain enough now For Aristotle's ergon!

Alas, these days are sober,
And nobody can come nigh
Those quaffers of old October,
Trinity's old alasms:
For "small beer, that poor creature,"
Our moderns have a mania;
Tosy Philports out of reach are
Of our tissue-paper crania,

As Burr, Q.C., is weaker
Than Daw, that sturdy grumbler,
So from the two-quart beaker
We reach the half-pint tumbler: Eheu! antiquum robus!
Old classics, old divinity,
Are fled with old October
From the grey old crypt of Trinity.

Yet if old Customs perish,
If old ale go, and old Churches,
If few the Humanities cherish,
And Divinity in the lurch is;
Yet to cry o'er spilt milk is vanity,
A sin that should ne'er be Trinity's,
While an Irish girl's humanity
Makes the hoighth of all divinities!

A Change for the Worse.

COOMASSIE burnt as soon as ta'en, In fear its King did fise; So Ash-and-Coffee new remain Of what was Ash-an'-Tee!

NONCONFORMISTS IN CLOVER.

AT the tenth triennial meeting of a certain Society, Mr. H. RICHARD, M.P., in the Chair, the following circumstances were stated as among the grievances constituting reasons for the existence of

"At the present time, in scores of Corporations, Nonconformists were in the majority, while at this moment the Lond Mayon of Lordon was a Discenter. Now a Discenter occupied a seat of high besont of the judicial bench. There had been Bissenters in the Councils of the Gyunn. A Discenter occupied a seat of high besont of the grant. A Discenter of the grant of the grant. A Discenter occurred by Europe and the world, and buried in Westminster Abbey. Other disabilities had also been sweet sway, and the briversities with all their prices and honours were open to the Nonconformista, who had nobly held their own at those institutions."

Who would not naturally expect that all this constituted a prologue to the question, "What do Nonconformists want?" But no; the assembly they were addressed to was a meeting of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control. Is it not rather hard to understand what process of Liberation, or deliberation, could make Nonconformists much better off than, on their own showing, they would seem to be?

FROM MART TO BART.

"On being made a Baronet, Mr. H. Perk (of the firm of Perk Brotzera, Tea-importers, Cheapaide,) presented £2000 to the Surrey Bench for benevolent purposes, as a thank-offering."

Is favour you'd curry
With those who make Barts,
Fight twice for Mid-Surrey,
And so win their hearts.

Pres thus, from tea-dealing, A Baronet made, To show grateful feeling, Two thousand has paid.

The Surrey Beaks say
Of his gift d propos,
'Tis but fair that PERK pay
What is due to Pekoe.

NOXIOUS CORPORATE BODIES.

ANOTHER argument for "Cremation" has appeared in the shape of an advertisement of a Joint Stock Cemetery Company (Limited), which has bought forty-eight acres of land for the purpose of a new burial-ground, to be opened near the Crystal Palace. The Cemetery is to be select; the deceased labouring classes are to be kept out of it by the prohibition of Sunday funerals; exclusiveness which, perhaps, will not prevent injurious drainage into adjoining wells. Its promoters recommend their burial-place as situated in one of the most healthy suburbs of London. This advantage it will cease to possess as soon as a population shall have gathered round it. The oftisens of a necropolis cannot emigrate, and they form a corporation with power to add to their number—and use it. To prevent such corporations from being formed, what practical way is there but the process recommended by Sir Hexiv Thompson?

Hard Lines.

"The Best of Husbands. Chaps. from 16 to 23."
See Chambers's Journal for May, 1874.

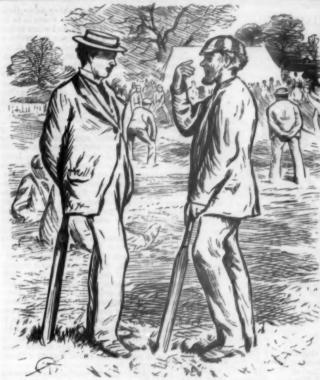
Is not this rather a narrow limit of age? and does it not begin rather early? All the best of husbands we have known have been older chape than these. Indeed we greatly doubt any chap of sixteen coming fairly within the dategory. The utmost we should expect would be that he might make a very fair husband considering.

Punch's Thanksgiving. (For a Pon that Cheers, and not Infuriates.)

PARKINS AND GOTEO are two pretty men,
They 've invented a capital reservoir-pen,
A dip to a line will make Punch himself flag,
But two dips to the column, and won't his pen wag!

CAUSE AND RYPECT.

The Lendon, Chatham, and Dover Directors have fitted so trains with the Westerham Breaks, in a laudable determination



"TO MEMORY DEAR."

Enthusiastic Cricketer. "AH, LAST SEASON WAS A GOOD ONE! I'D BOTH EVES BLACKED IN ONE MATCH, AND TWO FINGERS SMASHED IN THE RETURN MATCH THE SAME WEEK! BUT GIVE ME 1870 OVER AGAIN. I GOT THE BALL ON MY FOREHEAD AT 'SHORT LEG,' AND WAS SENSELESS FOR THEER-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR!" OF AN HOUR! [! And ever since.

ACADEMY EXAMINATION PAPER.

THE time allowed for this Paper will be shortly announced from Greenwich Observatory.

Observatory.

The maximum number of marks is 10,000; the minimum, 0.

The Candidate who obtains the maximum number of marks will be invited to the Academy Dinner in 1875. If a lady, she will be seated at the President's right hand, and be asked to reply to the toast of "The Ladies."

The Candidate next in order of merit will be presented with a free admission to the Exhibition on Bank Holidays, the anniversary of the arrival of the Elgin Marbles, and Sir Jossiua Errivators's birthday.

The Candidate who passes the third best examination will have the exclusive privilege of carrying his or her umbrella or parasol into the Galleries.

rivilege of carrying his or her umbrells or parasol into the Galleries.

1. Where are the following places—Oxwich, Cowdray, The Boar's Head Tavern, The Butter Tower, Batterses Rise, Poultry Chambers, The Chops of the Bristol Channel, Cookham, Caldron Linn, Llyn Dinas, The Swallow Falls, Mount Sorrel, Dogger Bank, Mousehold Heath, Maresheld, The Yare, The Kanagawa, The Grudie, The Coilties, The Peaks of the Cobbler, Shooter's Hill, Killin, Dryburgh, The Wetterhorn, Scheveningen, and the Kyles of Bute?

2. Give biographical notices of William and Mary, Panthea and Abradates, Don Quixote, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Undine, Sir Sydney Waterlow, Friar Lawrence, Lord Lawrence, Admiral Tarleton, Corporal Trim, Cardinal Wolsey, Gathorne Hardy, Mazeppa, Meemer, Eily O'Connor, Richard Baxter, Jenny Caxon, Alcestis, Samuel Morley, Cinderella, M. Thiers, Christabel, Fedalma, Sir William Fergusson, Dr. Slop, Queen Anne, and the Goodwins.

3. Explaim and elucidate Kelp, Apse, Bent Gatherers, Campanile, A Spoil Bank, A Dander after the Rain, Saithe Fishing, The Hill Fank, Jetaam and Flotsam, Bullaces, Black Mail, The Nutbrown Maid, A Norfolk Broad, A Murcian Lady, A Ground Swell, Reredos, Utilitarianism, Æn. VI.: Georg. IV., and Xen. Cyro.

4. Translate Un Chaudronnier, Rouge et Noir, La Soubrette, Une Jeune Demoiselle, La Fleur de la Ville, Le Rendezvous, Sub Tegmine fagi, à la Russe, Le chemin barré, Il Suonatore di Violino, Genius Loci, Mer de Glace, Souvenir de Vénise, Groupe de la Danse, La Leçon de Géographie, Ed io anche son pittore, Alto Relievo, and Terra-cotta.

5. What happened in 1457, 1658, 1798, 1795, 1873, and the Sixteenth Century?
6. How many representations of (1) Ophelia, (2) Juliet, and (3) Leander does the Exhibition contain?
7. Spell according to their proper pronunciation, Llugwy, Macsilweb, Porth Mendwy, Machynlleth, and Rhayadr.y-Wennol.
8. What is the time of Chaucer, and The Dinner Hour, Wigan?

PRINCELY COTTAGES.

"The Prince of Wales began, immediately after his marriage, by building the Alexandra Cottages, a row of twolve dwellings, built of Carr stone found on the estate, faced by white stone, and each entered through a pretty porch, with gardens in front and rear. For these a rent of £i per year is paid by the tenant. The cost of the crection of each was £195. The Louise Cottages, built on the West Newton portion of the estate, are only inferior to the Alexandra Cottages in outward appearance; but they are also inferior in reat, and even their outside is attractive enough. They cost less than the Alexandra Cottages, the money laid out for the crection of each being only £140. For these the tenants pay a yearly rental of £3 10s. each. On the whole, the Sandringham Cottages produce only about one and a half per cent. on the capital invested."—The Hour, Mey 12.

"THE Cottage-homes of England,
How beautiful they stand?"
(So once FELICIA HEMANS sang.)
Throughout the lovely land?
By many a shining river-side
These happy homes are seen,
And clustering round the commons wide,
And 'neath the woodlands green.

The Cottage-homes of England—Alas, how strong they smell!
There's fever in the cesspool,
And sewage in the well.
With ruddy cheeks and flaxen curls,
Though their tots shout and play,
The health of those gay boys and girls
Too soon will pass away.

The Cottage-homes of England!
Where each crammed sleeping-place
Foul air distils whose poison kills
Health, modesty and grass.
Who stables horse, or houseth kine,
As these poor peasants lie,
More thickly in their straw than swine
Are herded in a stye?

The Cottage-homes of England !-But may they not be made What Poetess FELICIA What Poetoss Felicia In graceful verse portrayed? With chambers where a purer air The sleepers' lungs may bless, And pretty porches, gardens fair?— The Prince of Wales says, "Yes."

The Cottage-homes of England,
Whose aspect makes men wince,
May turn to happy dwellings yet,
With landlords like the Prince:
Then quicker brain and readier arm,
And more strength better spent,
May add an economic charm
To less than two per cent.

The Cottage-homes of England!
The toiler gay and blithe,
Who drinks his ale, and plies his flail,
And swings his sweeping scythe,
His sons and daughters, braced anew
With strength that nothing ails,
Will bless each Prince of landlords who
Does like the PRINCE OF WALLS.

A REAL COMPLIMENT.

'Tis well laudari a laudato: Say thy worst freely:
As well damnari a damn
Doctor Kenealy!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LORD SHAFTESBURY hates the Bill, and LORD SALISBURY does not like it; LORD MARLBOROUGH wishes it dropped, and LORD NELSON would have it stopped; the MARQUIS OF BATH does not think it will do what's wanted; and LORD LIMERICK does not see that anything wanted in the Righton who

what's wanted; and Lord Lingnice does not see that anything
know best where the shos pineles, and what it costs in time and money to ease it, deelere
things can't go on as they are: that the Episcopal Shepherds must have a cheaper and stronger
crook to pull up the wild Ritualistic sheep, who have a trick of leaping the Anglican fences
into the old Roman Road that runs on the other side of them (see Punch's Cartoon). His
Grace of Peterborough, successor to Wilderforce's gift of speech, sees, with his keen
Irish eye, that it all comes of trying to govern a Live Church by Dead Law. The Bill is an
attempt to put life into the Law. The Lawyers naturally think the best of it. It had no
friends so hopeful as Ex-Chawellors Hatherley and Lord Selborne. The Low and
Broad Church lay-peers (Richnond and Shaftesbury, Harrowby and Gray) insist that
something must be done. Even the High Church—except its Intransigentes—can't deny it.
So, though nobody liked the Bill, nobody divided against the Second Reading.
So, till the old Law can be overhauled (which is likely to come first, Diseatablishment or
the Greek Kalenda?) its enforcement is to be left to a resultant of the forces of Episcopal
discretion and Protestant aggravation. A nice life the poor Bishops are likely to have of it
between their Purchases and their Westertons!

While the Peers were handling their Ritualistic hot potatoe, the Commons had in hand
their hot-potato-Publican.

On Mr. Choos moving the Second Reading of his Half-hour Bill (a cross used, in fancy
language, when the fancy had its organs, to mean squaring a fight for corrupt consideration).
Messus, Melly and Pease (Pease et Melle reads like an Arcadian dish out of Atherways)
moved an Amendment, that no Public-house Bill can be satisfactory which increases
facilities for drinking and deals unequally with the Liquor trade.

Sir Selwyn Inderson spoke well up to his Home Office brief. The principle of the Bill
is to do away with Local discretion—to let Public opinion, per Parliament, fix the hour for
shutt

Tuesday.—In the Lords, a very sensible speech from Lord Caenwarvon, setting forth a very sensible scheme for dealing with our White Elephant. Sierra Leone is to have one head, Lagos and Gold Coast (800 miles away), another, who is not to live in that sewage-soaked white-man's grave, called Cape Coast Castle, but in some place where cows, horses, and asses can survive the fever (that seems the measure of salubrity for Colonial Governors),—say at Accrah, with a road to the hills for breathable air in the deadly season. Officers are to affairs.

be paid living wages for taking their lives in their hands: the Military Force is to be a native one; of Houssas and other tribes that will fight; and we are to make a friend, if possible, instead of a foe, of King Corrae. But Government, it is feared, must have control over the trade in guns, though how, is not so clear. (Couldn't Mr. Whiteworth contrive a revolver that would turn round and shoot naughty Nigger, when naughty Nigger go for shoot White-man?)

Loud Grey approved, on the whole,

White-man?)
Lond Grey approved, on the whole, though he didn't see his way to stopping rum and muskets, and didn't like the notion of Government monopolising the trade in these African luxuries. Lond Kimberley was graciously pleased to lean towards approval, on the whole,—of course, couldn't commit himself—it wasn't to be expected—but really thought, all things considered, poor dear Lond Carnaryov deserved to be patted on the back, and begged him to consider himself patted accordingly.

begged him to consider himself patted accordingly.

In the Commons—Yorke found he was not wanted, when he purposed to exempt the Law-Officers ("travelling politicians," he called them, with considerable impertinence, on their way, we presume, to their own ends as contra-distinguished from the country's) from going back to their Considerance on appointment. Mr. Hardy thought that, considering how little exercise your hard-working Barrister gets, it would be cruel to stand in the way of his going down to the country whenever he has the chance. The House agreed with him, and put out the sun of Yorke without a division.

him, and put out the sun of Yorke without a division.

Then Mr. Dillwyn wanted the Commons to make impertinent inquiries into House of Lords' Salaries, and odious comparisons with those of the House of Commons. (Ask what see pay our servants! Hang the fallow!—was ever such impudence!) The Chincellon of the Excheques was quite against anything so indelicate; so was the House by 226 to 59—the dirty half-hundred, says my Lord Carabas, who always smell something masty when ever "salaries" are in the wind, and insist on stirring it.

Mr. BUTT moved for papers in the case of Patrick Casky, Martyr and Rubbon-Man, who has been shut up for three years under

who has been shut up for three years under the Irish Life and Property Protection Act. Mu. ROBBUCK was horrified to hear of such a thing !

"Obstupuit, steteruntque comes, et vox faucibus

But, after all, the Act was passed to enable the Executive to do such things, when necessary. Was it necessary here? That is the only question. LORD HART-INGTON thought there could be no harm in looking into the case; and Mr. DISRAKLI, like a sacible.

looking into the case; and Mr. DIRREEI, like a sensible man, agreed the papers should be produced.

After which, the irrepressible Whalley began moving for a Select Committee on himself and his grievances, and that so movingly he set everybody going, and the House was straightway Counted Out. Whereupon Panch soliloquises,—

Plagues there are that beset life's tearful

valley, Which to clude asks more than mertal

Lo, the House can be counted out from

WHALLEY,
But who shall count out WHALLEY from the House?

Wednesday was given to great and grave

MR. G. TREVELYAN moved the Second Reading of his Counties Houshold Franchise Bill. MR. DISEAREH had said that the only way to end heart-burnings between town and country, was to identify town and country suffrage. There were three millions called rural, but really urban, without votes. The country labourers were just as fit to vote as the town labourers. ARCH was an excellent man: but a labourers vote was the keystone of the Arch. Equal electoral rights was a bait to draw our country mise over-sea. Why not bait our own trap with our own cheese, and each, and keep'em, at home?

at home?

Mr. Sale thought it was too soon to go tinkering the Constitution. The last election had returned a majority pledged (like Trappists) only to "silence and consideration."

Mrssns. Burrand Maccountar, so in delegate-duty bound, supported the Bill. So did Mrssns. Campbell-Bannerman, Noran, and Nord. Mrssns. Newbosate, Noville Grandulle, and Sie E. Wilkor opposed it common-place men, pro and con.; but only two Tritons rose among all the Minnows that Wednesday, Mr. Forstyre for the Bill, and Mr. Disraell against it. Mr. Forstyre from the Bill, and Mr. Disraell against it. Mr. Forstyre intelligence and habits of thought, &c., with town actisans, and agricultural labourers proper. Exclusion could not be maintained in the case of the one. In the case of the other it was a question of practical politics. The agricultural labourers were a new force, and

agricultural labourers proper. Exclusion could not be maintained in the case of the one. In the case of the other it was a question of practical politics. The agricultural labourers were a new force, and there were special reasons why they should now be admitted to the franchise—(or why they should not—all depends on how you look at it, and, for the present, the country evidently prefers to look at it from the "not" side).

Mr. Diseabli, in reply to the sturdy Member for Bradford, spoke from the same side as the country. Here is no question of abstract Right, but of expediency and sound sense. It may well be that the country labourer is as fitted for the Franchise as the town artisan—or as unfitted (aside)—but that is not the point. This is not the moment to awaken an electoral tanz in Honen's wide-awake. He has bees enough in his billy-cock already, thanks to Arch & Co. But the real reason against the Bill is, that you can't give a vote to the country householder without redistributing the franchise on the equal electoral district principle—which, on the basis of a Member to 48,000 electors, would extinguish 149 boroughs in England and Wales, 13 in Scotland, and 27 in Ireland. Is the House prepared for that change? No, said the House (with the country behind it) by 287 to 173. And so Honen's claim was shelved in one Wednesday sitting, Punch ventures to think, less for the PREMIER's very Parliamentary reasons than, as the Pall Mall Gazette, pithily, if pitilessly, puts it, "because Conservatives have not the courage of those convictions of which the Reform Act of 1867 professes to be an embodiment; and because having already enfranchised a vast mass of ignorance and incapacity, the proposal to add to it another vast mass, of far more profound ignorance, and far more desperate incapacity, is a proposal at which both parties simply stand aghast."

Thursday.—The Bill to enforce Compulsory Registration of Births and Deaths was read a Second Time and the lower of the little and the same and the same and the same and

Thursday.—The Bill to enforce Compulsory Registration of Births and Deaths was read a Second Time; and the Juries Bill was forwarded in Committee; but the Palladium is to stand as it is. No less a number than the mystic twelve is to pass between Her Sovereign Majesty the CUREN and the Prisoner at the Bar, or the parties to a suit and the issue raised on the pleadings.

Triday.—A mad Colonel in Guatemala has flogged an English Vice-Consul. Guatemala has offered an indemnity, and every possible reparation. Guatemala being a small power, with English men-of-war in her waters, knows what to expect if she didn't. If J. B. would now and then hit one of his ewn size, when the big brute is clearly in the wrong!

Complaints are often made that Parliament won't furnish a grant for rare windfalls of Art. In the case of Landseer's most interesting portrait of Sir Walker Scott (just sold at Chengris's), Parliament has furnished such a Grant—Baron Albert Grant, M.P. for Kidderminster, who, having bought the portrait, has presented it to the National Portrait Gallery. Another proof, besides the present of a renovated Leicester Square to London, that the Member for Kidderminster is anything but a barren Grant, as far as gifts to the public are concerned. are concerned.

There was much talk of Irish matters in Committee of Supply and before it; first, pro and con. Guarantees given to Railways out of local rates; then about Irish Queen's Plates, the allowance for of local rates; then about Irish Queen's Plates, the allowance for which Mr. Andreson (Glasgow) had the assurance to object to, and was amartly snubbed, being a mere puir Glasgow body, for interfering with an Irish vote. The fine ould Irish sporting blood was soon up; and that bit of the night had a Charles-Leverish tone about it that was moighty refreshin'.

In discussing one of the votes for the Medical service of the Irish Prisons, there was a flinging about among the Irish Members of such dirty words as "animal" and "creature," more in the key of the Rotunda than the House of Commons. It seems odd, but Punch never remembers Irish Votes, and Irish Rows taking up so

much of the House's time as thus far in this Home-Rule Session,

much of the House's time as thus far in this Home-Rule Session,—except, of course, in Mr. Gladstone's Upas-tree years.

During the night there was a stupid attempt to interfere with an excellent Government servant's employment of his holidays. The Eric Directors having asked the How. T. Bruce (about the best man they could have asked) to recommend them a fit and proper person to report on their line, he recommended Cappain Tilen, one of the Railway Inspectors of the Board of Trade, (about the best man he could have recommended,) who was about to take his holidays, in which he could do the job. The President of his Board raised no objection; and Mr. Goldsmid, it is to be hoped, understands by this time that nobody else had any business to raise any.

The evening's entertainment concluded with a talk about Kasghar, on whose throne is a clever Ameer, whose dominions Lord Claude Hamilton assures Sir C. Dilke, Russia has no intention of absorbing, and couldn't, if she had, they being defended on all sides by mountains 18,000 feet high.

WHITETHORN WINTER.

(A Corol on the late Cold Weather.)



naovan the flowery month of May Sorth and east winds often blow.
Veiled with clouds of iron-All the sky looms full of

Many a bitter frost o' nights Orchards of their crop bereaves;

Nips, sears, pinches, parches, blights, Bites and blasts the tender leaves.

Sadly drooping on the trees Shrunk and shrivelled they appear. Whilst we shudder in the

breeze, Though the Sun shines bright and clear. Thrushes', blackb inch and silence hold, warbler Finch

And the nightingale is numb, And the cuckoo has a cold.

But though winds from north and east Kill the fruit, and foliage mar, They have blown some good at least, Hither since they blew the CAR. Russian weather he has had, Which we may congenial call. So it has not been so bad, Altogether, after all.

Pitch on coals; the hearth pile higher; Crown it with a Christmas log; Put the kettle on the fire; Boil the water; mix the grog. Make it hot and strong enough! Hunt the slipper you can play, Boys and girls, or blind-man's-buff, On an eye in chilly May.

. A Fact of Spiritualism.

THERE is, or was lately, in the window of a shop in Southampton Row, Holborn, the portrait of a gentleman said to be a professional Medium. The face is depicted as flushed, and the eyes likewise appear suffused and aleepy. If that picture is the likeness of a real original, it may well be imagined to represent a person under the influence of Spirits.

CREAM OF TARTAR. - The CZAR.

7



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Scotch Lady (who has taken a House in the Highlands, her Servants suddenly giving "warning"). "What's the Reason of this? Have you not all tou want!—good Rooms, and good Fresh Air and Food, and Easy Wore!"

Spokesnomen. "Yrs, Mem—but—but there's no a decent Laad within Cry o' us!"

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(A May Fair Ecloque.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAL

The Aunt (past and past-praising.) Maud (Anglican and Absolutist.) Edith (Rationalist and Radical.)

Mand.

WELL, Auntie dear, how do you feel this morning? To morning service, just think, I've not gone! "Un foi, un roi,"—but still this is a warning.
I got home quite knocked up, with nothing on!

Edith

I hope, dear, you had left some relics fragile
Of that delicious femille-morts robe of yours?
I'm glad my dress was tough as I was agile,
So what I wore, like her that wore, endured.

The Aunt.

Ah, in Queen Charlotte's days, when I was younger, And rank was rank, such rude mobs never were. I thought I should have dropped from downright hunger! And I was scratched, yes—scratched, girls, with a spur!

Edith

No wonder, Auntie, you can't eat your breakfast!
P'raps 'twas the same male hoof that tore my train.
And did you see the rivière round MAUD's neck fast
In JANE MONT-TERE'S chignon, or rather mane?

Maud.

You're a disloyal goose, dear, though my cousin; No royal road to Loyalty is due: Just count the friends,—you may count by the dozen,— Who, spite of crush, fag, fasting, envy you!

The Aunt.

'Tis natural, as Democracy increases
The harder Royalty is to be seen.
And Shoddy would be gladly torn to pieces
(Home or U.S.) to curtsey to the QUEEN!

Edith.

But, Auntie, I'm not Shoddy: my opinion
Is, struggle and starvation don't agree:
O how I did long for a pullet's pinion,
And one sip of champagne, or even tea!

Maud.

Pray, Edith, don't shock all one's higher notions:
You're Radical, if not Rational, I declare.
When to the Queen one offers one's devotions,
High-bred girls ought to live, and move, on air!

The Aunt.

Dear Maud, you're sure to make the best of marriages!

EDITH's so rash, she isn't like my niece;

But still, they might give tea; and then the carriages

Might be got quicker up by the police.

Maud.

Aunt, do remember the French Revolution:
"Tis but a step from Court to guillotine.
Perish my own for England's Constitution;
Sink, débutante, but sing "God Save the QUEEN"!

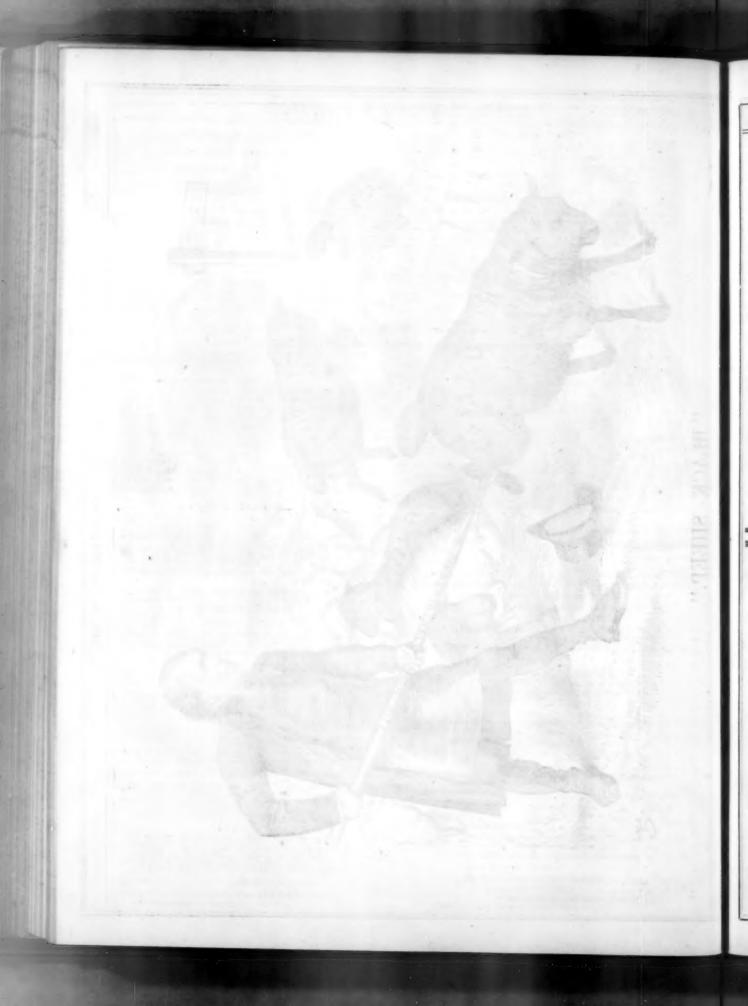
Edith.

I like to see the QUEEN and the Princesses; I like to look as pretty as I can; But why should weary waits and damaged dresses Darken a day that in bright hopes began?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI -- MAY 23, 1874.



"BLACK SHEEP."



EDITH, self-cacrifice is beneficial,
As, if you kept vigils and fasts, you'd know;
My Drawing-rooms are all self-escrificial;
Were they made easy, think you I should go?

The Aunt.

My dears, enough of rhyme, and as for rea Girls oun't know, that is, can't say what they mean— But what we all want is, against next Season, A larger Drawing-room for the poor dear QUEEN!

A CANTICLE OF THE CZAR.



bitants of Dover," A Poet sang:-"Lo, youder who comes over!

shouts and cheers of every loyal cove are

"O all ye ships and batteries, salute

With all your guns your loudest wel-come shoot him! all ye bands, drum, trumpet, fife and flute him

Play to the CEAR. O Officers of State, go forth to meet him!

all ye Captains and Commanders, greet him!
ay that there's no
one in the world

to beat him. So tell the Czan. " O all ye Mayors, of various Cor-porations!

With your Recorders, rush to railway stations, And read addresses and congratulations Unto the Cam.

"O great Lond Mayon of London, own thy greater! With turtle serve the Russian Imperator; Be then dubbed Baronet, that thou didst cater To him, the CZAR.

"Nor let him off thy fireworks, Crystal Palace;
But blaze away, till, though to splendours callous,
Cheers, crackers, and champagne from a full chalice,

" And, after Aldershott's mild show of battle, On his soothed ear let our coiled Armstrongs rattle, While in the Warren Woolwich infants prattle, To please the CZAR.

"Lot KING COLE'S Albert Hall in his inspection Rejoice; and, waren tribute of affection, MADAME TURNAUD, add unto thy Collection The reigning CZAR.

Ye Lious all and Tigers, in the Gardens
Called 'Zos;' and O ye Bears—a thousand pardons!—
No offence meant—thrust paws and snouts thro' barred dens
To greet the Czar.

"O Elephant, wave all that in thy trunk is!
O Hippopotamus, Rhinoceros, Monkeye,
Your homage, of a better sort than flunkeys',
Pay to the Czan!

He has released his serfs in bonds from serving; Intrale has shown beneficense unswerving; Of praise, without a joke, he is deserving. Farewell, sweet CZAR!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

(Grumbles, but Pays a First or Two, and Reports.)

SERSONS are altering everywhere. I believe it's all the effect of the Russian Marriage. Summer is winter—winter is summer. Spring comes in autumn, and autumn supplants spring. But Theatrical Seasons are becoming muddled.

The companies whirl about, so that a Theatre-goer has to follow them in cabs, in underground railways, or trams, or in omnibuses, heat heat may.

as best he may. We may soon look for the following:-

"IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The Gaiety Company will appear at the Globe on Tuesday and Wednesday while the Globe Company is performing at the Lyoeum; and the Lyoeum Company will appear at the Gaiety while the Globe Company are at the Strand (for Matindes only), with Mn. H. J. Monragus, who, by his own kind permission, will play Toots, at the Standard, with Mn. Phelps as Sir Pertissar Maceycophant (for two evenings only), in consequence of the simultaneous appearance of the Company from the Court Theatre at the Philharmonic, Islington, where the Gaiety Opéra Bouffe Company (which has recently concluded a successful engagement at the Opéra Comique, Strand,) will give their Macineses of Madame Angot, Guy Mannering, and Cox and Box, previous to the rentrée of Mn. Charles Mathews, who will appear in a round of his favourite characters for ten nights, in the absence of Mns Nellie Farres and Miss Losery, now concluding their engagement—(by the kind permission of Mn. John Hollinghhad, Lossea and Manager. No Fees.)—at the Alexandra, on the second of next month, when the Strand Company will appear, for a few nights only, at the Olympic, and the Olympic Company will take a short season at the Royalty, Dean Street, Soho, alternating with the Prince of Wales's Company, which will perform every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday (Matinées) at the Princese's (under the personal superintendence of Mn. F. B. Chatterton, so that the Strand audience may have the opportunity, hitherto withheld from them, of witnessing the performance of a double company from the St. James's and Vandeville, at Astley's, in some of their old favourite dramas.

"For further particulars, apply to Mn. J. L. Tooras, New York, America, U. S., no fixed address at present, or to Mn. H. J. MONRAGUE, somewhere about with some of his Company, or to Mn. John Hollingeness to become a trifle complicated.

"In future the Librarians beg to inform their featons that though ready to sell Tickets for any of the Theatre, they will not guarantee the performance of any particular piece, or of any pas

the performance of any particular piece, or of any particular Company."

This promises to become a trifle complicated.

The Vaudeville Company are still at the Vaudeville, playing Pride, out of which more is made than could have been expected, except by the very senguine, after the first night. There are some good, sharp telling Epigrams, not the effect of word-catching or word-play, but the genuine thing. There is in it much that is really admirable. It often happens that when the wife is charming and the husband odious, the latter is tolerated for the sake of the former. So with Pride. Epigrammatic Dialogue is wedded to muddle-headed, uninteresting Plot; so that ceasing to regard the latter, you can give your undivided attention to the former, and thence draw no small enjoyment.

ME. ALVERE THORPEON has done semething pretty for the Court Theatre called Calypso or the Art of Love. It is not exactly a little Opéra Bouffe, nor a little Burlesque, nor a little musical Farce, nor a classical Vaudeville, nor in fact anything in particular; it is an airy nothing put on the stage at 9.30., when late diners can stroll in and be sufficiently amused and pleasantly scothed.

Miss STLYIA HODOGO who, I think, is new to London, is very promising. Pretty, bright, and intelligent, she appears to advantage both in the three-act farce of Playing with Fire, and in the afterpiece above mentioned.

Mis. Alvert's Wig and Gown (in which Mis. Liowid Brough is capital, and Mis. Alvert Croft, as the Judge, capital also) was written for T——. As a nicee it is mestificatory; but Mis. T———.

Mr. Albert's Wig and Gown (in which Mr. Lionel Brough is capital, and Mr. Arthur Cecta, as the Judge, capital also) was written for T—E. As a piece it is massisfactory; but Mr. T—E has drawn good houses. The eminent Low Comedian (who, of course, would be annoyed if I mentioned his name, so I will only repeat T—E) is soon leaving us for America. Alss! poor England! Why can'the take us with him? No matter, Mr. J. L. T—E (no names mentioned because this distinguished Drollerian hates publicity: and not torture itself, would drag from him the secret of where he is acting at this moment), if he cannot take is with him, takes our very best wishes, and may he be happy in the United States, Farowell T—E!

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED PRENCH NOVILIST. FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST-ALL AT SEA. BOOK THE FOURTH-BELIBARIO.

I .- The Top of the Morning.

THE Old Man waited till GUILLAUME had disappeared, then he cocked his hat, so as to be ready for defence, and set out on his course. He took the direction of Hoosin while GUILLAUME went towards Hesout.

Before him were two dark triangles with his waist for their bases, and a button flapping against each heel for their apexes.

These triangles were his coat-tails.

Seen at a distance they appeared like the last letter but three of the alphabet. They told their own tale. Moreover they suited him down to the ground. A woman's voice said:

These triangles were his coat-tails.

Seen at a distance they appeared like the last letter but three of ealphabet. They told their own tale. Moreover they suited him own to the ground.

Before him was a post. The word post has always signified.

A woman's voice said:

"Come along, Townk."

Another woman's voice said:

"We must run. The children are tired. How are your poor test? Does it suit your daughter to eat some peaches? You must have some good soup. I have the good wine."

Next he east his eye on the top of an advertisement column. A line caught it. His eye being once fixed, he drew himself up. Then he sat down, and began to make observations. Stretching away around him were seven towns and ten villages:

Stretching away around him were seven towns and ten villages; the Old Man saw fourteen of one and twenty of the other. Then he nodded his head to himself. Only those who know them-selves can nod to themselves as acquaintances; seldom as friends. He seemed to murmur to himself with every nod. "Dat's me,

George."

Then he smiled. Then he closed his eyes, and for one hour he was tranquil. Even savage natures have their hours of melancholy; after meals. Voices awoke him; voices of children, also the martial sound of trumpets whose price had been one pouny, and drums which could not have cost one farthing less.

The words were so near he could catch them. He could not catch the children.

the children. A thick hedge was between him and them. He listened.

"No, you have not the good wine."
"Yes, I have the good wine, and the cheap wine."
"The children are industrious. The girls are as good (sage) as their brothers."
"I have brought some

"I have brought some

good cherries, some good strawberries, and some good peaches."
"Tell me, Townx, have

you some sugar?"
A child's voice—that of

a girl—answered.
"Towny is only at exercise two in OLLENDORF.

ercise two in Ollknoons. I am at twenty-six."

"Then you know—"

"That the Italian has the painter's cheese, the neighbour's hay, and a great deal of salt. The peasant has not any rice. He has a great deal of courage, and he has eight good trunks, and the captain's ten hammers."

The voices grew fainter

The voices grew fainter and fainter. Then they died away.

II .- Through Two Ears. THE Old Man remained motionless.

motionless.

He was thinking hardly. Hardly of several persons. What had not this child's voice said? "The peasant has not any rice"—"the Italian has the painter's cheese, and the neighbour's hay."

It fell upon the ears of one who could sympathise with the peasant, who detested the Italian, looking upon him as a vocal rival—a mere Singer's machine in creation.

rose, struck his banjo, and sat on a stile. He was taking

He rose, struck his banjo, and sat on a stile. He was taking two bars rest.

To him it seemed a strange time. He was not sleeping, he was not waking; he was not thinking, he was not meditating; he was not speaking, he was not singing, he was not silent; he was not walking, he was not riding; he was not stitting, he was not standing. Had there been no railing, he would have fallen over the clift. Was he on his head or his heels? Heels, he thought, for choice; but was uncertair. He drew forth the bottle once more, and held it between his eye and the light. It was empty. This caused him to smile. He shook his head reproachfully. Then he fell backwards over a stone. Two suns seemed to him to be shining in the heavens, and the moons were out for three months ahead. He saw the unlicensed shooting stars and shuddered. Suppose the fiat had gone forth—

gone forth—
"Rubbish may be shot here."
The Old Man felt an indescribable calm. There he lay: no one knew his name. He himself, had he been asked, could not have remembered it. Herein was his chance of safety. He was tranquil, he was happy. A little more and he would have fallen asleep. He had not a little more with him, so he remained awake.



"behind" before. Here, in this country of inversions, its meaning had been changed. This post stood out in the half-light like a Pyramid of Chops in the midst of the Dessert.

It was the last post out that night. And yet this post did not belong to the night, but to the morning. The Morning Post. The Old Man knew this. It was an obstacle in his path. An obstacle to be removed, and to be used.

He had his own way. The barnacles which he had saved from the boat he now placed across his shortened nose. Had this feature not been abridged, there would have been no rest for him. With his eyes thus guarded he performed a great feat. He took up the Post, and went right through it.

It was a gigantic effort, but he had a grand object in view. An inspired man pays no regard to the probabilities of danger. Who

It was a gigantic effort, but he had a grand object in view. An inspired man pays no regard to the probabilities of danger. Who dares, oscapes; who escapes, wins. Warily he ran his eye up and down the columns, recognising familiar names, signs, and words; then he approached the leaders; there were four of them; two powerful, one uncertain, and the last weak. The Old Man understood this, and went cautiously between the lines.

While thus engaged he picked up, here and there, some scraps of information which might be hereafter useful to him. The outer sheets he saved for night, when he might be without roof or couch. The padding he placed inside his waistcoat.

It was necessary for him to obtain a clear view of his situation. To do this, he must attain a certain altitude. The Old Man drew forth a bottle and drained it. This afforded him the necessary elevation.

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A TRUE FRIEND.

Humble Host. "I SUPPOSE YOU FIND SWELL SOCIETY VERY DELIBERFEL,

Hombie Host. "I Suppose you pind Swell Society Very Delivery of Sure to be well hung then."

Gorgeous Guest. "I believe yer, my Boy! Why, last Night at Dimme, sow, there was I with a Bardner's Lady on one Side, and a Dowager members of the controversy between cortain mon, there was I with a Bardner's Lady on one Side, and a Dowager members of the Hanging Committee and the landscape Viscountees on the other, and allyred sitting just opposite, and painters, it has been decided that, in future, Calculate everything rise to match the landscape sheet for the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

Sheriffs.

DIZZY-DOOMED.

"I am not myself in favour of small close-boroughs; and, as to those young gentlemen who wish to be introduced into public life, there are many ways in which they can be introduced, without being coddled an nursed in hot-houses of that kind."—

Description of Management of Description of the control of th

Ys are decessed, saug small beroughs,
The golden means of votes
Secured by soft concerns
Of crisp new fi'-pun notes,
And fiew of beer in amber seas,
And votes's pie-crust promises
From out hearse hustings-threats,
While votes's counter-promise given
In Ballot's night mosks light of Heaven.

You are deemed, susking statesmen, Fresh from your upper forms, With scorn of all that weights men, Who must trim sails to storms: None new shall coddle ye, dry-nurst To strength for oratoric burst, Or business's keen arms: Cut and dry of one cut must be. The Equal-District-doled M.P.

No more than his Due.

A MEETENG of Professors and lovers of the Arts, held to determine in what form the memory of Ower Jones can be most fittingly honoured, has just decided, first, on a messic portrait of him, to be offered to the nation, secondly, on a public exhibition of his works.

Mr. ALTERED MORRISON, SIR M. D. WYATT, MR. H. CORE, MR. WARREN DE LA RUE, and MR. PETER GRAHAM, are the Executive Committee. They may take for their motto, "Honos Honore digno;" or, in English, "Owed to Owen."

"Sure to be well hung then."

Suddenly he started to his feet.
He had become aware that his little toe of the right foot was shooting: shooting violently. He could not hear it ahoot, but he felt it. It had been trained to give the alarm in this fishion on the approach of a change of weather. It shot noiselessly, yet with this one aim: namely, to forewarn its master.

From the height where he was standing his gaze was riveted by an unusual and portentous sight.

His attention had been suddenly awakened.
He looked to the left, to the right.
Objects in the valley below appeared and disappeared: at one time shapes, at another shapeless.
Sometimes what had appeared to be sticks in the hands of men became, as if by magic, mushrooms; then swiftly they changed once more, now being apparently ragged brooms soaring frantically aloft, then descending, and lost to view. Sometimes the men,—if men they were,—who carried these awall weapons, were now covered, now uncovered, alternately black and white. Then they ran, as if pursuing some living object, then they fell, sose, and the object was recovered.

What did it mean? It means that the wind was blacking head.

What did it mean? It meant that the wind was blowing hard from the sea. That there was a hurricane ashore.

What had he seen? Doubtless a convulsion of hats and umbrellas. The wind was blowing, blowing madly.

The Old Man looked and listened. He did not hear the wind—he

aw it.

In Brittany the peasants have a saying, "Ce n'est que les cochons qui coient le cent." It is only pigs that see the wind."

The Old Man was pig-headed. It was a strange sensation this, seeing the wind and being pig-headed.

Against whom was the rage of the wind directed? Somebody was being blown upon.

(To be continued.)

SOOT AND SACRED EDIFICE.

SOOT AND SACRED EDIFICE.

Sour enterprising Manchester Churchmen have united in a project for building a Cathedral worthy of that great City and control of industry and commerce. They are remained by the Times that Manchester and Salford burn annually some 3,000,000 tons of coal, and discharge about 1000 tons of sulphurous acid into the stmosphere; also that Manchester is an extremely rainy piaco-circumstances which should be considered in the choice of building material subject to them. Suppose, accordingly, that the new Manchester Cathedral shall be built of anthracits. Is not that a substance which could never become the worse for soot, and would utterly defy sulphuric acid? There is novelty in the idea of a black Minster; but how much better and more suitable to the Metropolis of Calico a Cathedral would be were it constructed of white marble, as no doubt it might be if Manchester, whose munificence is equal to any expenditure, could only contrive to consume all its own smoke.

Ignorance is Not Bliss.

Our last Nine Days' Wonder, the Czaz, in his spare moments (if he has any) will probably make some inquiry into our Institutions. What will he think of the progress and civilisation of England, when he finds that in the British Army there are 12,000 Soldiers who can neither read nor write! Certainly these do not compose the "Intelligence Department" of the Army.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

It is whispered that the big Browers are going to brew XXXX, the extra X being in honour of the new Home Secretary.



OVERSTOCKED.

Cabby (to inquiring Fore, school Prictal is making a call). "On, Business is werey Bad, Sir. 'Fact is, there a'ready; and they keeps on a Licensing of us as if we was so many Gin-Palaces!" 'FACT IS, THERE'S TOO MANY CABS

COURT AND MEDICAL.

(From the Court Circular of the Future.)

HER MAJESTY held a Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday last.

The recently formed Body Guard of the Surgeons of the Guard was on duty, under the command of SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON, the

Captain.

With the exception of His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, who carried a hamper of provisions and a small hand camp-stool, and was accompanied by his Medical Adviser, the whole of the Diplomatic Circle, owing to the various injuries they sustained in their encounter at the previous Drawing-room, were unavoidably absent.

The Gracual Circle was attended, as usual, by the Physicians in

The General Circle was attended, as usual, by the Physicians in Ordinary, the Physicians Extraordinary, the Serjeant Surgeons, and the Apothecaries in Ordinary to HEE MAJESTY and the Household. The Honourable Corps of Gentlemen of the Ambulance were in attendance, with their bandages, in the State Salcons.

The Presentations to HER MAJESTY (about 5,000 in number) were made with a rush, in the ordinary manner. The struggle, we need hardly remark, was terrific, but owing to its unusually severe nature, it has been impossible as yet to ascertain the names of those

engaged.

The list is, however, supposed to have comprised most of the survivors of the earlier State ceremonials of the season; and, with a view to allaying the apprehensions of anxious relatives and friends, an official statement of the casualties will be published in next Saturday's Gasette.

Capricorn in the Ascendant.

JACK CRABTREE says that since the 29rd came home from Coomassie, and got that new goat from HER Majesty at the Windsor Review, they have become so he-goat-istical, there is no standing them.

INTERVIEWED.

Schwe-A Sea Port. Friend of Humanity (Mr. P *** h) meeting Scafaring Person.

Friend of Humanity (log.)-STRANGER, why so deeply blushing?
Why your hat your temples crushing?
Why strange oaths so freely gushing?
Why inclined to so much lushing?
Why your way so madly pushing?
And from haunts of seamen rushing,
Through wet streets insanely slushing,
Fretting, fuming, "tish"-ing, "tush"-ing?

Scafaring Person. 'Cos it 's me as run the Russian Emperor aground at Flushing!

They weep together.

A REPLECTION THE MORNING AFTER THE "TWO THOUSAND.

Who bets, loses; Who loses, pays; Who pays, muses; Who muses, stays.

A SPLIT ON THE BENCH.

WE are sorry to hear of a serious difference between the Bishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Petersonoush. The one sets his face against the Purchase of Livings, the other against the Living of Purchases.

"WHAF'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?"-JOHN BROWN'S Opinion of the CAAN'S Pilot-"Gude for (K)nout."



AN INNOCENT HINT.

Auntie, " WHAT IN NELLIE'S NOSE FOR !" Nellie (doubtfully). "To SMELL WITH." Nellie (contiously.) "To Eat with."
Nellie (confidently). "Ean-Rings?" Auntie. " AND WHAT IS NELLIE'S MOUTH FOR !" Auntie. " AND WHAT ARE NELLIE'S EARS FOR ?"

CONSERVATIVE RESTRICTION.

CHERR up, GLADSTONE. Of course you are aware that, as the Post announces:

"The new refreshment and dining-hall at the Zoological Gardens are future to be deed on Sunday afternoons from three to six o'clock, in conformity with the provisions of the Licensing Act of 1872. A representation has been made to the Home Office with the view of obtaining an exemption on the ground that the gardens are private property, but Ma. Suchmann Caoss does not think they can be placed in the same category with the Wort-End Clubs."

And so he places them in the same category with the Public-houses. Perhaps he thinks by this identification of sauce for goose and for gander to make the Publicans some little amends for the seant relaxation of the Licensing Act, which he will leave them to obtain if they can from the House of Commons. He might have at least equally compensated them by putting the Public-houses in his Licensing Act Amendment Bill on the same footing, as to hours on Sunday, with the Refreshment Rooms at the Zoological Gardens. Rejoice, WILLIAM, that he has done the other thing, and, whilst mocking Bung with an empty ostent of even justice, has offended all who value personal freedom by an encrosohment in the shape of additional Sabbatarian restriction. He will fail to gratify the Publicans, whilst he annoys the Public. People do not go to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday to get drunk. Debarring them from refreshment there is Sabbatarianism pure and simple. Who have bond fale travellers, if they are not? The Conservative Government appears to meditate a mighty pleasant Sunday for excursionists. If they go on in this way, Conservative restriction will soon create Liberal reaction; and then Mr. Punch will in a short time have the pleasure of representing you, WILLIAM, in his Cartoon again at the head of affairs.

BATHER HARD.

PATERFANTIJAS (who believes in the employment of Women) writes to ask why young comen should be kept out of the Pulpit while there are so many old ones let in?

NEW TRANSLATION. - Rus(s) in Urbe-The Chan in the City.

THE CHARGE OF THE COURT BRIGADE

Half a yard—half a yard—Half a yard onward.
Through the first crush-room Pressed the Four Hundred.
Forward—the Fair Brigado!
On to the Throno, they said:
On to the Presence Room
Crushed the Four Hundred.

Forward, the Fair Brigade Was there a girl dismayed? E'en though the chaperons knew Some one had blundered, Theirs not to make complaint,
Theirs not to sink or faint,
Theirs—but words cannot paint
Half the discomiture Of the Four Hundred.

Crowds on the right of them, Crowds on the left of them, Crowds all in front of them, Stumbled and blundered: On through the courtier-lined On through the courtier-lined Rooms—most tremendous grind-Into the Presence-Room, Leaving their friends behind, Passed the Four Hundred.

Flushed all their faces fair,
Flashed all their jewels rare,
Scratched all their shoulders bare,
Thrusting each other—while
Outsiders wondered:
Into the Presence-Room,
Taking their turn, they come,—
Some looking very glum
O'er trains sore-sundered:—
Kiss hand, and outwards back,
Fagged, the Four Hundred!

Crowds to the right of them, Crowds on the left of them, Crowds all in front of them, Stumbled and blundered— Back through more courtier-lined Rooms-O, tremendous grind!--Débutantes thirsty pined No sofas horsehair-lined, Not a chair or settee, Poor dear Four Hundred!

VI. Mothers to rage gave vent, Husbands for broughams sent, While at mismanagement Both sorely wondered. Not till the sun had set, Not till the lamps were lit, Home from the Drawing Room Got the Four Hundred.

Some, I heard, in despair
Of getting stool or chair,
Took to the floor, and there
Sat down and wondered.
Now, my Lord Chamberlain,
Take my advice. Again,
When there's a Drawing-roos
Shut doors, and don't let in
More than Two Hundred.

A BAD PRE-EMINENCE.—What is there beats a good Wife? A bad Husband.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



perate move, an Monday May 18, in his Bill to do away with Patrenage in the Scotch Church, give one year's stipend to patrons who care to take it, and vest the right of electing their "meenister" in male communicants. But, though he may not be robbing Scotch patrons of much in money, he is publing our "brither Scots" of their biggest Church grievance. Patronage is the only ground of difference between the Establishment and Relief, Secession, Free-Kirk, and the Lord High Commissioner knows how many Scottish seets besides. The Duke is bound to find a compensating srievance for the one he takes away. The right of electing a meenister will do something, if only the Duke will extend it to every male in the parochial pale. Scotland will then be safe to have that pale boiling over, as it ought, with the "perfervidum ingenium Scotorum" and "odium theologicum" both alight under it, and life in a Scotch parish may still be worth living. Lord Dalhousis promised something like such a blaze, and we may live in hope that the Duke is not going to kill Kirk quarrels northo' Tweed, or even scotch them, as he seems to fear he may. Let him take comfort, remembering the old couple who, having gradually exhausted the whole cycle of seets, were sublimated, at last, into a "twa-handed Kirk" of their own: as to which, however, the gude wife, being questioned, admitted she "didna feel just that sure o' JOHN."

In the Commons, Caloner, Egenton Leich moved to let the cat loose on the Wife-beating

In the Commons, Colonel Equation Leigh moved to let the cat loose on the Wife-beating Ruffians who not only dissemble their love for their better halves, but kick them down-stairs, black their eyes, and "purr" and dance upon them in big boots—kill them, in fact, sometimes by inches, sometimes by ells. There seems too natural an association between "purring"—a north-country cadearment, otherwise known as "putting the boots into her"—and the cat, to keep them longer separate. That Punch has never taken the stick to Judy it may be too much to assert in face of the show. But when he does, it is in a strictly Parliamentary sense, out of pure playfulness and before the public. At home he "loves, honours, and obeys," and does not punch, Mrs. P. And he would go all lengths, even to the ninth tail of the oat, with Colonel Leight, in punishing, brute fashion, the brutes who do. They can't be degraded, and they can be restrained, by fear of the bodily pain they are too cowardly to endure, though not too cowardly to inflict.

Mr. DISBARLI, for once, was not up to the occasion—but, like Mr. Tennesse's Lord.

Mr. Disnaell, for once, was not up to the oceasion—but, like Mr. Tennesan's Lord. Chamberlain in the Day Dream,

"Dallied with his golden chain, And smiling put the question

CAMBBURSE DEL

Now the question is not one to be put by smilingly.

Punch has told, through his Cartoon, how he fears the Purrer will read the PRIMIER on wife-beating.

Wife-beating.

For the rest of the night the House was on Ships, and who says "on ships" says "at sea," and "at loggerheads."

SIR E. WATKIN pitched into MR. REED, under cover of the Captain; and MR. REED countered heavily on SIR E. WATKIN, and told him (politely, of course,—"arundine dulci,") he knew nothing of what he was talking about.

Then ADMIRAL ELLIOT steered gallantly into the mélée—Punch can only say of these naval heroes of our Parliamentary free-fights on ships and shipping as Nelson said of COLLINGWOOD, "Look how the gallant old fellows take their ships into action!"—and MR. BENTINCK rammed everything that flew the Admiralty flag,—past, present, and to come,—and, of course, MR. GOSCHEN and MR. CHILDERS exchanged broadsides with MR. WARD-HUKT, and "All went merry as a marriage-bell," as it is sure to do when ships are of the order of the day.

MR. CHILDERS tried to get a rise out of the CHANCELLOE OF THE EXCHIGURE, d propos of the Supplementary Estimate for the Navy, and revenue prospects, but Sir Stafford is not uneasy about his prospects, and Mr. CHILDERS took nothing by his Motion.

Motion.

Tuesday.—LORD REDESDALE was quite pathetic in his prayers to the Lords, to keep the old name for the Court of Final Appeal. It is true it was not the House of Lords that decided, but the Law-Lords, and the Court of Last Appeal will be the Law-Lords still: but it won't be called the House of Lords, and "what's not in a name." to my Lond Redesdale?

LORD SALISBUAY smoothed down the feathers of some respectable Indian officials which he had inadvertently ruffled by his admission that there had been blundering in transport arrangements at the beginning of the Famine. Pusch is quite ready to believe everybody has done, and is doing, his best, and mistakes or miscalculations should not be too sharply scanned in such an emergency.

should not be too sharply seamed in such an emergency.

Mr. P. Taylor moved the opening of Museums, Libraries, and similar institutions on Sundays. In Allas, his brother Member for Leicester, moved that they should not be opened. The gro and cos. of Leicester, on this question, would probably be echoed all over England.

Punch is all for everything that makes against the Public-house, now the sole industry and their families. The question with him, as with most, is whether innocent Sunday play is likely to draw on mischievous Sunday work. On this point the working, seem as yet hopelessly divided. Till they are of one mind, whatever Mr. Punch may think or wish personally, publicly he must think or wish personally, publicly he must give his vote in favour of things remaining as they are.

give his vote in favour of things remaining as they are.

Wednesday was given to Sir Robert Anstruther and Sir John Barleycorn. Sir Robert Anstruther and Sir John under restraint—limiting licences to one to 700 of the population, and prohibiting grocers from selling less than a quart of whiskey. But, besides this, he had clauses for introducing the Gothenburg system into any Scotch town that liked to try it. This would make Town Councils the licensers and virtual landlords of the public-houses.

But this was thought too strong, and Mr. Cross only consented to Second Reading "if all the Gothenburg clauses were struck out." So Sir Robert is to be allowed partially to muzzle Sir John Barleycorn, but not to turn the Provost and Bailies of Kennaquhair into Licensed Wittlers.

A curious question was raised during the Debate. Is Scotland the "druckenest" or the soberest quarter of the United Kingdom? Figures were quoted to prove both conclusions. "After facts," said the wise man, "nothing is so fallacious as figures."

Mr. P. J. Sayth made another of the pre-concerted Irish Motions of the Session, to repeal the Thirtieth of George the Comments, as "an Act for prohibiting assemblies claiming or exercising authority to represent the nation"—such an assembly, in fact, as the Home Rulers would be glad to get together on College Green.

Me. Butt asid the Bill was an answer to the Times' challenge to Irish Members for practical measures to redress Irish griev-

of

à T

le

ances. "No man in Ireland," said Mn. Butt, "was mad enough to think of setting up a body to usurp the functions of Parliament." [Bedad, Councillor darlint, but isn't that just what you and your backers have been all this while telling the boys is the thing to set Ould Ireland on her legs again entirely? No, no, av coorse, you're not mad enough to believe it yourself, but sure, the boys like to hear it, and why wouldn't you be afther plasin' 'em, the crathers! The worst thing that could happen to Mr. BUTT—if he wishes, as every Butt must, still to stand on a bottom of his own—would be to give Mn. Satth his Bill, and let him have a Parliament of Rome-Rulers to face on College Green. Sorra the stave would be left in Councillo Butt afther the first shindy!] The Bill was defeated by 216 to 94. [Another slap in the face for Ould Ireland; and another text for blarney and blather unskite secured by the Councillor.]

text for blarney and blatherumakite secured by the Councillor.]

Thereday.—Both Lords and Commons, we regard to say, were highly personal. Their Lordships personal explanations related to highly personal. Their Lordships personal explanations related to SIR HEMRY ORD, late Governor of the Straits' Settlements, attacked by Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY for various high-handed doings, such as seizing municipal bricks and mortar, meant for drains and waterworks, to build his own official house, and threatening to abolish the municipality when they complained, taking presents from native Rajshs, &c. It turned out, first, that the presents were trifling, and then, that the Governor was come home; let by-gones be bye-gones is a safe rule. Viscount Monox gave an elaborate account—bristling with big figures—of what the Irish Church Temporalities' Commission has done to wind up the accounts of that large establishment. In seventeen years, it seems, there will be some five millions to the fore; meantime, the Commission is in debt between eight and nine

fore: meantime, the Commission is in debt between eight and nim millions to the National Debt Commissioners.

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The Commons' personality was more serious than the Lords'.

Mr. Anderson brought forward a very disagreeable squabble between the War Office (under the late Government) and Lord Sandhurst, who accepted the post of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, after fifteen years of distinguished Indian service, and whom the War Office called upon to refund between £800 and £900 for pay and allowances received by him while off duty from sickness.

Mr. Punch cannot agree with Mr. Hosman that the compelling Lord Sandhurst orefund this money was "about the shabbiest, the dirtiest act ever committed by any public department." There was hardly a department of the late Administration, in which acts just as shabby and with less justification from the letter of the law, were not committed. In this case the War Office had the letter of the Royal Warrant, at least, on its side.

Mr. Anderson having moved that Lord Sandhurst's conduct involved dereliction of duty deserving of stronger censure than the return of the money received for pay during his absences without leave—Lord Sandhurst conceiving and contending that he was by his position entitled to claim such pay and allowances,—the House, after hearing Mr. Hardy, Mr. Horsman, and Mr. Camprellandannerman, very properly refused to permit the Motion to be withdrawn, and negatived it without a division.

The question whether Lord Sandhurst or the War Office is right in its reading of the Royal Warrant should be settled beyond dispute, and no doubt will be, after this disagreeable éclair cissement.

Firiday.—Education has so lately become a matter of Government that our walver events and conceived its matters of matter of the conceived that our walver events with conceived its matters.

Friday.-Education has so lately become a matter of Government concern that our rulers cannot yet conceive its wanting a whole head to look after it. For the present they hold two half heads better than one whole one, and prefer to leave the three R's in charge of the President and Vice-President of the Committee of Council. of the President and Vice-President of the Committee of Council. The DUKE OF RICHMOND is an active and able official, and deem't reliab the prospect of being reduced to a first-class veterinary surgeon. So the "no practical inconvenience" argument, so dear to John Bull in his fits of least change, prevailed; and Lond Hampton's Motion for a Minister was negatived without a division. His Lordship has only stirred the strew. It remains for Dn. Play-Pain and the House of Commons to shake it up thoroughly, and then we may find a Head of Education (Britain's Caput Tow) at the bottom, for all Friday night's talk.

In the Commons Mn. Hope ("non tam Marte quam Mercario") pleaded hard with the House to rescind last year's decision to make Oxford a Military centre.

Disaded hard with the House to rescind last year's decision to make Oxford a Military centre.

The priest of Isis (Mr. Mownkar) supported "Camus, Reverend Sire" (Mr. Hoff).

Mr. Hoff).

Mr. Hoff).

Mr. Hoff).

Mr. Hoff, rather awkwardly deleval on his double dignities of Member for Oxford University, and Minister of War, which don't quite keep step in this matter, protested against disturbing accomplished facts. Town was against Gown as usual; Mr. Hage (maiden speech decidedly promising—much cheered) and Sir W. Harcourt (poking very good fan at the notion of a hundred such red coats lowering the tone of a town of 40,000 Dons, Undergraduates, College tradesmen and College servants), were more than a match for Hoff and Mowrax, and the Motion was negatived by 170 to 77. The House adjourned for the Whitsuntide recess.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT IN THE CITY.



ould there be a more callent and graceful compligraceful compli-MAYOR paid Monday, when the CEAR lunched of Guildhall, and Lordship propose Royal Family 8

of the Parsons of Walm and the Duckess of Boss-nuagh he could not say more than that and light personified

Which nobody can deny. Said not the Civic Monarch well, Mr. MATTERW ARNOLD? Who but a Philistine as big as GOLIATH can be capable of saking which of the two

which of the two Mayor meant to say that each of them was Sweetness and Light personified in her own person. So the Princess of Wales is Sweetness, and the Duchess of Edimburgh is Light; and the Princess of Wales is Light, and the Duchess of Edimburgh is Light; and the Princess of Wales is Light, and the Duchess of Edimburgh is Sweetness, and each, by heracit, is Sweetness and Light and Light and Sweetness; therefore, they twain are Sweetness and Light jointly and severally, separately and both together. It is as though, to compare fair dames with "darkies," Caraar and Pomper were not only "berry much" but exactly, in every particular, like one another, with no excess of similitude attributable either to Pomper or to Caraar.

The foregoing comparison is, perhaps, an undue concession to the incredulity of the freethinker, who may have the presumptuous audacity to question a declaration made ex cathedra (though on his legs) by the Lond Mayor. In relation with Sweetness and Light, let the Lond Mayor be considered to represent Culture.

THE LOGIC OF ICONOCLASM.

AT the dinner subsequent to a Visitation, held on Monday last at Barnstaple, by the Archdeacon of that ilk, he, ARCHDEACON WOOLCOMBE, who is one of the Exter Cathedral body, received from the assembled Clergy an expression of sympathy "in the trying circumstances of the Reredos case at Exeter Cathedral." In his reply, the Archdeacon remarked on the obvious difference between illegal images and lawful sculpture, apparently confounded in the judgment of Mr. Justice Kratine. Query:—If that judgment is confirmed by the Supreme Court, will it not be necessary to remove all monumental effigies from all the Churches, and, therefore, to take down and cart away every one of the statues in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey? In that case there would be no making any distinction between works of Art, which deserve to remain where they are, and those which everybody would like to see transferred, as soon as possible, to more suitable positions in the New Road.

AWY SENSIBLE PARENT TO ANY TERRIBLE CHILD.

Terrible Child. What is matter? Sensible Parent. Never mind. Terrible Child. What is mind? Sensible Parent. No matter.

HEAVEN FORBID!

THE British Medical Journal says the Tichborne Claimant is employed in his prison as a Tailor. Let us hope he is not engaged on a New Suit.

A CHAIR OF GASTRONOMY.

It is whispered that, in the new National School for Cookery, a munificent Nobleman intends to found a (Da.) KITCHEMER Professorship.



DISILLUSION;

OR, THE SKETCHING SEASON.

Artist (cleaning his Paletts). "Uncomments obliging Person—your Master, the Farmer! I asked his Permission, and he said I might Paint my Picture in the Middle of his Field, and stop as long as ever I liked! Most courtsous, I must say. Quite as if I was doing him a Favour, instead——"

Suffolk Carter. "Wh'come o' course, so t' do. Wh' traou kip the Crows off, Bo' !!"

[Exit on the broad grin.

"WOMAN'S WRONGS."

THERE'S preaching from platforms and fighting of fights By our sisters who shrick for "Woman's Rights," But of Punch's sympathy more belongs To his sisters who suffer from "Woman's Wrongs."

Her wrongs who must daily and nightly cower, In the sway of a brute with a tyrant's power, Who in sickening fear of her life must go From the killing kick and the blinding blow.

Who, with all her sex's burdens, must weep 'Neath the weight of all man's strength can heap On backs that their load at his will must take, And hearts that, if they can't bear, may break.

Knot well the nine tails, strand on strand, For the brute on a woman that lifts his hand; And sharpen the claws of the eat to tear His back with the pain he has made her bear.

And more power to COLONEL EGERTON LEIGH, And more speed to the day Punch hopes to see, When, woman's wrongs done away to begin, Her "rights" are all that is left to win.

MONTEBELLO AND METTERNICH.

"THE pen is mightier than the sword." In vain With flery Duke punctilious Prince is matched, And seconds meet to muddle what is plain,—
The paper is the only thing that's scratched.

PUBLIC-OFFICE ILLUMINATIONS FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Admiralty.—Grand transparency of "The British Fleet" upon paper, from a drawing by Ms. WARD HUNT. Motto.—"Estimates for Repairs."

for Repairs."

Board of Trade.—Allegorical design of Plinsoll in fetters.

Motto.—"Vivant Wrecks!"

War Office.—Dissolving view of the New Recruiting System.

Motto.—"Children in Arms Admitted."

Home Office.—Allegorical design of the Publican Atlas supporting the Conservative World. Motto.—"Cervisia cervice," with English translation, "Beer-Borne."

Colonial Office.—Coloured map of the Gold Coast, showing the White-man's forts and the White-man's graves. Motto.—"The best of a Bad Bargain."

Foreign Office.—Allegorical design of the British Lion putting up his claws to be cut. Motto.—"Anything for a quiet life."

Punch Office.—Historical Cartoon. Mr. Punch accepting the Diotatorship of the British Empire. Motto.—"What it must come to."

Mad Dog, or Man?

"A Hospital Surgeon," writing on "Mad Dogs" to the Times, mentions "a Mr. White, of Brighton, who, many years ago, disbelieving the contagion of hydrophobia, inoculated himself with the saliva of a rabid dog, and escaped with impunity from the probable results of so rash an experiment." Perhaps hydrophobia is incommunicable to the asinine subject. Or it may be that canine madness is incompatible with human insanity. Or, in a case of self-inoculation with the saliva of a supposed mad dog, the dog may not really be mad, though the man is.



WOMAN'S WRONGS."

BRUTAL HUSBAND. "AH! YOU'D BETTER GO SNIVELLIN' TO THE 'OUSE O' COMMONS, YOU HAD! MUCH THEY 'RE LIKELY TO DO FOR YER! YAH! READ THAT!"

"Mr. Disharlt.—There can be but one feeling in the House on the subject of these dastardly attacks—not upon the weaker but the fairer sex."

I am sure the House shares the indignation of my hon. friend hot lose sight of the question, I must sak him not to press his Alesgab.) I am sure the House shares the indignation of my hon. friend hot of the question of the present occasion."—Parliamentary Report, Monday, the will, I hope, consider he has secured the object he had in view by raising, May 18.



"WOMAN'S WRONGS."-

HADE THE DAY OF THE TO BE THE TABLE OF THE PARTY OF THE P

AUT SEE-CZAR AUT NULLUS:

Or, " Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds."



And yet I was oft where the Care past by, In what should have been reach of my glass and my eye, But whether it was that he was shy, Or, perhaps—as an English May does try Even strong constitutions seriously, Felt a touch of neuralgia in the eye, It seemed as if always, when he passed by, His head was held low, and his hat held high; So that all I could see—and how I did try!—Was a hush of white plumes against the sky: And when every one asked me, eagerly, "Did you see the Care?" I could not say "aye," But was forced to say "no," decidedly. I could not say I saw him—how could I?—Who saw but the plumes in his schake fly. Till, after a week of excitement high, East wind, indigestion, and misery, All the wool I got for a great deal of cry,

Was a hat not a head, and a plume not an eye,
Nor an ear, nor a nose, nor a mouth, nor a smiling face, nor a sad one, to awar thereby.
That the CZAR was a CZAR, not a hat plumed high,
With a bush of cook's feathers set artfully,
For the crowd to cheer as it whirled by,
With Princess and Duchess sitting nigh,
To lend the charm which can never die,
From the gracious smile and the gentle eye!

So, after all, I was forced to go,
For the little that of the Czar's looks I know,
To the Graphic and Illustrated, also,
And the photograph shops, where, row upon raw,
The head of the Czar in all sizes they show;
Where I feel, as his photographs calmly I soan,
That the Czar 's an exceedingly good-looking man;
And no doubt 'tis because he 's a Russian ruler
We were cool to him, and he to us cooler.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST-ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE POURTH-BILIDARIO.

III .- The Use of Capitals.

THE Old Man muttered to himself this consolation :- "No one

knows of my arrival. No one knows my name." With this assurance the Old Man comforted himself. Such an

With this assurance the Old Man comforted himself. Such an assurance was part of his policy.

For the last few minutes he had heard a noise, like a rustle, behind him. What was it? A human being or a leaf? The Old Man had heard of Eart Rustle, having known him as John Rustle. Therefore, he turned prepared to face a hero with a bad cold. All he saw was a placard or large bill, recently pasted up by some one who had run away. Was it headed "No Popery!" with a postmark of Durham on

it? At first he could not see. One thing alone was certain, namely, that he had not heard a John RUSTLE but a Bill rustle.

Fortunately, there was enough left of last year's June twilight for him to de-cipher the large print

on the placard.
It was headed:-

"AVIS IMPORTANT!"

"Rara avis in ter ris," muttered the Old Man to himself. Then he continued reading :-

"ENORMOUS ATTRAC-TION! ONE WEEK

WE, Manager and Director of the Grand

the Great Original Negro Delineator and Ethiopian Songster, who will give his entertainment on the Boxes and Baxso, two instru-

NEVER BEFORE HEARD IN FRANCE! Prices of admission same as usual. No Extra Charge. . AVIS PLUS IMPORTANT QUE JAMAIS.

It having come to our ears that an English Circus Company has arrived, professing to give the same Entertainment as above specified, we pronounce the assertion to be utterly devoid of truth, and beg our Patrons to be on their raural against lending their countenance to so Unhorsemannine A Falsehood. No Connection with any OTHER CIRCUS.

Also we must beg to warn the Public against any spurious imitator of Massa Marker, as a Person, calling himself James, Marker Do Crow, has, we are informed, recently landed, accompanied by a Banjo and Bones, which latter are secreted about his person, with the intention of joining the opposition Circus aforesaid. Under these circumstances, and with full consent of and legally empowered by Messicure Les Présidents and Maires abovementioned, we, the Director and Manager of the Circus Republicain, one and indescribable, do hereby offer the sum of able, do hereby offer the sum of

100 Francs Reward,

real money (not a theatrical property in a purse), to anyone arresting and bringing to justice the Dark Impostor hereinbefore named. (Signed) PAUL PRIEUR, Du Cirque Impérial."

The Old Man slouched his hat over his eyes, and drew his cloak up over his mouth. Thus only the tip of his nose could be seen. It was, I have said, a nez retroussé. Had it been the straight tip, he would have been lost. As it was, he descended unperceived. In the valley he stopped behind a boot-tree, took off his hat, turned his wig, so as to bring the smooth side out and the hairy side in, reversed his reversible coat, put on clean collars and ouffs, and resumed his way.

The blue moon had

risen. Upon Upon a sort of hoarding before him he could distinguish a white square, which was probably a notice like that he had just read.

As he went towards it he murmured to himself, "They do their advertising un-commonly well. But

their advertising un-commonly well. But they've forgotten one thing. Pictures." He stopped, medi-tating, with one finger placed at an acute angle to his nose.

goin' to, my pretty maid?" said a voice. He turned pale. This was beneath his

colour, and could not be seen. Then he turned round. A man was standing in

maid?"
"In the first place, where are we now?" returned the Old Man, with an almost haughty composure.

The Beggar only replied with another question—
"Who's dar?"
"Who's dar?"

"The other replied, as if to a pass-word, "Ole Jon."
"What! de Jon."
"Yes, de Jon."

then these Old Men, one almost the exact counterpart of the other, threw their arms and legs up in the air, and sang out simultaneously—"Ole Joz kickin' up ahind and afore, an' a yellar gal a kickin' up ahind Ole Joz." Then their blended voices ceased together, and they regarded each other curiously.





SIGHTS FOR SUNDAYS.

Pictures on Sunday we may view At Hampton Court; museums, two, Stand open in thy Gardens, Kew.

The River, and the Iron Way, Much people to those haunts convoy, When sunbeams upon Sundays play.

There works of Nature and of Art Instruction to the mind impart. Who says that they corrupt the heart?

Canst thou deny that they incline To gentle thoughts, exalt, refine, O Puritan, or Scotch Divine?

What expetion can to place belong, That here 'tis right, while there 'tis wrong To admit the Sunday gazere' throng?

Where runs the line that's drawn by you 'Twixt what I may and may not do,— Between South Kensington and Kow?

Hloomsbury is, it would appear, Within the Sabbatarian sphere; That Sydenham 's out, do you feel clear?

In your own way your Sabbath keep; Out of church, if not in it, sleep; O'er the sad ways of others weep.

that o'er us whilst you say and grean, Please leave our liberties alone, You mind your souls; we'll mind our own.

Thereby Hangs a Tale.

Punicase of England, take warning, and beware?
A terrible inte seems to be threatening your Scottish brethree. In the debate on the Spirituous Liquors (Scotland) Bill, one of the speakers suggested the adoption of the Suspensory Clauses, and Government adopted the suggestion. Is not this rather too severe? Friends as we are to temperance and sobriety, we cannot think that irregularities in the retailing of whiskey, or any other offeness against the Licensing Acts, ought to be treated as hanging matters.

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d, 7 a, It was a strong meeting.
"Where are we have?" repeated the Old Man, with almost haughty compounts.
"You are on the spot. It is your player. In hand. You are monarch of all you arrow."

If he was a strong meeting.

The company of th

I have quessed you."
Therefore. I cannot give you up."
Good. Lat are you doing these?"
Beating about the Bush."

"Why not?"
"Because I like life in the buch."
"A good deal."
"If you like life." A good deal if you like life in the bush, you do not daink good wine."
True: if I did, I should need no bush."
That is so. Good day. I shall go on to the village."

"That is co."
Don't."

"Don't."
"Why not?"
"Because there's a fair there."
"Well, a fair cannot be kept dark."
"No. The village is called Tristeese; or, in the Breton language,
Dumps."
"I know. Weil?"
"The Blues are there."
"I will drive them away."

"You cannot."
"Why?"
"Others are the "Others are there before you. But it is a dull affair. The Great Maximus has not arrived, and the jokes of the English Clown are not understood."
"What shall I do?"

The man seized his arm. "Come with me!" (To be continued.)

OFF AND AWAY!

Warn the Czar dined with the Durk of Campaider, Ris Impedial Majesty, according to the Court Circular, was attended at Chouseter House by some Bussian noblemen and military officers, mainding three, whose mames, ending in "off," present to the British mind a combination of remarkable "off," to wit, Court Schouvalers, Grannal Skolkoff, and Grannal Parcer. It may not be superfluous to assure some puncters, subject to fearful preclivities, that Court Schouvalors is no scavenger, and that Grannal Scolkoff and Popors are gallant gentlemen, who, with sufficient troops at their command, may be trusted to hold their ground in the face of any enemy, and neither to skulk, nor skedaddle, nor by any undignified mode of retreat, or with undue precipitation, pop off the field.

A Chance for the Public.

One of the carriages on a tram which was conveying the Forty-Second from Aldershot to Portsmouth the other day, broke an axle, when six carriages ran off the line, to the serious damage of several of the Regiment. Smashing a Black Watch ought to be almost as effectual in quickening Railway Regulation as damaging a Director.



IN THE NAME OF PUNCH'S PROPHET.



REASONS, WHY I GO TO THE DERBY.

Because the Prince of Wales invariably goes, and as a loyal subject I, of course, feel bound to follow him.

Because my wife has never gone yet, and really, for her sake, I am compelled to sacrines myself, and make up a snug little party

am compelled to sacrifice myself, and make up a suns fittle party for her assort.

Because all the men I know are certain to be there, and I should hate to be in town with not a soul to speak to.

Because I have been sadly overwarked of late, and I fancy that a day's fresh air is just the very thing to set me on my legs again.

Because I was prevented from going there last year, and I promised myself then that this year nothing should present me.

Because I rather think I am a good judge of a horse, and can make a pot of money when I see them in the paddook.

Because I intend some day to write a fashionable novel, and Epsom is precisely the place to study character.

Because I hope to meet the betting man, of whom I was so lacky as to win ten pounds last year, and who then vanished without paying ms.

Because a friend of mine has told me that a quain of his has met a man who said his sister had been asked to christen one of the "cracks," and, having drawn it in a sweep, I feel naturally interested in viewing its performance.

Because for the last ten years I have regularly gone to both the Derby and the Oaks, and regularity of conduct is a strong point in my character.

Because I rather fancy that Clara will be there, and I may chance

perhaps to meet her.

Because my Lond Tonnonou has very kindly offered me a seat upon his dray, and his champagne is so capital that really I have not the courage to refuse him.

Chaff out of Session.

SAYS BILLY to Ban-" Competition for place We see from the Daphy's a different race. The horse with most backers does not always win." "But here," But replies, "is the Favourite in."



A SUBURBAN SKETCH.

(TEACHING YOUNG HOPEFUL THE USE OF HIS EYES.)

THE INTERNATIONAL "DERBY."

THERE are some who while Punch's Cartoon they admire, When its foreign-bred horses and jookoys they see, And its title peruse, will be apt to inquire What this "International Derby" may be?

Each ill-fated State 'neath the burden that cowers Of soldiers and armaments one thing will own,
That this International Derby of ours
Is no International Derby and Joan.

Europe's Great International Derby to-day
On the broad "road to ruin" is run for a course.
'Tis the race who the biggest of armies shall pay:
And "Deuce take the hindmost" its rule—man man and horse.

All who in that race, by that rule, try their stride,
Whate'er they may own to, must feel in their hearts,
Though never so artful the jockeys that ride,
They are one and all making the worst of false starts.

There's France, of her blood and her breed though she brag, With her temper, the best jock to steer her defies, Takes each scrap of paper that flies for her flag: Frets herself to a rever, bolts, kicks, starts, and shies.

See Germany rearing!—less speedy than safe—
Wants the spur, but her blood up, a devil to go;
And her jock with a big whip her withers to chafe,
And sharp spurs, intends that his will she should know.

A wide berth France were wisest to give her, I ween:
If the German horse cannoned against her—my eye!
Their late match, methinks, should a lesson have been,—
She's too light now, whate'er she may be by-and-by.

As proud as a peacock, as stubborn as sin—
See, the bit in her teeth, Spain all over the course.
Was e'er such a pig-headed brute backed to win!
Mule or donkey, methinks, crossed with Barbary horse.

There's Italy, ill-trained, ill-groomed, out of form, But a beauty, when once to condition she's brought; With an honest jock up, who will weather the storm, Though his nag has to carry more weight than she ought.

Who's that raw-boned, high-stepping, Roman-nosed nag, Lashing out right and left, till "Ware kicker"'s the cry? By her jock's stars and stripes, and his bunkum and brag, "Tis the Yankee horse come "The Europians" to try.

But nearer the post, watching our Derby crack,
What dark horse is that, for false starts far too cool,
With a look in her eye at once forward and back,
Rough in coat, but if points may be trusted, no fool?

That's the Russian horse; and the old Tartar blood
For pace and for pluck is a match for the best;
When we come to the scratch with a horse of that stud,
Our breed, bone and bottom, 'twill put to the test.

Meantime, while we doubt which strange horse bears the palm. For false starts and hark-backs, for cross cannons and kicks, See our Derby horse, and his jock cool and calm, With light snaffle, and spur that guides rather than pricks.

For the horse trusts the joek, and the joek trusts the horse, In stable and paddock, in trial and race; Both are game to ride straight, with an eye to the course, And the sense when to wait, when to put on the page.

And while horse and jock can this temper command,
Foreign horses let who so will fancy for me;
Punch will back his own lot, by his own stable stand,
In the faith that Buzz's blood still the winner will be.

BITTUALISM AND BACING.

It is rather unusual for Epsom Races to be run in June. A horsey man considers it to be an unaccountable omission that the Derby Day is not inserted in the Calendar among the "Moveable Feasts."

HORSE FOR EVER!

(Song of a Stable Mind.)

What becometh of the Horse When the breath has left his corse? Is the Noble Quadruped Wholly done for when he's dead?

Who conceives a higher sphere Where the Horse is not as here, Nor, in a superior state, Runs for stakes, and oup and plate?

There be Shades, with tails and manea, Flitting o'er Elysian Plains; Races in those fields of rest: Otherwise they can't be bleat.

By some friendly hand released From on earth the Gallant Beast, May perchance go to the hounds. In the Happy Hunting-Grounds.

Here to dogs and beasts of prey Goes, alas! the Horse's clay. Let that word no jest provoke— Say not "Horses never smoke."

Sure the noble steed demands Funeral honours at our hands. Should we not his relies burn, Keep his cinders in an urn?

Hippocemeteries room
Too extensive would consume;
And cremation were a plan
Better both for Horse and Man.

But Hippophagy no'er name. Horseman feed on Horse? For shame! Next in turpitude's degree To a cannibal were he.

O'er a Winner's ashes raise Cunning sculpture; in his praise Let a Poet, or a Wit, Write an epitaph to fit,

Now the Horse is all in all, Talk but Horse, and Horse extol; On this feative Derby Day, —Go, Buffoon that say'st me "Neigh!"



"A SELL."

Samon (who has not taken a Pish yet), "By Jove! That's a Brauty!" Native. " A-yr, IT'S A PINE TROOT, AND LOTS O' THEM, GIN YE COME WI' ME." Samon (delighted), "WHERE? OH, WHERE?" Native, " THE FIRST SHOP OWER BY !"

WHICH IS MAD?



HE whole Duty of Dog is to love Man and to keep his Commandments." — CHRIS-TOPHER NORTH.

FAITH, Mr. Punch is puzzled: Should Common Councillors and police be muzzled?

Is it not mental scabies

That fancies in the least disorder rabies, That kil's a dog for any small disaster, Though he is nowise madder

that his master? Look at this foul ex-

emplar Just given by a philo-cynic Templar,* And say, "May Heaven From cruel fools, of hydrophobia nervous Those who could give a dog such wanton pain, Are madness-safe—from insufficient brain.

See a Templar's letter in the Times relating the cruel murder, by inches, in Child's Place, by two policemen, of a poor mastiff suspected of rabies.

O mastiffs strong and stately,
O queer, quaint pugs, that ladies love so greatly,
O greyhounds swift and lissom,
O white Maltese, whose pretty owners kiss 'em,
All happy dogs, howl forth a peal of pity
For that dear mastiff, murdered in the City!

Not many yards away,

Punch, England's Socrates, so grave and gay,

Teaches the world wise laughter,

Whose happy echoes will be heard hereafter,

Yet brutss unutterable do dog-murder

Noar Toby's kennel! What could be absurder?

Bark, Toby! Fill the air
With sounds that shall awaken the LORD MAYOR,
Make Aldermen grow thinner, And spoil their happy appetites for dinner, Till the truth's taught to sergeant and inspector— Dog is Man's friend, and Man is Dog's protector.

DERBY DREAMS.

Ir you dream that Atlantic wins, it denotes that Arbitration will grow in popularity, and that the affairs of England (with the single exception of the Fleet) will be "all at sea."

If you dream that Tipster wins, it is probable that many Shopboys will disappear from their Masters' premises, and will be "wanted" by the Police.

If you dream that the First Lord wins, you may expect to hear of the completion of a sea-worthy from-clad by the end of the year 1878.

If you dream that Ecossais wins, you may be sure that Mr. Lown has given up his claim to be considered a Scotchman.

STABLE TALK.



all-is venerable for its antiquity. The history of chariot-racing, the precursor of horse-racing, is as old as antiquity. Traces of this sport may be found in many ancient na-tions, and in more ancient authors; but Ossian, Horsier, the same class, are not agreed as to the advantage it was to

the Commonweal.
In Rome, jockeys
stood so high in the social scale that along

with horsedealers, circus-riders, and veterinary surgeous, they composed one of

the chief orders in the State—the equestrian.

Coming down the course of time to modern days and our own free country, we Coming down the course of time to modern days and our own tree country, we find races established under the reign of some of our earlier monarchs at (amongst other places) Ambleside, Canterbury, Cobham, Galloway, Hackney, Horsham, Horsleydown, Punchestown (under our own especial patronage), Runnymede, and in the Yorkshire Ridings; but, perhaps, there is no place which has known more of the ups and Downs inseparably connected with the turf than Epsom, in Surrey.

Beyond its race-course and its salts, there is nothing very remarkable about

The Derby was founded towards the end of last century; the Oaks (the trees

The Derby was founded towards the end of last century; the Oaks (the trees have long since been cut down) a year earlier.

The number of entries—which must be made on a Spring morning in one of the Equity Courts—varies with the prosperity of the country, the price of horse corn, the imports and exports, the weather and the crops, and the condition of the course.

There is but one limit to the number of horses which may compete for the stakes—the size of the course. The time, too, is left entirely to the discretion of the jockeys and the horses; Parliament, at present, not having interfered either to lengthen or shorten it.

The running horses must be three years old last birthday, and thoroughbred—their age duly certified by the Royal Veterinary College, and their pedigrees formally registered in the College of Arms. They may be of any colour, but there is no instance on record of a piebald winner. A dark horse has frequently

there is no instance on record of a piebald winner. A dark horse has frequently carried off the prize.

With regard to weight, fillies running in the Derby, like young ladies starting in life, have an allowance made them, which, but in this respect they do not resemble young ladies, they never exceed.

The history of the Derby in its earliest years is somewhat meagre. So that we have failed to find the name of the famous jockey who was victorious on Aldiborontiphoseophormo, although he rode the last half mile with only one stirrup; the amount of the stakes when that unrivalled mare, Polysylloble, won both the Derby and the Oaks in a canter; and the exact time in which the rose was run when Damon and Pythius passed the Judge's chair nose and mose, and the issue was declared to be a dead heat.

The country people round Epsom have a tradition that a dead heat for the Derby is invariably followed by remarkably hot summer. School Boards have only been recently established in the neighbourhood.

Who would not be a successful jockey, and win the Derby? A piece of

plate, a pension for three lives, a portrait and memoir in the illustrated papers, perhaps a pedestal in the Temple of Fame (Baker Street)! The Ministers of the Crown cannot hope for more. But if the jockey's reward is sweet and substantial, the training he has to undergo is stern and severe. Early hours at both ends of the day, voluminous clothing and violent exercise to reduce his frame to the weight laid down by law, and a diet of which the main ingredients are reported to be pickles, porridge, hard-boiled eggs, green salads, captain's biscuits, soda water, rice pudding, and cold tea. cold tea.

Have you taken a good degree in Mathematics at the University? Do you pessess a remarkable faculty for figures? Do you know all the points of a horse? Can you ride a steeple-chase? Are you a member of the Jookey Club and a subscriber to Tattersall'a? Have you the Racing Calendar and the Guide to the Turf at your fingers' ends? Have you been present at all the principal performances of the animals since they first ran in public? And can you afford to look? Then lay ou Atlantic, or against Recerberation, or back George Frederick, or bet on the Field: or the course, or wherever you please. Otherwise, take Punch's advice, and confine your speculations to the sweepstakes in the family circle, and a pair or two of gloves with that friend of your sister's in the black bonnet trimmed with yellow.

HINCKSEY DIGGINGS.

(See recent Correspondence in " Daily News," and elsewhere.)

ACLAND writes to defend John Ruskin, Who an undergraduate team hath made, For once, from May-term morn to dusk, in Hincksey soil to set working spade; So very Utopian! . . . so Quixotie! Such is the euphemistic phrase, Equivalent to idiotic, For Athletes guided to useful ways.

Tis well for snarlers analytic, Who the art of the snarl to the sneer have brought,

Who the art or the shart to the sneer nav.
To spit their scorp at the eloquent critic,
Leader of undergraduate thought.
Heart of the student it will not harden
if from the bat and the oar he abstain,
To plant the flowers in a cottage garden,
And lay the pipes of a cottage drain.

Why should not sympathy rise above zero? Our "Young barbarians," toiling thus, May bethink them how the unwearied hero Odysseus taunted Eurymachus: "Give me a yoke of oxen thorough, And a keen plough that can out its way, And see who will drive the longest furrow, From morn to eve of a summer day."

Pity we have for the man who thinks he Proves Ruskin fool for work like this, Why shouldn't young Oxford lend hands to Hinek-

Though Doctrinaires may take it amiss?
Careless wholly of critic's menace,
Scholars of Rushin, to him be true;
The truths he has writ in *The Stones of Venice*May be taught by the Stones of Hineksey too.

An Attempt at Wut.

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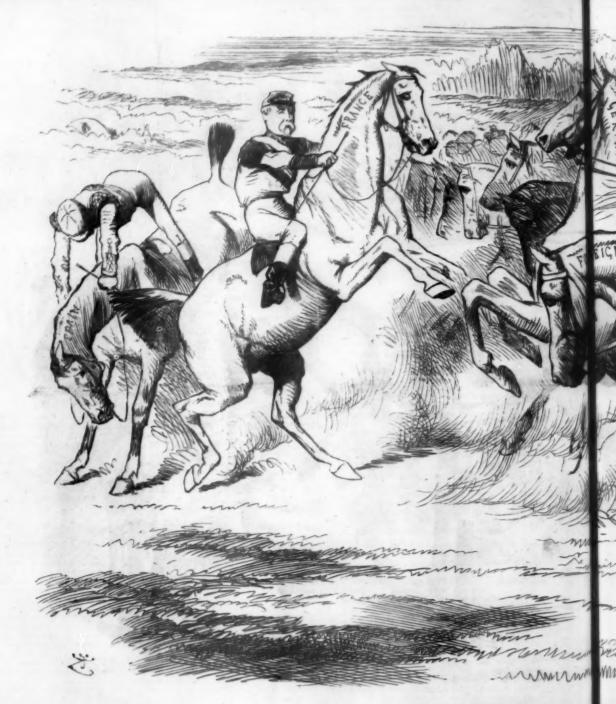
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THE INTERNAT

TRADER. "AN AWKWARD LOT!-OUR'S ABOUT THE BEST TEA

VDON HARIVARI .- JUNE 6, 1874.



AT NAL "DERBY."

BEST TRADY AND SAFE, AND ONLY WANTS QUIET RIDING!"

Lat the same beauty or a



DYAL "DERBY

CAPTELL TA SIZE THE GET THE GEA YOU

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH SOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST-ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH-BILISARLO.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARIO.

IV.—Beggar, may Neighbour! (continued.)

The Marky looked steadily at the Mendicant. He regarded his rags, and a joke occurred to him about mend-i-enr's. He booked it for his future entertainment.

"Listen, James, Marky Du Crow. I have seen the steady of the will take you to a cellar. There you will sleep. To-morrow you can go where you please."

"Can you read?"

"Do you take me for a donkey?"

"Well, if you can read, you must have seen that, by giving me up, you could earn a hundred frames,"

"True; when I saw you I said, I can earn a hundred frames."

I have a thick stick; come, let me hide you."

"But you will not

you." But you will not I will."

"Where?" "The spot shall be well chosen."

well chosen."
"You would hide
me, and yet you do
not own a single rod."
"I do not, but I
have this slight pole, and I can make you

into an acher."
The Old Man grasped his banjo

The Mendicant humbly dropped his stick. He saw that he should be worsted. A man who is worsted a man who is worsted is only fit for a pen-wiper. The Eeggar said to himself, "I am not a wiper. I have no venom."
Then he said aloud,
"Follow me!"

The Marky followed

the Marky followed him down some old worn steps into a cellar. There were a few dusty tables showing dark stains on the surface. A platform at the further end whereon was a cracked piano. Below and in front of the platform was a circular table, and in the centre a raised seat. Classes and bits of wood were on the tables. A dim light pervaded the cellar.

"Let us sup," said the Beggar.

A short, stout, elderly man approached the Marky and welcomed him graciously.

"This is PADDIGREEN," said the Begger.

"How are you, dear boy, dear boy." All well round the fireside, dear boy? That's well, that's well." And Paddicker offered the Marky a silver snuff-box.

the Marky a silver snuff-box.

"I thought you were in London," said the Marky.

"Late hours, dear boy—I mean early hours, kill me. Kill the business. I have left London, left London—I say I ve left London for sunny France, for sunny France, my dear boy, to see if I cannot establish something like the old thing here, near Boulogne,—I say I wish to start something like the old thing in the old days."

"And this place?"

"Is Les Caves Nouveguz du Cidre. Yes, I say this place is Les Caves Nouveguz du Cidre. I have been fortunate in meeting with

our good friend here, and a few of the old ones too—all outlaws now—I say I have been—"
"I understand. Who are they?"
"Well, well, they are MILORD LOVEL, MILADI NANCY BELL, Les Fills of Attrapeur de Rats, Mr. VILLERISS and Mr. DINAR—not a Kristiminetrel Dinah—Mr. Samuel Hall, you recollect Sam Hall?"
"Ah!"

The Marky turned to the Mendicant and asked, "What is your

The Marky reflected.

The Marky reflected.
The Mendicant sang, "O dear, raggedy O! What a jolly young fellow was Biliferia."

"I somewher you."

"I somewher you."

fellow was BILIBARIO:

"I remember you."

"Years ago you bought a song of me. One night at Evans's. In the olden days. Also you gave me a cigar, a glass of something hot, and you shook hand with me. You were then the son of your father, the Ofeat Cnow. Then you were connected neither with a Black Troupe or with a Cirque. You made me proud and happy. I remember turn the compliment.

Towness at soutes, Jacques Conseav!"

They drank all

They drank all round.
Then Pappioners

at down to the piano, and sang the Light of Other Days. Whereat they cried. These three men wept.

Frequently the jug or the bottle went round.

round. Presently they saw everything going round.
"Let 's shleep,"

shleep,"

and the Beggar.

They lay down.
Anyhow. The Marky,
although very tired,
remained drinking deeply for a few moments—he gazed fixedly at the Beggar, and then lay back.

To lie thus was to

lie on the ground.

He profited by this

He profited by this to place one ear to the earth. Through his head he heard a strange buzzing.
"I must be somewhere near St. Bees," he thought to himself. The Marky fell asleep.

V .- Signed and Resigned.

A refined nature detests anything broad—even daylight when he awake.

Marky would have closed his eyes once more but for the Beggar, who said, "I am going this way. You go that."

BILIDARIO disappeared.

The moment after the Marky rose and went in the direction which BILIDARIO had indicated.

It was that charming hope.

Bridge to had indicated.

It was that charming hour known among the peasantry as "the top of the morning."

The insects were all humming. It was quite a humming top of the morning to them. The labourers were pegging away at their breakfast. To them, it was quite a peg-top of the morning. The dairy maid was whipping the cream. To her it was the whipping top of the morning. Such was the morning: kindly to all.

The Marky knew the top-ography of the place, and retraced his steps to where, the evening before, he had seen the placerd.

Below the signature, "Part Pareul," were two other lines, in smaller characters:—

"The identity of the ci-decent James Maney Do Chow estiblished, he will be immediately teached.

" (Signed) GAWWOII.

" Of the Spinnidge Observatory."



A NICE PROSPECT!

Traveller (benighted in the Black Country), " NOT A BEDROOM DISENGAGED ! TUT-T-T-T!" Landlady (who is evidently in the Coal Business as well). ** OH, WE'LL ACCOMMODATE YOU SOMEHOW, SIR, IF ME AND MY 'USBAND GIVES YOU UP OUR OWN BED, SIR!"

"Gammon!" said the Marky.

He stood still, thinking deeply, and his eye fixed on the notice.

"Gammon!" he repeated.

Then he went slowly away. Had any person been near, he might have been heard to mutter, in a low voice, "And Spinnidge."

Suddenly the landscape became terrible. An appalling, indescribable trumpeting, as of some tremendous blasting operations. Then, every other minute, a deep resonant "O," the uplifting of a thousand sympathetic human voices in an agonised unison. Then a bursting of flery meteors in the air, as though giants were besieging Heaven itself with furious artifices of fire. Cannon becomed in the stillness. Then fountains of fire rose in the valley. Then came a dense smoke. Then nothing. It was sudden and fearful. Once more, and for a few seconds only, the fire blazed forth afresh with quadrupled fury. Lurid lights from the distant empire of Bengal burnt swiftly and vanished. A million rockets, like burning interlaced rainbows, shot into the air, and crackled to their doom. Then sticks fell. Then silence. The rapidity of the transition from yells and shouts, and roar of flames to Silence, was awful.

The Old Man murmured to himself, as he gazed upon the scene, "Is it the Can at the Crystal Palace?"

No. He remembered that, from the coast of Boulogne, this would not be so distinctly visible. One thing was evident. There were, there had been, fireworks between the village of Tristense and the hamlet of L'eau-chaud.

Through the bristing and wild thicket which surrounded him on all sides the Marky saw a troop approaching. Irregularly, leaping and shouting with excitement.

His first thought was one of enriosity. Were they armed? If so, with what? With needles? To be hemmed in by needles renders escape impossible.

On they came, yelling, howling, shouting, and erashing through the brushwood. Suddenly he distinguished their cry.

"James, Marky Du Caow! Du Caow! James Crow! Jim! Crow!" It was he whom they were hunting!!!

(To be continued.)

Splbain ban de Meger.

Born at Amsterdam, 1802 ... Died in London, May 23, 1874.

Duan, the great Belgian, who was English too By instinct, and who taught us that a State, Although its wealth be small, its people few, By freedom may grow great.

Dead, after such a life as few men live; Freedom waxed faint when he struck in to save it. What tribute to his memory shall we give? "Liberos, libros, amavit."

He knew, none better, that of liberty Comes happiness, prosperity, and culture; That baffled still, where thought and word go free, Swoops the despotic vulture.

In Court, and Cabinet, and Library,
Wholesome and lofty influence he could wield;
Yet he was just as satisfied to see
His Berkshire farm's good yield.

Proud was he armed as preux of journalists, With pen for lance, in honour's stainless armour, Yet just as proud to enter the home-lists As a keen English farm

Farewell, clear thinker, absolute logician,
Whose words and works shall long in memory dwell;
To prove the freest happiest was your mission,
And you fulfilled it well.

A CONTRADICTION.

IN Picture Exhibitions, the observant spectator is struck by the fact that works hung on the line are too often below the mark.



THE NEW COACHING CLUB. Eldel (on the Box). "It's only Grandma' inside, Mr. Punch. (THE LAST THING IN WOMAN'S RIGHTS.) SHE ALWAYS THINKS WE GO TOO FAST."



AMATEUR MINSTRELS.

Tenore Leggiero. "Don't you perceive a great Improvement in the way I PRODUCE MY PLANO NOTES !'

Tenore Robusto. "WELL, YOU PRODUCE THEM SO PRECIOUS PIANO THAT I CAN'T HEAR THEM; BUT YOU DON'T MAKE SUCH HIDROUS FACES AS YOU USED THAT'S AN IMPROVEMENT!"

HAMPSTRAD RACES.

THOSE who think that English people take their pleasures sadly, should go and spend Whit Monday upon Hampstead Heath. The donkeys, it is true, have rather a sad time of it; but, with this exception, the faces to be seen there are generally cheerful. Hampstead Races certainly are funnier than Assot, though they are not quite so fast. There is none of the excitement of the running for the Cup, but there is the amusement of the running for a pot of beer, and tossing who shall pay for it. Chicken and champagne are not so common upon Hampstead Heath as on the heath of Assot, but appetites are keener for the ginger-pop and "sangwiches." Aunt Sally and the knockemdowns are patronised as much upon the one heath as the other; but there is more rejoining when "one BILLE" gets a coccanut than when LORD TOMNODDY wins a guinea's worth of pincushions. On the whole, then, Hampstead Races give a good deal of amusement to a good many poor people; and in their behalf we hope that Parliament will make a grand stand for the races, and clear the course from all the bricks and mortar wherewith it may be threatened by the builders who encroach on it.

A HAPPY DIES NON.

A HAPPY DIES NON.

Barrows, Freemen, and Brothers, bethink you how signally the wisdom of Parliament is shown in adjourning over the Derby Day. Wednesday in the Commons is, as you know, crotehet ventilation day, set apart for allowing Honourable Gentlemen of fixed ideas to air their fanaticisms. The philanthropic and sanctimonious Prigs would to a man absent themselves from a horse-race, and, if they could, attend in their places. Everybody else almost would have gone to the Derby. We should awake next morning and find that an unopposed faction had enacted female suffrage, or enfranchised the carters, or voted the dissestablishment and disandowment of the Church of England, or passed a liquor-law with a clause shutting up all the refreshment-rooms, and with the addition of a rider to stop all the trains and steam-boats from running on a Sunday.

SONG FOR A SPORTING GENT.

Lo, how the Welchers do sbound On every side of me? Another Derby Day comes round, Which here we are to see.

Now this year's Race will soon be run,
And, O my friends, how fast
Has been, besides, full many a one Between it and the last

Ah, who, although he stands to win,
But waits with anxious heart,
Loet he should lose no end of tin,
And trembling bides the start?
My Book although I we tried to make
Upon the surest plan, still may prove a great mistake, So fallible is Maii

But hold, my tongue; be still, my lips;
From moral talk refrain.
On aught, except authentia "tips,"
Reflection is in vain.
Upon the Future they that choose
May stupid thoughts bestow.
Which horse will win, and which will lose,
Is all I want to know.

Lost Labour.

Above the cases in the Court of Bankruptcy was reported, the other day, the "Bankruptcy of the Claimant," which, one would suppose, had by this time wound itself up. Its further hearing, however, has been adjourned to the 29th instant, when Orrow is to be brought up for public examination. Would it not be an economy to proceed no further in this business? Lawyers must be paid; Mr. Orrow's assets are less than nothing; and you cannot get blood out of a post.

REVEREND FATHERS AND THEIR SONS.—The Featival of the Sons of the Clergy was held as usual, the other day, at St. Paul's. Is it possible that some time hence a solem-nity of the same name will be celebrated in St. Peter's.

DERBY HAMPERS.

Over-sleeping yourself on the day of the Race, and waking up in time only to read the name of the winner in the evening papers. Being discovered and thwarted by your wife after having received her permission to leave her on the plea of "business in the City," when in reality you have proposed joining the Club drag. Being thrown over by a friend who, after making an after-dinner promise to drive you down in his own trap, forgets to call for you. Being taken into custody on the road down by a stupid and parjured policeman for looking at a disturbance in which you have not taken part.

taken part Being without friends, without leisure, and last, but not least, without money.

Pigsons and Crows.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals advertises in a newspaper an "Aggregate of Convictions" in 1878, inclusive of the entry—"Exposing a Wild Bird for Sale—1." This one was, of course, one cad. The same paper contained also a report of a meeting of the Gun Club, at which "twenty-three members put in an appearance." These twenty-three were necessarily gentlemen. They shot between them fifty-seven tame pigeons. What a difference there is, logally and morally, between the acts of gentlemen who shoot tame pigeons for sport, and that of cads who expose wild birds for sale!

THE SCHOOLMASTERS ARROAD.

THE opening meeting of the Coaching Club took place in Hyde Park the other day. Such a concourse of private tutors was never

COMPANION PICTURE. - " Ringing the Muffin," a pendant to " Calling the Roll.



A COOL CARD.

Swell (handing "Sporting Life" to Clerical Party). "Aw—would fou—aw—do me the Favour to wead the List of the Waces to me while we're wurning down !—I 've—aw—forgotten my Eyeglass. Don't mind waising YOUR VOICE-I'M PWECIOUS DEAF!"

HORSES AND MAYORS.

Or, Lord Lank's Dorby Dinner.

Gr, Lord Lank's Derby Dinner.

"He confessed he had fixed his entertainment to the Mayore of Great Britain on the Derby Day, thinking that some of his friends from the Country might like to see a little of the wicked world on Epsem Downs."

"The Mayor of Birmingham (Mn. Charmerland), in proposing "The Health of the Lonn Mayon"—the mention of which at the outset elicited an enthusastic cheer—said he should not think it necessary to do more than allude to the splendid and munificent hospitality which his Lordship had exercised generally, and also on special occasions when he had had to entertain distinguished personages. In him the Municipal authorities recognised a worthy leader and representative. In late years the zaunts against Corporate bodies had been less frequent, and even their facetions friend, Mr. Panok, had included himself less often at their expense."

Report of the Mansion House Dinner, June 3.

"Ture wicked world on Engom Downs!"

"The wicked world on Epsom Downs!"
O, Lord Mayor Lusk, how can you bring
The Mayors of virtuous country towns
Within the vile spells of the Ring?
They'll see the aerobat and gipsy;
They may make bets, they may get tipsy?
Demoralised they'll go away—
What well Siz Willyhid Lawson say!

What Mayors went, madly plunging, down,
By rail or 'bus, on drag or hansom?
Who were but dusted, who done brown,
Who to the Ring paid riot's ransom.
The Mayor of Doncaster, no doubt.
Cast a shrewd Yorkshire eye about,
And ore he shared the LORD MAYOR'S dinner,
Had settled this year's Leger winner!

The artful Mayor of Birmingham May butter Punch, but Punch can say May butter Punch, but Punch can say
There never yet was epigram
Of his thrown, e'en on Mayors, away.
Has sense in Common Councils won it?
Have Mayors improved? Then Punch has done it.
But hold Mayors up as past his jokes!
No—tell not that to Derby folks,
Keep it for what it is—an 'Oaks!

PERSONS WHO WOULD BENEVET BY CREMATION .- Char-

HORSE-SHOW REGULATIONS.

Houses of every country, class, age, size, colour, and condition are admissible, including Arabians, Barbs, Spanish Jennets, Hudson's Bay Horses, Grey Mares, Suffolk (and Fleet Street) Punches; Piebalds and Skewbalds; Hunters, Hacks, Roadsters, Carriage-Horses, Cart-Horses, Dray-Horses, Draught-Horses, Doctors'-Horses, Race-Horses, Rocking-Horses, Towel-Horses, and Clothes-

Horses standing (in their shoes) over twenty hands high, must

Horses.
Horses standing (in their shoes) over twenty hands high, must be shown as extra stock.

Every Horse is liable to be called on (by an eminent veterinary surgeon, who will first leave his card) to furnish satisfactory proofs of his age at a minute and a half's notice. Owners are therefore requested to see that the teeth are properly cleaned each morning of the Show. No particular dentifrice is recommended.

The utanost delicacy and forbestance will be shown in investigating the age of Mares. If desired, the details will not be published. Horse-chestnuts, and every other description of provender, will be provided in abundance.

Any groom detected mixing gin with the water, in order to make his horse more spirited, will be instantly ejected from the Hall. Horses that have been in India will be allowed an extra curry each day of the Show.

Arrangements will be made for clipping and singeing by some of the first artists of the day; and, in consideration of the heat of the weather, any Horse may be shampooed, on expressing a wish to that effect beforehand.

By the kind permission of the Commanding Officers, detachments from the different Regiments of Horse Guards will be on duty to protect the Prize Animals. A troop of Coldstreams will be told off to look after the Watering.

In the event of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visiting the Show, a Guard of Honour will be supplied by the Horse Marines.

Should any mistakes be made in the jumping and leaping, the Directors earnestly hope that the spectators will preserve order, and refrain from bursting out into horse-laughs.

The Judges will be selected from the Law Courts, and wear their horse-hair wigs.

The Master of the Horse will award the Prizes.

The Band of the Royal Horse Artillery will perform a selection of music from Le Checal de Bronze and other favourite operas.

Saddles of mutton for luneheous and dinners. Excellent accommodation for bridal parties. Stirrup-oup always ready. A grand international show of horse-radish. Rosst beef on application.

The exhibition of every description of carriage is invited, except horse-flice.

Horse-hair sofas fresh from the fountain-head.
Grooms of the chambers will be in attendance to escort Ladies to the stalls. Cheval glasses all over the Building. Stude overywhere.

"Women and Work."

Aw old and faithful worker in the cause of women (Excur of that ilk) has started a weekly paper, which, if it keeps up to its purpose and its promises, deserves Punch's support and that of all friends of the feebler and fairer, softer and sweeter, willinger and weaker, worse-used and worse paid, harder-worked and harder-threshed, sex (Punch is bound to add, in fairness, and under his breath, the nagginger and nastier when it chooses). Miss Faithfull calls her paper Women and Work; its object being to make known the work to the women who want it, and the women to the work that wants them. Punch can only wish good speed to the women and her work; for it is sorely needed.

THE Mayors were feasted at the Mansion Rouse on the Derby Day. The Oaks Day would have been more appropriate.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Now, the Lords' Seylla barking in their rear, Charybdis of the Commons they've to clear!

"Facit exsultatio versum." And why should not "exsultatio" make its verse, as well as "indignatio"?

Lord Samduner finds that Short Service means not only short, but weak, service—that it gives us, in fact, children in arms, instead of men-at-arms, till the Line threatens to become a mathematical line, length without breadth—of shoulder—or depth—of chest, for soldiers' work. By way of remedy, he proposed to feed the Line from the Militia, recruiting for the latter only, and

letting the Militiamen volunteer for the Line.

Lord Present (Under-Secretary-at-War, recalling the Sidney Herder of other days) asked for time. The Government were looking into the Recruiting question, but couldn't be expected to have seen to the bottom of it in three months.

Loud Cardwell doubted if Loud Sandaursn's plan might not spoil the Militia without improving the Army.

The DUNK OF CANRAIDER spoke some plain sense. Recruiting is a question of the Labour market. The recruiting-sergeant cannot bid against the employer. Change is the worst thing for the soldier—it worries him. The Recruit likes to know what he is to expect. Officers don't like short service, because it gives them one hundred and fifty raw recruits in a regiment at once, instead of twenty or thirty—makes their machine harder to keep in perfect

instead of twenty or thirty—makes their machine harder to keep in perfect.

The Duke of Buccleure said Scotch recruits liked looking forward to a pension. Whereat the House laughed. But how much good is not thrift at the bottom of, and what gives Sawker his pull over Par and John so much as his eye to the main chance?

In the Commons, after Mz. O'Donnell, the unseated for Galway, had appeared, and disappeared on being politely informed by the Speaker that he had no business there, we had an awful scene: France at the Bar of the House France solemnly admonished—France saying something awfully like "Admonition be bethered!" and doing something awfully like "Admonition be bethered!"

FRANCE often does, made matters worse by the explana-tion. So the bar was pulled out for FRANCE, and FRANCE was pulled up to the bar; had to "toe the line" (as sailors call it); was solemnly told by the SPEAKER to consider himself admonished; considered himself admonished accordingly, and did not appear to be a bit the worse for it.

admonished accordingly, and did not appear to be a bit the worse for it.

Honourable Members seemed much amused, and France did not seem at all impressed. Probably he will say, as the navey said when his wife pitched into him, "It amuses them, and it don't hurt me."

Funch, for his part, would suggest that there is one explosive which the House of Commons ought never to play with, and that is brutum faines. Farses are out of place on the floor of the House; and the Branker and Mr. Disrakel decidedly out of place in farse-parts.

Mr. Torrens McCellarah moved an Address praying the Culter that no Regimental Officer of three years' standing may be removed from active service, in peace, without the option of a Court-Martial, Of course there was a grievance at the back of the Hotion, of which the House knew nothing; but the Juner Advocare-Greens and Secretary-of-War were of epinion that Courts of Inquiry might often be preferable to Courts-Martial, and the House agreed with them by It to II, though Sir H. Havelock, from experience of eighteen years' staff service, supported the Motion.

A good stroke of business was done in Committee of Supply (all but the Education Letimates are now vated); the Bill repealing the Statutes that prohibit Revenue Officers from voting at Elections was passed through Committee, and progress was made with the Juries Bill.

Tuesday.—Lord Selkikk moved my Lords trainet.

Second Reading of the Santah Kirk Partoness Rill.

Committee, and progress was made with the Juries Bill.

Tuesday.—Lord Selkiek moved my Lords against Second Reading of the Scotch Kirk Patronage Bill. To throw it out would be selling the Kirk with a vengeance (argued the Duke of Arguel). Established—so true liberal than dis-Established—so true liberality should strengthen Established—so true liberality should strengthen Established—so true liberality in the stablished of true liberality and sould strengthen Established—so true liberality would have been a better constituency than the "communicants." The Bill was confiscation and dis-establishment in the eyes of Lord Seavield and Lord Lavderdale (not a name of pleasant historical association to Scotch Kirk men; they will be apt to remember the Lauderdale who put the boots on the wrong legs, under Charlies the Sucoyd). Lords Arries and Campradown were for widening the constituency to all Ratepayers. Lord Napier and Ettelok was for giving Lairds at loast a vote. (Panels agrees, when they are Kirk-goers. A man should have some voice in determining the doctrinal douche he will sit under.)

mining the doctrinal douche he will sit under.)
LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER BOSSLYN, hot from the
General Assembly, reported the Kirk in favour of the
Bill, which was read a Second Time.

To-morrow you'll call me early, call me early, Jours,

d'ye hear ? For to-morrow is the Derby Day, of all days in the year-Of all days in the year, John, the do-nothingest, out-

ingest day—
And of course the House will adjourn for it, that M.P.'s may get away.

Only under protest said stout SIR WILFRID and h Only under protest—said stout Six Wilfird—and he protested, pleasantly. It is astonishing how pleasant Six Wilfird can be when he dismounts from his hobby—Alcohol. So, after getting some genuine laughs, he took his facer of 243 to 69 like a man, and sat down smiling before a smiling House, which, however, soon smiled on the wrong side of its mouth, when Ma. And a second brought up a large dish of cold Humble Pie, and proposed that as the Covernment had admitted its corn wrong in the essence of

to carry the Motion would be to tread on the tail of the Priests' coat, and nobody wants another Irish row just now, Home-rule being enough without Church-rule tacked on it—the House negatived the Resolution by 206 to 118. (Not the less it will one day have to settle the question—Priest v. National Schoolmaster.)

Wednesday.—Lords and Commons represented the Collective Wisdom on the Downs, and backed, as in loyal duty bound, the son

of their King to be!

of their King to be!

Thursday.—The Lords presented the Anchershop of Cartenbury with the crock for paling up his black sheep with, by 137 to 29—in spite of the Bures of Managemoush and Ruttand, who were for postponing the Public Wership Ecculation Bill for a year, "to give the laity as opportunity of expressing their sentiments"; "to give the laity as opportunity of expressing their sentiments"; The laws of Lincoln, and my Lords Sourcestr, Nelson, Baru, Brauchest, A., were for referring the Bill to Convocation!

(But better surely trust the Full to Collective Window, puzzled though it be, then let loose Collective unvision upon it, by and clerical.)

Lord Surffrager arrived a clause providing for the agreement.

Lone Sharrmann carried a clause providing for the amountment of one judge to give legal light to the Archhalege, instead of letting loose a swarm of legal locusts of swar years standing to set up poor Bishope' fatness, and plages the land with Migration and law cooks.

The Commons had a night w? Cases, o'er the Interior and law cooks. Bill. Snz W. Hansour contributed one of his deversort speeches to the harmony of the evening; and, after a good deal of class, Mrs. Chossannounced that he meant to stick to 12 30 for the Metropolis, to fix This, as a concession to the early closers, was halled with cheers, and the House went into Committee, and carried the Government proposals by 161 to 126 (or 12 30 se against 12 in London), and by 382 to 42 (for II in all parishes constituting on urban sanitary district). How will Bure like this basking of his feinals?

Mr. Disnatil, in according to a Motion to report progress, warned Members they weren't going to have so short and sweet a Session as they fancied, and that they had better improve the shining small

Friday.—Their Lordships were taken an excursion on the Suez Canal by Lord Dunsany. The Canal was the front-deer to India, and we ought always to know where the key was. Indeed, ought not John Bull to have the key in his pocket?

LORD DERBY couldn't quite see his way to that. The deer had been very well attended to thus far, though the porter had grambled about the shabby way he was treated by the visitors who used it, and had, the other day, bounced shout declaring the linkmen and turning off the gas. But the propriete had soon shown him he wasn't going to stand any of that namenae; and the porter had now returned to his senses. It would be time caugh to talk of buying the key when it was in the saviet.

A knot of their Lordships made a hast clutch at their shadow of Appellate Jurisdiction now passing into the substance of a Court of Appeal.

The British Court of the country of the substance of a Court of Appeal.

The British Conservative instinct is at the bottom of meak that is best in both our Houses, and must be kept at the bottom, when it wants to get the upper hand of substantial improvement.

The Commons fought a tew more bustling and bluedering rounds of the great "Cross," into which the Artful Dodge the House Sunne-Tart has so heartlessly let in his two-trustful friend Burse. The last absurcity of Friday's flurry was extending the Sunsky close-time from 6 to 7 in the evening. This, of course, will have to be set right on Report. It is out-crossing Cross. Taking the House altograther, Punch never reasonbers it so hopelessly beingged as on this value. House Closing Question. How well-absed Loan Anexpasse must character.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS. Ensurement Cardens is one of the favourite stations for the above observation, and these are some of the observers. Observe their boots! They Observe their boots! They may be severe upon toes and insteps, but how shapely and how shiny! From the height of his easy slippers, Old Kensington (Mr. Punch) looks down disgusted on Young Kensington, thus vacuously chaired, and brightly and tightly booted, who ought to the observing Venus in her transit; but, after all, has only brains to contemplate his own silly face in his own shiny bootikins!

DINNER AND DRESS.

FULL Dress is not incompatible with Low Dress. At dinner it is not generally the roast or the boiled that are not dressed enough. If Young Men are raw, that does not much signify; but it is not nice to see Girls underdone.

The Conservative Ministry are truly Liberal Conservatives. That is, they conserve all the Liberal Measures.

Morro pon a Moussiae Warkhouse.—Die and let live.

A THOUGHT FOR TORIES.



A HOME-THRUST!

"AH, BISHOP, WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON THAT WAS OF YOURS LAST SUNDAY, ABOUT WORDLINESS AND THE VANITIES OF THE FLESH!-IT PEARLY MADE ME CRY! AND I SAY, BISHOP, HOW HARD IT HIT YOU AND ME!!!"

THE "BOY" FOR IRELAND.

Now for Connaught hurrah! and sing Erin go bragh!

Hiberatia hurroos as she hears;

Through Munster and Ulster the news makes Pax's pulse stir,

'Tis Arruwa's the Prince among Peers!

One Duke, and one only, in Leinster sat lonely,

Henceforth a companion he 'll see;

But, readers of history, hark to a mystery—

The Dukes of Ould Ireland are three.

For did not great ARTHUR, young CONNAUGHT'S godfather, Whose victories never were flukes. Set the Union Jack flying o'er fose "Quarter" crying, And make himself Dux among Dukes? The first sword of his time, who crowned Duty sublime, And beat Anarchy back, black and blue—
The ould boy whose eye glistened o'er Connaught new christened.

Was a Duke, and an Irish Duke, too.

Hail, Erin, the omen, En, inclytum nomen!
His godson is yours as he's ours;
With WELLINGTON's laurels twine, planting out quarrels,
Love and Peace, Queen Victoria's dowers.
And with them enweaved be the shamrock four-leaved,
Till Great Britain and Erin, made one
In this broth of a boy—Connaught's Duke—speak their joy,
That the Queen gives Ould Ireland her son.

Cosarism and Surgery.

M. Gamberta, at Auxerre, denounced the French Empire as a pseudo-democratic form of Government, and called it "a Casarian Democracy." It has been said that France will not again submit to "the mutilation of universal suffrage." That may be supposed to mean that she will refuse to undergo another Casarian operation.

IN THE NAME OF PUNCH'S PROPHET.

RIGHT, AS USUAL! (See Our Last.)

THRICE happy, in the lucky bag that dip
Wise hands obedient to Pusek's Tip!
"George Frederick hath no HANDEL to his name"—
What words more clear the Winner could proclaim?
Whose brow with the Blue Riband should be bound,
But his with whom there's no fault to be found?
Whose pedigree, points, paces, when they're told of,
The Talent own there's nothing to lay hold of—
Nought by which Censure's hand can clutch its candle—
What horse is that? The Horse without a Handle!

Rick Lights.

"At this stage of his speech Str Robbut Angrutums took from the table a tumbler, and, after putting the liquid to his mouth, put it hastily down again, remarking, amidst great laughter, that he did not know that the Moderator introduced spirituous liquors."—(Report of Patronage Debate in the General Assembly of the Butablished Kirk of Scotland.—North British Duily Mail, Wednesday, May 27th.)

Thus the chief light in the Kirk-camp'Tis said by those who hate her—
Turns out to be a Spirit Lamp As well as Moderator.

> George Frederick's Feat. (MR. CARTWRIGHT, owner.)

This feat of thine, O wondrous Horse, What other horse could do? The Derby win on Epsom Course, And pull a Cart right through!



THE "BOY" FOR IRELAND.

HIBERSIA (to ARTHUR PARKER, DUKE OF CONMAUGHZ). "AH, THIN, SURE YOUR HOYAL HIGHNESS IS MIGHTY WELCOME. AND WHIN WILL YE BE COMIN' TO LIVE AMONG US, NOW?"



THE "BOY" FOR IRELAND.

THE RESIDENCE AND ADDRESS OF THE PART OF T

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED PARNOR NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

Book the Fourth—Bilibardo.

VL.—The Thingummigigs.

Suddenty, all round him, from all sides at the same time, appeared frantic men, in every variety of costume, carrying swords, whipe, guns, hoops filled with tissue paper, cords, coloured carvas, pistois, bells, and baskets of sawdust. Some had on fleshings, with brilliant ribands binding their hair, and girt about the loins with spangles. **Others were dressed as Huntsmen, Soldiers, Sailors, Nymphs, Dianas, Mr. Picheick, Couriers of St. Petersburg, Paul.

Pry, Napoleons in jack-boots, while two of the wildest were white all ...over, with red splotches on their faces, and

their faces, and spots of the the same colour on

their dresses.
The Marky took off his hat, turned his wig, opened his coat cocked his hat cocked his hat without letting it go off, struck his banjo, struck an attitude, and exclaimed-

I am the man you seek. man you seek.
I am JAMES
MARKY DU
CROW, descendant of the two
great families
of JIM CROW,
and DU CROW, hereditary Nig-ger and Equesbusiness trian combined.

"Great, Powerful, and Unexampled attraction. you ready?

He looked down, expecting to see himself taken in an at-

taken in an attitude. He expected at least to find lorgnettes levelled at him. Instead, he saw himself surrounded by strange beings in picturesque attitudes. A tableau. Then arose a shout.

"Long live James Manky Du Cnow! Long live the Marky!"
Now, for the first time, he saw horses, cream-coloured, spotted, wishald black, and grey, all richly caparisoned, being led up to—"Whose troop was it?"

"Anoneme"s."

"Yes. We cut out the others. The fireworks settled them."

"Whose troop was it?"

"Anonemes."

"Anonemes."

"Anonemes."

"Anonemes."

"Anonemes."

"Anonemes."

"Anonemes." rounded by strange beings in pictures up a section.

Then arose a shout.

"Long live James Marky Du Crow! Long live the Marky!"

Now, for the first time, he saw horses, oream-coloured, spotted, piebald, black, and grey, all richly caparisoned, being led up towards him in the distance.

He was surrounded by a troupe du cirque.

A young man in a uniform, something between that of a naval officer and a royal groom, passed through the crowd, a long driving-whip in hand, and stood before him.

"Hoop In! tohk!"

And the crowd exclaimed, as with one voice, "Hoop la! tohk!"
Men with instruments now came forward. The big drum followed
by brass. They struck up the overture of Le Cheval de Bronze.
The young man knelt before the Marky. Again the excited crowd
burst out with out with-

burst out with—
"Hoop la! tohk!"
The Marky was among friends.
The young man, who in addition to the uniform wore a brilliant scarf fringed with gold, said—
"We have been seeking you. I am the Master of the Ring.
This is our trouge. We have just commenced a successful tour in the provinces. We have included fireworks and the blowing up of

Sevastopol. You were advertised as our great novelty. You are

Then he smacked his whip, and cried "Long live the Marky Du Crow! Hoop la! tchk!"

Through the depths of the wood swelled a wild triumphant clamour: "Long live Jim Cnow! Long live the Marky Du Crow! Hoop la! tchk!"

The Marky turned to the young officer.
"Your name?"
"Winnesses In the state of the control of the state of the control o

appear. They failed in the provinces. We have succeeded."
"You have

no posters."
No. But now you are here we shall here go in for it. A for you. Will

you accept it? Let's out the dialect, and come to the

Groom led forth a spotted horse with a sleepy eye and a cream - coloured nose. Into the broad - backed saddle the Marky leaped with-out the aid prof-fered him by IDDICOMB

JUNIOR. "Hooray!" crowd. Marky,

mounted, turne his head. The excitement was sufficient 80 have turned any

"Ah! the same that announced they would join the Royal Procession when the Northern Princess entered the Metropolis?"—"Yea."
"How many are there?" How many are there? About a hundred."

Any women?"
Two. One dressed as a Vivandière."

" Children ?

Yes. Acrobats; in charge of another woman." Her name!"

"Her name!"
"LULU, I fancy, as she escaped with a single bound."
"Engage them all. At good salaries. We can pay. They cannot. Strike up!"
And as the band recommenced, the Marky, standing on his trained stoed and playing the banja, cantered twice round the circle, which was by this time strewn with sawdust, jumped through two hoops, leapt the barrier, and rode away.
Once more the crowd cried. "Hoop la! tank!"

(To be continued.)



WHIT-MONDAY, 1874.

Saturated Excursionist. "MIGHT AS WELL 'A' TAKEN A HEADER OFF TH' EMBANEMENT, AND BEEN PICKED UP BY THE R'YAL HUMANEEN AND GOT A GLASS O' BRANDY-AND-WATER. WISH I HAD !--BLOWED IF I DON'T!"

FROM A HOT PLACE. (From Our Own Occasional.)

MONTE-CARLO, MONACO, June 8th.

MONTE-CARLO, MONACO, June 8th.

A FEW days ago, I found myself with a little picnic-party on Bazaine's island of St. Marguérite. A charming retreat enough, if one had the run of it; with its breezy woods wooing every breath that travels over the soft Mediterranean, and the twin bays of Cannes nestling up to the Estrelles opposite, where that odd reproduction of Mr. Punch's profile portrait of Lord Brougham, wig and all, quaintly cut in rock, keeps watch over his adopted dwelling-place, as if it were a ward in Chancery. But the fallen Marshal is narrowed in closer quarters. For his exercise-ground he has only the little hot terrace in front of his prison, to which he and Madame Brazier are constrained to limit their walks abroad. "De bons braves gens," said the apple-cheeked Cunnoise who looks after their creature-comforts, and smuggled us a bottle of wine out of the citadel (not Bazaine's own tipple, I imagine). They don't know much of the rights and wrongs of the fatal campaign 'lo' bas, but vaguely opine that Bazaine was ill-used. The Marshal came out on his terrace to be interviewed at a distance by Mr. Punch in the person of your Occasional, and affably allowed us, being English, to stare fixedly at him through a large field-glass for some minutes. It was not till we left the island that we discovered he was only his Aidede-Camp, whose duty it is to avert attention in this manner, like a best-man pretending to be bride-groom to hide his principal's comfusion. For my part, the Aide-de-Camp served as well as another for a stalking-horse for my reflections, which turned on a greater exile of old days, on another small island, who—

"i di nell oxio

PUNCH'S CORRECT CARD

For the St. Stephen's Stakes (Selling race).

MR. GLADSTONE'S Leisure, by Statesman, out of Place.
MR. WARD HUNT'S Flying Dutchman, by Taxpayer,
out of Pocket.

DON CARLOS'S King of Spain, by Enthusiast, out of Luck MR. WHALLEY'S Laughter, by Happy Thoughts, out

of

HER MAJESTY'S Absence, by Residence, out of Town. EARL RUSSELL'S Interrogation, by Principles, out of Date.

The CLAR'S Central Asia, by Advances, out of Sight.
The COURT DE CHAMBORD'S Henri V., by Drapeau
Blanc, out of Reach.
Mu. Atrono's Retirement, by Insolence, out of Em-

oyment. Mr. Punch's Coronation, by Everybody, out of Grati-

Singular v. Plural.

(See Times Londer of Saturday, June 6.)

THE Times of blackguards and black-legs Owning the turf the trade is, To counteract their poison begs The presence of the Ladies.

But Punch can't think the Downs a place For pure and pretty faces; Woman's work is to raise the race, Not to improve the races.

Episcopal Magnetism.

Some papers have given currency to a statement that the Bishop of Winchester, at a confirmation lately held by his Lordship at Guildford, caused certain heads, presented to him for imposition of hands on them, to be divested of chignons. Hair, we all know, is an obstacle to the electric current. When piled in fantastic forms, and still more where false, it may well be supposed a complete non-conductor of any editying influence which can be imparted by the hands of a Bishop.

greatest of his adherents, notre glorieux Baraine! That little affair of the Court Martial? Pooh! quite forgotten. It was all a got-up thing in the interests of the Duc n'Aumaie. The Marshal-thatwas-and-will-be must speculate anxiously on the ebb and flow of events in France—(I wonder if he is allowed newspapers?)—wile looking out over yonder at the Grand Hotel of Cannes, sprawling over the large plot of land which the father of the present proprietor bought, some forty years ago, for a bottle of wine and a couple of worthless assignats. The value of dynasties changes full as fast, here in Evapore. here in France.

here in France.

Not far from St. Marguérite, meanwhile,—this time on a small promontory in the Inland Sea,—another fallen potentate has made his last home. And now the readers of Punch will detect the meaning of my cunning comparison. He, too, like Bazanse, has outside of his prison one of Nature's loveliest landscapes, enhanced in this instance by all that Art and M. Blanc can do to improve upon her, which must be admitted to be a good deal. Beds of tropical flowers, now in their perfect beauty, terraced down to the sea below. Rich growths of palm and clive (why will the former tree always look like a pantomime property, especially in the lime—I mean the moon—light?); little Monaco crossing the hill to the right, with Ranceas and his friends, no doubt, plotting there in the corner; and far away, and overhead, the stretching slopes topped by the Cornice—all mellowed into one delicious tint by the full moon.

not till we left the island that we discovered he was only his Aide-de-Camp, whose duty it is to avert attention in this manner, like a best-man pretending to be bride-groom to hide his principal's comfusion. For my part, the Aide-de-Camp served as well as another for a stalking-horse for my reflections, which turned on a greater exile of old days, on another small island, who—

"i di nell osio Chiuse in si breve sponda."

I don't think, somehow, that Bazainz's days will so close. I have visions of a new Napoleon secorted to the Tuileries by the accident of the source of the many courts he once held in righteous Germany. His Majesty is not visible to the naked eye—not at present: but that is his Premier, not dressed in rouge and wearing a cock's feather, but a quiet little white-haired gentleman decently décoré, and looking like another Thiers, for all the effects of hard more and now and a good conscience. Why shouldn't he? Why should he



THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE.

"WELL, I THINK YOU WILL SUIT ME. WHAT IS YOUR NAME!" "SHARESPEARS, MA'AN; BUT NO RELATION TO THE PLAY-ACTOR OF THAT NAME !

mind? He has done much for mankind, given much pleasure in his day, which is more than your conquerors do, who spread as much ruin as he; and he has bettered nature, instead of defacing it; and his tables have cleared, dit-on, upwards of seven millions of francs this season, in spite of all the infallible systems ever invented. He tempts no one, for he gives no credit. If you win from him, you may walk away. If you blow your brains out in his garden, he will have a rouleau or two placed in your pocket, that no one may suspect impecunicity of your death. I propose to lay myself out for dead some day, in the hope of thus getting out of him some of the money I can win in no other way. For, in spite of my connection with you, Sir, Luck will not serve me, somehow. Strange and perverse Deity, whose existence and whose laws it is surely abourd to deny. For the system-framers are quite right. Luck has its laws as surely as weather has, and none can doubt it who watches the spin of that big roulette wheel, the world, and observos how the ball will tumble for a while into one or two favoured pigeon-holes, again and again, and then altogether abandon them. Where is it, then, that the system-framers are wrong? In ignoring the fact that the first commandment graven on Luck's tables is this—"Thou shalt not know what my laws are?" And in place of the commandments that should follow are blanks that none may fill. Not here on Mont-Blane—I mean Monte Carlo—at all events. Be wise in time. Stroll round these lovely gardens while the big band is discoursing Strause's champagne polka to the moonlight; compare the divine peace without and the fever within, wishing—oh, vanity! that you could win some of your money back. And then go home to bed a sadder and a wiser man, as did, dear Mr. Punch,

YOUR OWN OCCASIONAL.

THE ORACLE OF ISIS.

See Sir. W. V. Hancourr's Fight for another boar at Oxford.

Teleste on the Public-house Clasing Bill Priday, June 5.

The Bill the House is passing through, In every clause a crisis! But nought o'm Harcoure's chaff can do To slop the Secretary's cru-el hand, that crikes both Town and U-niversity on Isb.!

The Town, Sim Wizziam, looks to you!
Whose fun found in a trice is—
To guard its tage from hostile crew,
Toctotalises and Bobbies blue,

the Govern-of them a few to lear at midnight nice in ; they o'er Eschplus should stew, on Greek and water-gru-

'Tis giving delak more than its due, Two heavy for the price is Of that last how when with a crew Of cheering ends the gownsmen screw Themselves in towards of the U-niversity on Isia.

That last hour is the worst for you.

Most sweet the midnight slice is,
Of lash and last till all is blue,
When in the gas-light's magic hue,
Venns plays be maid at the Uneversity on lass!

A "Wine" in rooms no harm can do:

- A the Champagne in ice is;

"Delte in leco," quoth old Q.

H. Flaccus: and so Punch, no Puritan, repeateth to the University on Isis.

RESTRAINT FOR BITUALISM.

THE Primate's Public Worship Bill proposes to give the Bishops the utmost discretion in dealing with their Ritualist mutineers. What a pity that no possible en-actment can give the least discretion to the Ritualists themselves!

BRUTES AND CHRISTIANS.

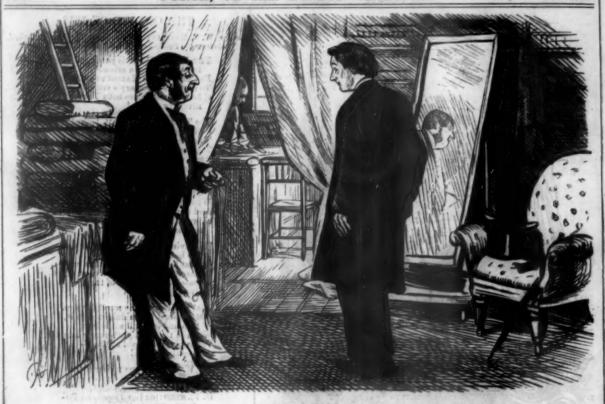
Accousts from Naples and some other parts of Italy represent the population as very commonly guilty of cruelty to animals; overloading and maltreating horses and donkeys, for instance, and letting little children amuse themselves by spinning small birds at the end of a string tied to a wing or leg. When remonstrated with for these outrages on the lower creatures, their customary answer is said to be "Non some Cristiani." If, rather, their reply were "Non siamo Cristiani," would it not more perceptibly account for their conduct? Our own rufflans, accustomed to beat, kiek, and stamp upon their wives, might make the same avowal, if they thought it worth while to assign any reason for putting no restraint on their brutality. Certainly dumb animals are not Christians, yet all such brutes in acknowledging they were no Christians would truly speak for thomselves.

The Claimant in Bankruptcy.

"THE Claimant a bankrupt!" says GREEN,
"Were his excitors sheer imbedities?"
"No," says Punch, "small his schedule had been.
Were it not for his vast lie-abilities.

THE COURSE OF BUENTS.

On Thursday, the "off" day in the Rosem Week, the ground was "harder than ever." It was not, therefore, surprising that the first race should be won by Macadam.



WORTH KNOWING.

Newly-Ordained Deacon. "I SUPPOSE YOU GENERALLY MAKE LONGER COATS FOR MEN WHO HOLD EXTREME VIEWS!" Clerical Tailor. "WELL, SIB, THEY DO GENERALLY PREFER A LONG COAT; BUT WITH THAT COAT, I ASSURE TOU, YOU MAY HOLD ANY VIEWS YOU LIKE !"

SIR WILFRID ON THE DERBY.

What, no more cakes and ale, since thou hast virtue, Testotal Baronet! Must the House resign Its annual outing, lest the vision hurt you, Of fortune-telling gipsies, rosy wine Leaping to rosier lips, the thund rous scamper Of first-rate thoroughbreds, and then—the hamper?

"Not national?" Why, English horses, Baronet, Are a grand growth of skill, each, speculation, You cannot hold within your very narrow net All the edd fish of this odd-fishiest nation; Nor to your bed Progrustean-puritanic Tie down a race Teutonic and Titanic.

With fiercer distribe than yours can be,

Pench has of old the betting accundrels frighted;

To him is given prophetic eye to see

A time when Law's frost shall their growth have blighted,
The good time when the Cities of the North
Shall drive the advertising Welshers forth.

This is no moment for your futile protest,
Just as the Law makes tout and tipster sweat,
When men like Falmourn, for the race-course hottest,
Breed the best horses, and disdain to bet;
As men dream of a Turf which honour rules,
Its winners not all rogues, nor losers fools.

Clear that Turf of its vermin parasitic,
Its filthy frings, the spawn of lusts and lies;
But spare sneers, hyper- if not hypo-critic:
Love of the Horse in England never dies.
Whigs, Tories, foes else, friends in this we findThe Turf's Blue Riband doth all parties bind!

REGULATIONS FOR THE RECRUIT OF THE FUTURE.

Horse Guards, 1st April, 1885.

1. No Recruit will be accepted unless able to walk without the assistance of a nurse.

2. Tops, Balls, Kites, and other Toys will not be permitted in the Barrack Square during Parade.

3. Hardbake and other Sweetstuff will be served out occasionally

5. Hardoase and the state of the state of the state of Potatoes.

4. Real Turkish Sherbet and Imperial Pop will be obtainable at the Regimental Canteen at one Penny per Glass.

5. A wooden Gun and a Tin Bayonet will be served out to each

5. A wooden Gun and a 1th bayonet with be served out to each Infantry Recruits will be supplied with Perambulators.

7. To avoid accidents, Gunpowder will no longer be issued to the Army, and all real Rifles and Swords will be immediately returned into store.

By Command, PUNCH, Adj.-Gen.

A Dead Certainty.

THE Saturday Review, in a recent article on Railway Guarantees,

observes:—
"It is always more or less uncertain whether a Railway will preduce a large return to the undertakera."

Is it? We should have thought that had been very decisively settled in favour of the undertakers by recent accident lists.

Nelson Slightly Altered.

(Hospital Sunday, June 14.) ENGLAND expects that every man That day will do his duty.



"COOL!"

Artist (to old Dandy). "I say, Uncle, I'm going to Paint the 'Drath o' Casar.' Would you mind styring in a Toga, and without your Terth, for one of the Conscript Fathers!" [Old Gent "cuts him of" with a Shilling.

ADULTERATION'S ARTFUL AID.

"Yesterday the House of Commons Committee on the Adultevation Act of 1872 was wholly occupied with the examination of two analysts, one from London, the other from Meswich, where some articles of questionable quality are manufactured. A newly-cloted Member of the House and of the Committee, had to sit and see an article of his evn manufacture, silver-medalled by the Moscow Exhibition as nutritises food for 'infants and invalids,' described as worthless for food, indigestible, and likely to lead to the most serious results if depended upon for infants or invalids, it being, in fact, nothing more than starch of the laundry without the blue."—Times Report, Tisesday, June 9.

In apt adulteration Our tradesmen now exult;
They'd kill the English nation,
Both infant and adult.
In trade what lots of trickery! In ale how little malt!
The coffee's full of chicory,
The beer is full of salt.

Nutrition for the nursery,
For babies plump and arch,
Turns out upon a cursory
Inspection to be—starch!
Maizena and Oswego
Are starch without the blue:
Ah, where the deuce will he go
Who dares such things to do?

What though a man has led a list What though a man has led a liss
Of traders of renown?
Even a Moscow medallist
The analyst runs down.
And O how sad to utter
The statement Punch has seen,
That even best fresh butter
Is made from butterine?

The truthful grocer non est—
Alas! his frauds are gross;
Neither is vintner honest
Nor brewer, inter see.
If you would wear grey locks on
Brains that with age won't fail, Grow your own sheep and oxen. And brew your own good ale.

PARLIAMENTARY GAMES.

"Licensing, or All Round the Clock." A Puzzle constructed by the Secretary of State for Home Affairs. A game to be played by the Publicans, the Police, and the Public.
"Militia Drafts: or Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire." Invented by Lond Marshilled, and strongly recommended by the Inventor for adoption in the British Army.
"Home Rule: or, Heads I Win, Tails you Lose," by Mr. Burr, Q.C. An amusement of purely Irish extraction.
"The Race Game: or, Black and White." Invented by several Secretaries of State for the Colonies, and played with more or less success at Ashantee and elsewhere.
"The Ballot: or, the Way to the Bottom of the Poll." Introduced by the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, and played with startling effect at the late General Election.
"Something to Do, and How not to Do R." An old game with new rules. Invented by the Right Honourable B. Disparell. This popular amusement has been patronised by the House of Commons for many years, and has invariably provoked the heartiest applause and the most genuine laughter.

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, Auri sacra famos!"

If our Archæologists mean to be the saviours of Casar's Camp, new must lose no time in coming to the rescue. Already "work-It our Aroneologists mean to be the saviours of Cassar's Camp, they must lose no time in coming to the resous. Already "work-men have been busily engaged felling some of the trees which form the chief attractions of "the rounds." Before they go farther in stumping up the trees, will nobody stay the sacrilegious hand of building speculation, by stumping up the money?

A TRUE TEMPERANCE HALL.



RANCE HALL.

ROUDLY arrayed in "Silk," as Q.C. and Bencher on Thursday last, the Prince of Wales dined with his "brother Benchers" in the old hall of the Middle Temple. The company included the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England, the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, and the ARCHISISHOP OF CANTEREURY. "I can assure you," said His Royal Highness, in replying to the toast of his health, "that I consider it a very high honour to be connected with this Inn." The PRINCE

THE BISHOF OF OXFORD has been vigorously contending that Episcopal powers should not be hampered by the SHAPTERSURY Clause, which, as his Lordship puts it, is to turn the whole Bench into a set of "mere machines." Surely, where ill weeds are growing at such a pace in the Church, nothing could be wiser than immediate resort to a "Lauen Mower."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ISHOPS are not to speak till they are spoken to. So says the Public Worship Bill, Clause Eight, over which the Lords had a long fight on Monday, June 8th, —Lond Skinsoness moving to give the Bishops power to begin the fray by a

Man Dishard Branch of the Archaeles as wen-chambered revolver at the head of the House

Man Dishard Branch of the Ritualising Clergy, it would be even more conductive to the peace of the Church. Where parties bind themselves in writing to submit to the arbitration of the Bishop, they are to be bound accordingly. And security for £100 costs is to be given before appeal to the Judge. For has not Themse a right to her tungake-tolls?

Altogether, their Lordships seem to be making a very good jeb of the Archbishop's crook.

Man Dishard Branch of the House

Mr. Dunanti presented a seven-chambered revolver at the head of the House of Commons, bidding ther, stand and deliver their Tuesdays to the use of the Government.

Licensing, Factories, Friendly Societies, Land Transfer, Judicature, Rating, and Scotch Church Patronage "We are seven" first-rate Bills—already presented for acceptance, but with chance of protests, sestainty of talk and possibility of "no effects."

Then come Scotch Land Transfer, Police, and Criminal Law Amendment—Bills overdue, and waiting to be taken up, when Government can find the money. (Time is money, you know.)

taken up, when Government can find the money. (Time is money, you knew.)
Then come a whole bunched Irish Bills—anything but "first-rate paper," so properly described by Mr. Disaarii—qui s'y commit—as "secund-rate,"—bringing the Bills on the file to seventeen.
Then there are outstanding accounts for Education, the Gold Coast, and other supplementary trifles.
Then there is Public Worship Regulation—of which the Commons may yet have to sing,—

Church Regulation is vexation, Division is as bad: Mackoncours doth bother me, And Punchas drives me mad!

So, "Your Tuesdays, or your lives!" said the gallant PREMIER, his seven-chambered revolver having grown into a seventeen-chambered one by dint of talking, like Falstaff's men in buckram.

It seems we are to see the New Rules under the Judicature Act before the year is out. The selected men have completed their draught. The Judges had their first tasting Committee last Saturday. They liked the first batch. They have to lay down three batches, and mean to have good sound wine—is vino veritus—wine which will stand water from the well of truth—the best of all bitters.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is going to be friend the Friendly Societies by giving them Tables, improving their registration, requiring them to show their solveney at starting, and bringing the Burial Clubs under the rule of the theatre-galleries—"Children in Thursday." Election" above the control of the Innocents."

Theselay.—"Election" always was a tengh point in the Scotch Kirk, and to-night their Lordships "had a night o' it" over the question who should elect the Meanister—Ratepayers, Congregation, or Communicants?

Lords Grey and Camperdown spoke for, the Macallum More and Lord Rosebery against, giving the election to the Ratepayers.

Said the Durk—is there any human being as authoritative as the Durk on a Kirk question?—the enemies of the Kirk would put in had men, as the Evil One sowed the taxes. Wolves could not be trusted to choose collies. His netion of a constituency was Congregation plus Communicants. And this the Durk of Richmond, for the Kirk, accepted.

Lord Saturbury purposes to add a Public Works Member to the Supreme Council of India. If India would only take his Lordships' word for his Works! One thing is certain: there is no want of works for such a Member, if he had as many heads and hands as the great Viahnoo himself, or any other Briarrous of the Indian Olympus.

Then their Lordships went to work on the Pastoral Crook, got to the Bishop of Petenborouch's "neutral ground," and stopped—aghast at the sight of that "Debateable Land."

In the Commons we had Mr. O'Shauchnessy on the needs of Intermediate Irish Education, and Mr. Meldon on the pay of Irish National School Teachers—"Charles Herney asking for more."

Sie M. Highs Brach, candid as usual, admitted that Irish Education, both Intermediate and National, was open to improvement, but National School Teachers had had a rise two years ago (£104,000), out of payment by results; and there was another year to run before the system was open to overhauling.

Meantime Government has promised to consider the whole subject of Irish Education, High, Middle, and Low—

And we shan't have long to wait.—

We shan't have long to wait.

And we shan't have long to wait—
Saye the Shan Van Vogh;
We shan't have long to wait—
Saye the Shan Van Vogh;

Then an incident, to be sung not said-

CHILDE NEWDEGATE mounted his hobbye so blacke,
To ride at the monke and the nun.
But a Bowyer aly bath his shaft lot fly,
And the Childe with a count foredone!

We shan't have long to wait, Before Par 'll have to state, Priest or Masther—which shall teste?-Says the Shan van Vegh!

"Now foul thee fall, thou false Bowyer,
That shoot at from behind Eome's wall!"
But the Bowyer laught —"Nay," quoth he, "my shaft
Flow not for Rome, but all!

"For hot was the night, and heavy the wight, And O but his hobbye was slow;
And the SPEAKER was crouse, and glad the House,
For the shooting of my bow!

And Members all did a blessing call
Upon the Howyer gay,
Who CHILDE NEWDEGATE'S hobbye did hamstrings,
And sent the House to play!"

Thursday Lord Redmant put in another and it is to be hoped final appeal for the House of Lords. The Bass of Scotland and Irstand back him through Lord Moncriess and Lord O'Hagan. There is no special provision, we are afraid, for a Scotch or Irish-Judgman the new Court of Final Appeal. Hinc ille lacrymen?

But the Lords—in spite of Lord Redmand.—performed the "happy dispatch" by 52 to 23.

Lord Derby explained to Lord Stanley or Aldraley that the Russian Government has prepared an International Congress at

the Russian Government has proposed an International Congress at Brussels, to consider a Code settling laws and usages of war. But

Brussels, to consider a Code settling laws and usages of war. But till we know who are going, how can we know if we are going?

The Commons gave Mr. DISRAELI its Tuesdays, with the understanding that the Member for Limerick, if he surrenders his Tuesday, June 30, is to have another night on which Irish Bull will meet English, full Butt; or, in other words, when England shall hear the reasons why (to use Mr. Martin's fervid phrase) "Ireland is not, never has been, and never will be, content without a Parliament of her own?"

Then Mr. Choose moved the Second Reading of the Common till the content without a Parliament of her own?

Then Mr. Cross moved the Second Reading of the Government

Then Mr. Cross moved the Second Reading of the Government Factory Bill (vice Mr. Mundella's Bill superseded).

Mr. Fawcert, all but alone in his opposition, performed a clever solo on the theme of the old Anti-Ten-Houra-Bill-Movement, with variations. All the other speakers, masters' organs or men's, Gradgrinds or Gushers, were unanimous in favour of the Bill, which Mr. Mundella, who accepts it instead of his own, went so far as to call "a noble measure." (Mr. Cross seems to be more successful in the Factory than the Public.) So the tide setting strong, for the time against Fawcerr and Political Economy, the House carried the Second Reading by 295 to 79. Second Reading by 295 to 79.

Friday.—Their Lordships talked about entries into the Navy, the Transit of Venus, and Representative Peers. There will be a Committee to consider the best mode of skimming the crême de la crême of the Scotch and Irish Lords. There are complaints of the sent samples.

ME. NEWDESATE moved for his Bill to put Monks and Nuns under inspection. SIR J. KENNAWAY suggests Registration of the Religious, and making the Nuns wards in Chancery—with the Lond Chancery—Recause they very the day before the current of the Religious, and making the Nuns wards in Chancery—with the Lond Recause I fortune and imposes upon the unhappy officials who have to extort it. No, if Nuns must confess their ages, let it be like the rest of their Confessions, under the seal of secresy.

But the feature of the evening was Mr. O'Gorman. [Begorra, he bates Dowse by lengths. Will Mr. O'G. call on Mr. P.? He will hear of something to his advantage. But what did he mean by making a nun of the eldest daughter of the Quern of Bohemia. And finally—Bee make it a rule always Louise, a younger sister, who died Abbers at Maubuisson; and her brother Edward's, change of Church was declared. MR. NEWDEGATE moved for his Bill to put Monks and Nuns under

by their mother, the poor Queen of Hearts, the bitterest of her many sorrows. And what did Mr. O'GORMAN mean by quoting—

quibus imperium est animarum, umbrasque silentes, Et Ch

Are Dii, the Spiritual Directors, anime, the Nuns, umbre sientes and loca nocte silentia late, the Convents? It is a pity Mr. O'Co dain't give the quotation to Mr. Newdrars, or Mr. T. Chambers for one of their speeches. But it is ungrateful to complain, after the treat Mr. O'Gorman has given us.]

The House shunted the Hill by 257 to 92.

Then Mr. Cowpers Transil moved to fit the Scotch Universities for Fernal Students.

"Clause Twenty-five" one its altar. Mr. Isaac objected to the sacrifice, and said he had been sent there to save the Clause from Mr. Richard's green and referred, Mr. Dixor (should be not be henceforth Rimand's san'?) followed the Member for Marthyr in his assault on the Clause of Contention.

Mr. Porstrassolin-plain trath and common sense as usual. The Clause was not intended the benefit Denominational Schools, but to get as many Children as possible to School, and to take away from Compulsion. Without Clause Twenty-five, mr. Option. There is the cruz intended the special plan and the twenty of the Cruz intended the special plan and the Cruz intended the cruz



darling Princess is certain to be there, and probably my dear Duchess too, and I should like to look at

Because everybody who is anybody invariably goes, and I have no wish to be classed among the nobodies.

Because I virtu-ously abstained from going to the Derby, and I really think such virtue ought to be rewarded.

Because my wife desires to go, and as a tender husband I am bound to take her. Because really now

the weather is so charming, don't you know, and all that sort of thing you know, that really one can't miss it.

Because I've nothing in the world to do if I don't go, and of course it wouldn't do to waste a day in doing nothing.

Because it's not a bit like going to the Derby, don't you see, and now-a-days, one can slip down there quite easily by train, without a scrap of dust, you see. So that really, don't you know, one has no exemps for not going.

a scrap of dust, you see. So that really, don't you know, one has no excuse for not going.

Because I happen to have drawn one of the favourites for the Cup, and, as I never have won yet, of course I should just like for once to see my horse come in a Winner.

Because they 've asked me for my sins to a rather heavy dinner the day before the race, and I know I shall be seedy if I don't get

the day before the race, and I know I shall be seedy if I don't get out next morning.

Because the country must be looking lovely this fine weather, and it really seems a horrid shame not to go and look at it.

Because I fortunately won a five-pound note upon the Derby, and can therefore well afford to give myself another outing.

Because it's socially considered quite the thing to go to Ascot, and it does a man no harm to be considered in the fashion.

Because I fancy that I have an artist's eye for costume, and Ascot is of all places the place for pretty dresses.

Because Maud told me she is going, and I possibly may have the happiness to meet her.

happiness to meet her.

And finally—Because, for reasons of my own, I wish to go, and I make it a rule always to gratify my wishes.

On a Footing.—Almost every considerable town has a Market for Corn; therefore, it is but fit that Bedford Market-place should



"NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION."

THE REV. DUODECHUS LAZARUS QUIVERFUL, FINDING THAT HIS MEANS ARE LIMITED IN PROPORTION TO HIS RAPIDLY-INCREASING FAMILY. ADOPTS A METHOD WHEREBY HE CAN COMBINE EXERCISE FOR HIMSELF AND THEM, AND ECONOMY FOR ALL.

GLADSTONE ON FAIR PLAY.

(See Times, June 10th.)

"FAIR Play t" says GLADSTONE, and Punch says it, too;
Thanks for the lesson needed sore this year.
Gladstonian wisdom on the Miner's ear
Falling some good may do.
May those that work in caverns black as night,
pain from thy Davy unexplosive light.

Thou who hast worked away with stress more strenuous,
Than any Miner in the Shire of Chester,
Turning from party-wars to talk with Nestor,
Turning from party-wars to talk with Nestor,
Saying, "We boast, sons of the Northern Sea,
That in our Isle Minorities are free."

If in this realm mere numbers are to bind
The ways of men, and their free action fetter,
"The sconer we get out of it the better,"
And give the immortal mind Full space to breathe, untrammelled by the panic Of Hands on Strike, in Freedom's name tyrannic.

Ah, human nature is a changeless thing!
Put power in horny hands, and soon they are
Swift to "put down" as those of sternest Czar,
Or of most Christian King.
Workmen treat Workmen as CAUS treated ABEL,
And prating Progress Progress prove a fable!

Well, let us hope these Cestrians will grow wiser, Having, what seldom in these days is found, Apollo stooping to their common ground, A GLADSTONE for advisor:

And may the great truth sound from sea to sea, England is England only while she's free.— King, Priest, Lord, Workman, whose tyrant be!

LIBERTY F. LICENCE.

SCENE-London. Time, 1880. Enter Two Citizens. They embrace.

First Citizen. And so, my friend, you have been round the world since last we met ?

Second Citizen. Indeed I have; and as I could get no journal on my travels, I am anxious to learn the latest news. But first let me give your little son a penny, that he may buy some sweets.

First Citizen. A thousand thanks. But the sweet-stuff shops are closed at one, and (looking at his ecutch) it is now past three o'clock. He shall keep it until to-morrow.

Second Citizen. Let him buy a toy.

First Citizen. Then let him get a bun.

First Citizen. The obsers close at nine, the grocers at eleven, the milliners (the gods be praised!) at noon.

Second Citizen. Dear, dear! I promised to buy my wife a bonnet.

First Citizen. They may admit you if you can prove yourself a bond fide purchaser.

First Citizen. They may admit you if you can prove yourself a bond fide purchaser.

Second Citizen. Anon, anon; but now I faint with heat and hunger. Pray, my good friend, send to the butcher's to get me a steak. Your little son can go. Doubtless he knows the way.

First Citizen. It would be useless. They close at 4 A.M.

Second Citizen. Then is nothing open the livelong day?

First Citizen. Oh yes—the Cemetery!

[Exit Second Citizen hurriedly, to go round the world again.

Those Wonderful Chatham Guns!

THE Broad Arrow of June 6th informs its readers that, at twelve o'clock on the Queen's Birthday, the "guns of Fort Amherst commenced firing a Boyal salute, and afterwards gave three hearty cheers!" One has heard of these brazen mouths "speaking," metaphorically, but to hear of them cheering literally is quite new. This was cannon-ading Chatham to honour the Queen's birthday with a verseauch. with a vengeance.



"RIGHT AND LEFT."

MAC MAHON. "HAVE NO FEAR, MADAME! THEY MAY HURT EACH OTHER, BUT, IF I CAN HELP IT, THEY SHAN'T HURT YOU!"

THE AND LETT.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED PRESCR NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE SECOND-IN THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK THE PERSON

I.-Antonoroly.

gone off with somebody else. He waited for her return. So he waited and waited. He said, "I am a Waiter." When sober he was silent as to his wrongs. At such times he said, "I am a dumb Waiter."

His peasant parents, in obtaining for him a situation in an inn, had desired to elevate him above the common people: he voluntarily returned among them, with hair out very short, and a

At this time he bethought him of the bar of an inn, and felt himself vaguely a publican. What kind of public? The sporting,

commercial.

Forbidden to love, he set himself to wait.

He said, "Everything comes to him who waits." After a while, he took a situation at some gardens where there were dancing, shows, cirques, dwarfs, and giants. He was not the man to be afraid of

Though already elderly,—he was fifty, and a Waiter ages faster than another man,—he began to grow. From year to year they watched him, and the Proprietor thought that, at length, he might

watched him, and the Proprietor thought that, at length, he handle engage him as a giant.

Thus he reached fifty-two.

On the Derby Day there were fearful storms, of men, not elements, in the gardens. There were also fireworks, bombardments, and daring men on single wires surrounded by fisanes. Arroumout, became an adept at this art. On the tight-rope he felt himself at home. Below him was the areas of distraction in its fisceeness and brilliancy. The tempest of betting men and inebriated fools, snobs, and aristocrats, was beneath him. Like the sea-eagle this man preserved his internal composure, and enjoyed the danger. Indeed, a sea-eagle, in such a position on a tight-rope, would have lost heart and flown towards the coast.

After this he were a hermit's dress, and told fortunes. He took

money at the door. He was asked, "Will you do this for the Pro-

"I would not do it for the Proprietors," Antonemous replied.
Be it observed here, that he, too, this master of a variety of languages, had studied Ollendorf, and had formed his reply on that model.

This reply made him famous. He was subsequently able to arrange and share with the proprietors of several places of amusement. He could wait, he could sing, he could walk the tight-rope and slack-wire, and he could tell fortunes. He had, unconsciously, told his own when he had said, "Everything comes to him who

waits."

ANTOSEBOLT was one of those men who have an inner voice.

When he called aloud, "Tomax!" somebody, really this inner voice, seemed to reply from under the table or up the chimney. This gift of nature, improved by art, rendered him highly popular. Also, he could conjure, and perform tricks with half-crowns belonging to persons among his audience, and could bring camen-balls out of hats, fish-bowls out of handkerchiefs, and bird-cages, with real birds in them, out of ordinary portfolios.

In his implacable artlessness he said, "There is no deception."
Everybody felt he was honest, and was satisfied.

And was satisfied.

He obtained excellent terms.

He was sometted by entrepresence, by the atrical managers, by showmen, by circus-managers, by showmen, be circus-managers, by showmen, beautiful and colour-managed or bad Englishman, Spanish after eating Spanish onions, African with a Kristiminstril, French in aix lessons after breakfast, and Egyptian with the professors at the Egyptian Hall. These last feared him.

In these times, and among

In these times, and among these groups, ANTONEROUS possessed the power of the inexplicable. He was without human weakness, save the chronic cold in his head. No person had ever

in his head. No person had ever seen him weep, but when his syes ran from the cause just mentioned.

He was petrified ice amid a circle of volcances. He was old, yet fresh. His freshness was that of the mountain-dew off Ben Newis. To obtain this, he was all abroad early in the day. To get it after midnight was impeasible. He said to himself, "Were I a publican, I should have it when my own doors were have it when my own doors were

ANTOWNDOLY looked like an

be bethought him an, and felt himpublican. What

The sporting, fighting, or, perhaps, the purely ove, he set himself to wait.

The sporting comes to him who waits." After a while, and some gardens where there were dancing, shows, and giants. He was not the man to be afraid of the counternance there was an air of becoming exasperation—that is, he was gradually getting red in the face.

Such was ANTONIMOLY.

To-day few knew his name. History has many of these unknowns.

"Heigho!" said ANTONEROLY.

By this saying, if by no other, he is remembered.

II .- Round the Corner.

Was such a man indeed a man? Could a Waiter know affection? Could a frog go a-wooing? Without his mother's cognisance of his absence from home? Could ANTONEROLY pityingly sympathise with such an amphibious wooer? Could he not say "heigho?" We answer—Yes.

ANYONEROLY, when a Boots, had conceived a strong affection for a little vulgar boy. He had communicated to this young gentleman his own ideas on tip-cat and chuck-farthing.





HOME FROM ASCOT.

(Jones and his Priends miss their road at duck. Younger Post-boy " swarms" the sign-post for directions.)

Elder Post-boy. " It's NO USE, SIR. IF HE DOES GET UP, HE CAN'T READ," Sleepy Party on Box. "TELL HIM TO SPELL IT THEN, STUPID!"

He showed him how to abstract the contents of a box of valuables

without the aid of a key.

One morning, their master discovered that his watch and purse had been removed in the night.

The watch was found under Antoneroux's pillow. The money was never heard of again. The boy had disappeared, but Antoneroux suffered. This ended in a cell. Antoneroux lost sight of his pupil

pupil.

It is a beautiful thing to train a young gazelle and give it sixpence for itself to set up in life. To give it two sixpences, or train four gazelles, is still more beautiful.

A spirit may own a child, and a child may own a spirit.

This boy, this pupil, was always in the mind's eye of ANTONEROLY. He longed to see him, if only for a moment.

To have him within the distance of an arm, or within reach of his foot, would have sufficed.

Would the boy have been hurt by such an affection as this of ANTONEROLY. Strucked ANTONEROLY.

Would ANTONEROLY, striving to make both ends meet, fall or

Even in such an affection would a man like this prove vulnerable or venerable?

Both or either? Or neither? Which? We shall see.

(To be continued.)

Cool Cards. (After the Oaks.)

SEE your Sporting Prophets' sockdology!
They take credit (from those they owe to)
For not accepting Apology,
After putting them wrong in Toto.

THE NEW TURKISH LOAN.

(Investor seeketh Spiritual Direction.)

TURKEY owes a precious lot: Turkey wants to borrow more.
Will she pay her way, or not?
Can I trust her with my store?

Turkey being plunged in debt, Spirits that on tables knock, Rap me out, by alphabet, Dare I purchase Turkey Stock?

Turks are quoted very cheap,
Ten per cent. the stock will pay;
But shall I be sure to reap That per-centage many a day?

Silent, prescience ye disown; Or, if tables you can tap, Mean to say the Turkish Loan Isn't worth a single rap.

Dinner and Diplomacy.

Somesony in Russia has invented a new "Revolving Dining Table" which, dispensing with attendance, leaves it to the host literally to "turn the tables" of hospitality on his guests as he chooses. If the new invention receive diplomatic patronage, as it is most likely it will, it would perhaps be as well that the provisions of our next Central Asian treaty should not be discussed "over the wine." British Statesmen are quite accustomed enough to see the "tables turned" on them as it is, without any mechanical contrivance. contrivance.



SELF-RESPECT.

Cook (to Fellow-servant who has been after a new Place). "Well, 'Liza, will it

Elica. "Not if I knows it! Why, when I got there, blest if there wasn't the two Young Ladies of the 'Ouse both a dail' of one Plano at the same Time! 'Well,' thinks I, 'this his a comin' down in the World!' So I thought I was deet say Good Mornin'!"

ULTRA-LIBERAL TORYISM.

"J. W. L." writes to the Times, saying that he is a resident in chambers. His laundress lives elsewhere. He has no means of cookery at home. Used, when the hour for opening refreshment-shope on Sunday was five o'clock, to go to church in the evening as the rule and not the exception. Now that the hour is six, the exception has become the rule; and, if the hour becomes seven, the rule will be made absolute. It was a fine side of Sin G. Jennenson's, adopted by Mr. Cross, that of trying to "drive people to go to church," by shutting public-houses at people's meal-times, and opening them precisely at the hour when evening service begins.

Logislation for the purpose of driving the people to Church, however impracticable, is theroughly Tory; the natural offspring of religious despotism. It was a wonder that a Liberal Government extended exclusion from dining-rooms from five to six. It is no wonder that a Conservative Government abould have proposed a further extension of that nuisance from six to seven. Mr. DISEARLY'S Government, indeed, owed Bune a good turn, and tried to pay him; but the House of Commons wouldn't let them, and Bune is thrown over, just as the safeguards for Household Suffrage were. The Premium has reason to boast that he has educated his party, hasn't he?

Ministers were willing, if able, to enlarge the licence of the Publicans; but would, if they could, diminish the liberty of the Public. It is clear, too, that they meditate this object in the interest of Sabbatarianism, rather than that of sobriety; since, after seven o'clock on Sundays, if that hour were fixed for the stroke of Cross, all "dipsomaniaes" would have pienty of time to get as drunk as they pleased, having been rendered all the more eager for drink by an additional hour of compulsory thirst. Do you think, Gentlemen, to drive them to Church by stopping off their swill? You might as well attempt to drive pigs. The more you try, the more they won't go!

Change about is Fair Play.

When the Labourer has wrought his old bones through his skin,
To the Union he's sent, FARMER HODGE looks him in.
Now the tables are turned, and this change comes about—
"Tis the man joins the Union, and Hodge looks him out.

A SUBJECT OF INTEREST. — ("Arbitrio Popularis Auro.")—The Archbishop's Bill v. The People's WILLIAM, superseded.

RUNYAN AT REDFORD.

(See the Inauguration of BORHM's Statue of the Author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" given by the DUKE OF BEDFORD to the town of ditto. Times, Thursday,

Bunyan the Pilgrim, dreamer, preacher,
Sinner and soldier, thinker and teacher,
For heresy scoffed, securged, put in prison—
The day of Tolerance yet un-risen—
Who heard from the dark of his dungeon lair
The roar and turnoil of Vanity Fair,
And shadowed Man's pilgrimage forth with passion
Heroic, in God-guided poet-fashion,
Has now his revenge; he looks down at you
In a ducally-commissioned Status,—
A right good artist gave life and go to it,
But his name's Borem, and Rhyme says "no" to it—
And the Dran or Wrothington, frank and fluent,
Spoke Broad-Church truths of the Baptist truant.

Punch likes the Duke and he likes the Dean, Punch likes the Duke and he likes the Dean,
And the summer air in the summer green,
When the Anabaptist poet and clown
Was set up as the glory of Bedford town:
But ducal and decanal folk should learn
That to deal with the Past is of small concern;
That light for the day's life is each day's need,
That light for the day's life is each day's need,
That the Tinker-Teacher has sown his seed;
And we want our BUNYAN to show the way
Through the Sloughs of Despond that are round us

to-day.

Car yide for strappling souls to wait,
And lift the latch of the wicket-gate.

And lift the latch of the wicket-gate.

The Churches now debate and wrangle,
Strange doubts theology entangle;
Each sect to the other doth freedom grudge,
Archbishop asks ruling of a Judge.

Why comes no Pilgrim, with eye of fire,
To tall us where pointeth minster-spire,
To show, though critics may sneer and scoff,
The path to "the Land that is very far off."?
The People are weary of vestment-vanities,
Of litigation about inanities,
And fain would listen, O Freacher and Peer,
To a voice like that of this Tinker-Seer;
Who guided the Pilgrim up, beyond
The Valley of Death, and the Slough of Despond,
And Doubting Castle, and Ginat Theopair;
To those Delectable Mountains fair,
And over the River and met the Gate
Where for weary Filgrims the Angels wait!

Bather too Mach.

In the Table of Contents of the Field Packet-Book for the Auxiliary Forces, by Sin Ganser Wolseldy, under the heading, "What all Officers should carry in their Heads," we find "Anthorised allowance of Baggage; Stores; Supplies of Food; Rations; Camp Equipment; Tents; Ammunition;" and a good deal more.

Is not that rather too much, Sin Ganser, for all officers to carry in their heads? With only half as much in the heads of a few of them, there surely should have been no difficulty in the carrying department on the march to Coomassic.

BUNG ON HIS BETRAYERS.

A PRISCIPUS little good we got
By 'avin brought in this 'ere lot!
We fondly 'oped they did intend
The Licensed Wittlers to befriend;
Instead of which they abandons us,
And makes the Licensin' Hact wus.
We 're sold—fools on us they has made.
As Moosoo says, "We are betrayed!"
In change for Brook we've got a Choes;
By which we finds we've gained a loss.
The Tories with the Liberal side
On that there Bill of his n divide;
The Bill and bloke is both a "do;"
"Tis hall a "Cross" between the two.



ONE OF OUR BRIGADE DEPOTS!

(THE BANK AND FILE.)

THE STAGE WITHOUT STARS.

(See Sin J. Bunnury's Speech at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner. Times, June 10, p. 5.)

Imagine the Stage without Ladies to tread it!

Ophelia, Rosalind, Juliet—a boy!

Possibility hard for the critic to credit—
The best growth of the Boards at a blow to destroy!

Till the Stage of its epicene lads made a riddance,
Who cares to count Stars in the night of the Play?

Where our forefathers' BRACEGIRGLE, WOFFINGTON, SIDDONS,
Our FAUCITS, and STIRLINGS, and TERRYS to-day.?

Stage Stars, be your beams over-powering or tender,
PuncA joins SIR JOHN BENNETT in homage to you.
He loves his old well-battered heart to surrender,
With both eyes and hands to pay tribute and due;
To hear a sweet laugh, when black memories rankle,
To feel by light touches Time's crow's-feet effaced;
He doesn't object to a trim little ankle,
Or the beautiful curve of a well-rounded waist.

Corruptio optimi pessima. Ladies,
The fairest and purest, have trodden the stage;
But, alas! there's an easy descent towards Hades,
Downhill to the dogs is a road of the age.
Easy gradients are those to the Stygian Valley,
Where purity withers and modesty dies.
We've aiready had too many pets of the Ballet,
Taking out of faux pas the reverse of a rise.

Ah, Stars of the Stage! Of Art's higher vocations
Where 's a higher than yours, to its best while you 're true,
When you give to the theatre Shakspeare's creations,
In their beauty still pure, and their life ever new?
Be your study but careful, and lofty your standard.
Don't fish for fools' plaudits, or stoop to snobs' calls,
And however by ignorant critics you 're slandered,
You'll be certain to see Mr. Punch in the stalls.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

Here is a case of a not uncommon kind, painfully illustrating the characteristic rudeness of the Englishman abroad. According to the Journal d'Elbeuf, at a village near Rouen, on Sunday:—

"A young Englishman, the son of a manufacturer of Manchester, stood with his hat on looking at the procession passing in honour of Corpus Christi. The Mayor of the commune knocked the young man's hat off, and a complaint on the subject has just been forwarded to the Public Precurator of the Republic."

Republic."

The Mayor, of course, will be commended for his zeal in enforcing an act of homage to an object of his own veneration on a heretic who probably did not know what it meant. An Englishman has no right to go to France without first having learned what persons and things he will be expected to take off his hat to. If he keeps it on for want of knowing, he ought to have it knocked off. True politeness would teach him to take off his hat whenever any procession of any kind whatsoever is going by. As for the Mayor who, by knocking our Manchester youth's hat off, gave him a lesson in good breeding, if he were in England, and a certain commemorative procession, of which he did not understand the import, passed him on the Fifth of November, no doubt, as a French gentleman, he would respectfully take off his hat to Guy Fawkes.

Latest from Brighton.

When a horse jibs, should titled swell ill-treat the beast he "loves too well"? If at the horse in heat he throws Hard words to supplement hard blows, What savage name will he not say. Though others might? O, jib away!

CAT AND DOG.

A Lover of exact language wants to know why the attendants at the Crystal Palace Dog-Show should not be required by authority to call—"Dog-alogues, One Shilling!"



A DISTINCTION.

New Government. 44 VERY GOOD! AND HOW LONG DID YOU PRACTISE IN THE HOLIDAYS, MAUD!

Mond, "O, I PRACTISED HALF-AN-HOUR, MIRS BAILRY. BUT THEN THAT WAS BY THE DINING-ROOM CLOCK. WHEN I PRACTISED BY THE CLOCK ON THE STAIRS, IT WAS THREE-QUARTERS, BECAUSE THAT S SLOW!

INTOXICATING LIQUORS BILL.

(FURTHER AMENDMENTS.)

NORTH of the Trent the hours of opening and closing to be 6'30 A.M. and 11'15 P.M.; south of the Trent, 7'15 A.M. and 12'30 P.M.

In towns, cities, and other populous places, where the population, according to the last Census, exceeded one million, the hour of closing to be 12'20; where it was between 2,500 and a million, 11'15; where it was under 2,500, 10'10 P.M.

On Sundays, publicans who are members of the Establishment, to keep their houses closed during the church services; publicans who are Nonconformists to regulate their hours of opening and closing by the Dissenting chapels. On fine summer evenings, an additional half-hour may be granted by permission of the nearest Magistrate. Notice to be given beforehand, that the nearest Magistrate may be at home.

A Licensed Victualler to have the privilege of entertaining his own and his wife's relations, after the legal hour of closing, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and also on Tuosdays and Thursdays, if either of these last two mentioned days happens to be his birthday, or his wife's, or that of any of his children (if resident on the premises), or his wedding-day. The Head of the Police or a resident Magistrate always to be of the party on these occasions. This privilege not to be extended to beerhouse keepers, except at the urgent request (in writing) of four-fifths of the rateable inhabitants.

Licensed Victuallers to be allowed to sell tobacco, but not pipes; beerhouse keepers to keep pipes, but no tobacco. In places where there are less than 2,500 inhabitants, no smoking to be permitted before 8'30 A.M. or after 9 P.M.

Facilities to be given to potboys and barmaids for self-oulture.

All signs and signboards to be submitted to the Board of Works in London, and to the Town Council in the country.

Dusty boots to be accepted as the test of a boad fide traveller.

To insure punctuality in the hours of opening and closing, every publican will be required, from and after the passing of this Act, to provide himself with a chronometer by one of the best

BY CAM AND ISIS.

"Enconia conseque dearum." - Times, June 8th.

ALACK, what a terrible crisis!

The 'Varsities rivals in fun;

If Cam become rapid as Isis,

Why where can a man send his son?

'Twixt Commencement and Commemoration
There won't be a pin, son, to choose:

Now the Senate-house leaps from stagnation
Into rapid Sheldonian shoes!

This age, of new fancies prolifie,
Finds excitement than work more

Finds excitement than work more diverting,
And CAVENDIBH, swell scientific,
Is excuse for all manner of firting.
Some may think the Fiend's hoof, curs'd and cloven,
Can scarcely contrive to find place
Within hearing of mighty Brethoven,
Or where Handel to Million adds grace.

And SEE GARNET, while cheers so outrageous Greet laurels from Africa new, May make warlike ardour contagious, Till our Gen'rals are not quite so few. But what means that thump on the shoulder, Enough to unsettle my hunch?—
"Drop your morals till see have grown older;

And you have grown wiser, Père Punch.

"Tis a task to work hard in the sweetness "Tis a task to work hard in the sweetness
Of Summer, when rose-flushing June
Brings the year to its calm of completeness,
And ice with one's claret's a boon.
No fellow can be a good classic—
Howsoe'er caustic crities may chaff—
That don't hold with Horace on Massic,
And Catullus on Lesbia's laugh.

"Why should not the ladies be merry, And the men be both merry and wise, While the son of the Bishop of Derry Reads his rhymes for the Newdegate Prize ?

He must be a cynical fellow, Atrabilious far beyond cure, Who considers Kiwo Coffee's umbrella As sacred from oarioature.

"Ah no, let us have our Encenia, And let the fair visitants come, Lighting up the green-ivied old mænia With their smiles, sweet suggesters of

home.
Life is not so brilliantly coloured
We should throw youth's enjoyment away;

Nor was young JOHN BULL meant for a dullard, Given up to 'all work and no play.'"

THE PRINCE OF POTENTATES.

In a letter written by PIUS THE NINTH on the day when he was made Pope, to his brother at Sinigaglia, and published the other day in the Times, His Holiness, in language of deep humility, described himself, "so base," as having been divinely raised "to the highest dignity on earth." No doubt the good Pontiff was as sincere in magnifying his office as in depreciating himself; but still Popery is Popery, and its pretensions cannot be allowed to pass unreproved. No true Protestant, especially if an Englishman, and still rather if a Citizen of London, can hear without an indignant denial, that the pontificate is the highest dignity, nor can any such Protestant allow that there is any dignity on earth superior to that of the Lord Mayor. IN a letter written by Prus THE NINTH

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



CHACELLOR'S Essence of Law—
the Statutes up to 1824 compressed
into Five Volumes—Statutes in small for Statutes at large? Unluckily, as we get nearer
our own times we can't throw overboard as much rubbish—would we could say we don't ship
as much—so nine or ten volumes may be wanted to carry the Statute Law to 1868. But, even
then, what a lightening of the load on legal book-shelves, and what a help to the hunting
the needle in the Legislative bottle of hay!

The Bishop of Perendonoush won't attempt to stake out a neutral ground between High

and Low Church-lands. He moved towards it

"Then back recoiled, he well knew why, E'en at the step himself had made."

DR. MAGER sees the Lions in the way, and declines to face them; and wise Peers are agreed

DR. PLAYFAIR did thoroughly what LORD HAMPTON left half done the other day—marshalled the reasons for appointing a Minister of Education. They are strong, and were strongly stated :-

A President of Council (oftenest a Lord) with all the power and patronage: a Vice-President doing nine-tenths of the work.

An Educational Department with nothing to say to any of our Educational machinery above the primary schools, and only part of them.

Four Millions of public money spent on Education, and no head to guide the Pactolus for irrigation of our waste places.

Mr. Forence agreed that a Minister of Education is wanted, if England is to overtake

Mr. DISEAULI differed. Mr. DISEARLI differed. There is the fait accompli—the working Department; and nobody able to say it doesn't work fairly. A powerful Minister might stereotype the system, and England didn't like stereotyped systems.

Mr. Lowe agreed with Mr. DISEARLI. "Results" are his test, and results are in favour of the Department.

Sir J. Lorsock agreed with Dr. Playfair. He is a man of science, and the notion of a hand control is according.

head-centre is scientific.

The Motion was negatived. Clearly the time is not yet.

(After all, have we not our Minister of Education here already, in all causes and on all questions supreme—the Right Honourable John Bull.? When his mind is made up, and his will clear to himself, see whether Education does not march fast and far enough in the direction he chooses. Till his mind is made up, set up any will not his, and see what comes

of it.)

Lond Sandon moved the Education Vote. E pur si muove! The Schoolmaster is abroad, and gathering the stray sheep into the school-fold. By June 1875 we shall have made provision for teaching four million children, 2,500,000 in voluntary schools receiving grants, 100,000 in schools without grants, 500,000 under School Boards. For these millions we shall want 25,000 teachers—and can get them. There lies the water—good (as the Gravedigger says). Here are the asses—bad (as Punch says). Now, if these asses go to that water and drink, it is, mark you, will be, nill be, they go—mark you that; but if that water come to those asses, and they drink not—marry who shall make them? That is the point which bothers your educational labourers of all grades, from the Lord President who sitteth in the Privy Council at Whitehall, to the REV. WILLINGET WHITERIE who steweth and stermeth in the National School-room by Stick-in-the-Mud-cum-Slocombe, in the Rural District of East Anglia. East Anglia.

How are we to establish the circuit, as electricians say, between children and school—and draw out the spark that will do everything for us, from shaping a world to carrying a mes

Tuesday.-The Judicature Bill has passed

Tuesday.—The Judicature Bill has passed through Committee in the Lords—a good Bill well handled, and promises to be one of the strokes of real work which will redeem the Session.

We can't say as much of the Licensing Bill. Cross is the only word for it. Its provisions cross and recross, till they get into a tangle. It makes the House cross, and it makes their customers cross, and it makes their customers cross, and it makes Pusses cross—in short it is a chapter of crosses, with no blessing to be got, as far as anybody can see, by bearing them. Eight pages of amendments! Chaos come again: a labyrinth for Licensed Wittlerdom, with only Caoss's clue for a guide through its mazes! And now, after taking away local discretion, and claiming credit for it, and drawing a hard and fast line at ten for country and eleven for town, Caose crossos his own lines, and proposes to empower the Justices to say which is town and which is country. Naturally the much-enduring House kicked under such a last afraw Justices to say which is town and which is country. Naturally the much-enduring House kicked under such a last straw added to the load of Crosses it has had to bear on this matter—and the clause was postponed. (Que diable allait—il faire dans cette galere? What did set the Government meddling and muddling with the Wittlers' Bill? Why couldn't they let "Bruce" alone? The good Little Wittler did know the time o' day then. But now!)

Wednesday .-Sin WILFRID Lawson moved his Permissory Prohibit 'em: But the House declines to treat Liberty

among things to be lopt ad libitum;
Of Teetotalism rampant, and Good-Temp-

lars' order aggressive, Hopes long to be Prohibitory and not in the least Permissive:

Rejects the Teetotal decalogue, where drinking comes next to murther, And won't allow SIR WILFRID to carry his Rejects

Bill any further.

Those who upon this point would know quod-sit fas, quod sit nefas, Had better turn at once from Punch's Essence to his Preface.

Thursday.—In the Lords, some useful Amending of the Judicature Bill (Ireland). Amending of the Judicature Bill (Ireland). In the Commons, more crossing of the inextricable threads of the Wittlers' Tangle; till the House, what with differing and disputing, and misunderstanding and misinterpreting, and twisting and turning, and muddling and meahing itself in a mare of amendments, was like nothing so much as a Parliament of kittens with a battery of cotton-balls. The only decided impression Punch gathers from the night's talk is that nothing was decided, and existing confusion very much worse confounded. Yes—there was one thing done—the Seven o'clock for Sunday closing was made Six again. again.

Friday.—Three Lord Chancellors (one actual and two "ex"-es) and Lond Shaptesmuny agreed that £3000 would be enough for the new Ecclesiastical Judge. Three thousand pounds, indeed! How would their legal Lordships like it themselves? The lawyer who is to lay down the law for the Church ought to be a tip-topper; and legal tip-toppers are not to be got for £3000

Four thousand pounds is the lowest figure it can be done for, my Legal Lords, and you ought to know it.

Now that the Archbishops' Bill is to enable the Bench to enforce the law, comes the more tacklish matter of the law to be enforced.

Letters of business (whatever they may be—it looks as if without special permission the Parsons' Parliament was only called for talk, and that is about the truth) are to be issued, to enable the Convocation to revise the Rubries.

Mexicin powers! REMOR MAGEST shrapk appealed from setting.

tion to revise the Rubrics.

Merciful powers! Bishop Mages shrank appalled from setting out the Church's debateable ground. But think of Convocation revising the Rubrics! The Kilkenny cats in council is the only conceivable parallel—or Clapham Junction with all the trains from everywhere to everywhere in full steam, the signal-posts pulled up, the switches taken away, and the breaks unshipped.

Suppose before setting Convocation to revise the Rubrics, Parliament were to revise Convocation; and, if it is to do business, make it a representation of the Church Laity in Church matters, as well as the Church Clerics. Convocation revising the Rubrics! We can't get over it. Punch's each particular hair has stood up ever since he heard it, and won't lie down again. Talk of Priests' orders; think of Priests' disorders, when it comes to Rubrical revision!

orders; think of Priests' disorders, when it comes to Rubrical revision!

Good news for the sad city of the West. Galway is not to be distranchised (why would it, unless twenty other poor little Irish boroughs are to be kicked out into the could, with Galway?) Rob the Green Isle of her small boroughs—bedad! it would be just like the bleak Saxons, takin' away the last little bit o' divarsion that 's left poor Ould Ireland! Mr. Convolly, if not McKvilly, was Evilly-minded against the Clargy, and Mr. Vivias disrespectfully confounded Father Peter Daly and Father Peter Dooler, but Misther Morris came gallantly to the fore, and gave Ton Commolity the polithogue he'd deserved by evenin' his dirty Donegal to the raal-culd ancient City of the Tribes!

Besides, hadn't Galway covered harself with glory—returning such representative men as the Great Blake—not the Admiral, but the Horse-breeder—and though modesty might keep him from saying so—Morris himself? (Punch would be glad if when Mr. O'Gornas comes to the office, he'd bring Mr. Morris with him.)

Then the House again got to its Intoxicating Liquors, and as usual on these occasions made an ass of itself, though it wasn't quite so hopelessly obfuscated as on Thursday night, though still hazy enough to make it difficult to get at the effect of the cross-fire of explanations, disputations, botherations, and recriminations. As far as Punch can make out, Licensing Committee Magistrates are to have the power of defining populous districts, but musn't go below 1000 population.

Sir W. Harcourt hopes the Lords will make the Bill intelligible.

1000 population.

SIE W. HARCOURT hopes the Lords will make the Bill intelligible.

Faut laver son lings sale on famille, Messieurs of the Commons.

SPIRITUALISM AND ST. PAUL'S.

Our usual stance was held yesterday after dinner. Proceedings commenced with passing the claret, whereupon eigers were lighted, and a succession of raps spalt out through the alphabot a request for pen, ink and paper, which were put under the table. A sound of scratching was then heard, and, in six ascends, the following sentence was found written on a sheet of foolsoup:—

"Vixi annos ultra nonaginta, non mihi sed bono publico."

"Vixi annos ultra nonsginta, non mihi sed bono publico."

The spirit, on being questioned who it was that wished to communicate, rapped out the name of Christopher Were, and desired that a message should be sent to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, beseeching them not to adopt the proposed design for spoiling the interior of the Cathedral with mediaval ornamentation. The rumour of that projected incongruity in Art had disquieted the spirit. To mediavalise St. Paul's would be as great a mistake as it would to Italianise Westminster Abbey. That was a mistake which the spirit himself had unfortunately made during earth-life, and had never ceased to regret it ever since. It pained him whenever he thought of the hybrid Western towers, which, in ignorance and misconception of Gothic architecture, he had been mistaken enough to superinduce on pure Early English. If the work which he had so done could possibly be undone, he should be at peace; and he wished to have published the suggestion that Mr. Burese, instead of being set to misapply his abilities in disfiguring St. Paul's interior, should be commissioned to turn his skill and knowledge to good purpose by to misapily me shiftees in disrigaring St. Paul's interior, should be commissioned to turn his skill and knowledge to good purpose by the alteration and reform of the two Western towers of Westminster Abbey, so as to bring those anomalous structures into harmony with the rest of the building.

The spirit, having received an assurance that his desire should be attended to, said "Ta-ta!" and the scance terminated.

IMPOSSIBLE PERSAM

THE Happy Rich, the Happy Poor, both quits possible. But, "the Happy Mean"—oh no—impossible.

NEW VERSION OF "BEER!"



Good folks all, great folks and small, Who dwell both far and

What a deal of debate we have heard of late, Which has all of it turned

What a fuss they make about Beer! In harangues how heavy

and drear,
Whilst our Ministers wise
ways and means devise To stint a poor man in his Beer!

The Government thinks distillery drinks Require a law severe; And the Bill they intend to

effect that end Is a Bill of restraint from What a fuss, &c.

From drinking rum all ills

They expect will disappear,
If the bar they close where a poor man goes
To purchase his noggin of Beer.
What a funs, &c.

Brandy and gin are sold at an inn,
The down-in-the-mouth to cheer;
But a stop the Bill puts to their sale when it shuts
The People out of their Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

It doesn't affect the Great select, The gentleman, squire, and peer,
They may sit in their club, and enjoy their grub,
And drink any amount of Beer. What a fuss, &c.

'Twas their delight each blossed night, Long ago not many a year,
To meet and dine, and drink toe much wine,
After having drunk too much Beer. What a fuss, &c.

Then they did use to guzzle and boose,
Until they couldn't speak clear.
In the present day all the world would say,
"O, the shameful effects of Beer!"
What a fuss, &c.

Now the wealthier ranks are, to Culture thanks, Now the wealther runss are, In a higher moral sphere, No more to be found lying prone on the ground, Or supine in a state of Beer. What a fuss, &c.

De they differ in mind from their poorer kind With whose habits they interfere? Would not Culture do for the People too, To withhold them from too much Beer? What a fuss, &c.

No more new laws without good cause | For we hold our liberty dear. The self-control which limits the bowl Is the best limitation of Beer. What a fuss, &c.

A Racy Remark.

"The Elevation of Women!" exclaimed my Lond Tom Noddy, as he was driving home from Asset. "Aw—if a fella wants to see—aw—Women elevated, he should see 'em at the Waces—aw—after a good lunch."

DEFINITION BY "UN MISSEABLE."-The Empire-a better game than GAMBETTA!



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Mary. "ARTHUR, DRAR, I AM IRRESISTIBLY REMINDED OF THAT SONG YOU USED TO SING TO ME IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF OUR COURTING. WHAT WAS IT, NOW!" Arthur (grants). "HAVES'T A NOTION, LOVE!"

Mary. " LET ME SEE-IT USED TO BUN :

' FOR I AM CONTENTED TO BIDE IN THE SHADOW So LONG AS THE SUNBRAMS FALL BRIGHTLY ON THRE!"

[Arthur doesn't see it.

SAINT PAUL'S.

THE King of the Birds was the Wren, when he wist of a Way to get hoist on the Eagle's back:
And the King of our Architects was Sir Christopher, Who Palladio outstripped in Palladio's track.
Still towers stately his grand Cathedral, Crowning our Capital's central site;
But his name has grown dusty on Glory's bead-roll, Till small men sneer at the great Kaight.

Saint Paul, the Gentiles' own Apostle,
Is the Broad-Church saint for London town,
Where all Church faiths and Church follies jostle,
And some of them don't, and more do, go down;
But bunglers in Art should be forbidden
Saint Paul's—Heaven says the mark—to rensw!
So no matter what GREGORY says, or LIDDON—
The point is, what's BURGES about to do?

Make, says Punch, the glorious Minster
Worthy of Saint and of Architect:
First from the City's pocket its tin stir,
Then in its spending be circumspect.
Let the work be such as the great Apostle
And the great Architect both would approve;
Nor let ornament out of countenance hustle
The stately simplicity Protestants love.

The Fable goes that the Birds were for choosing a King: the Eagle proposed that the crown should be his that could fly nearest the sun. He thought that so it would surely be his. So he soared up and up, till he was far above them all, as he thought. When lo! up soared the Wren, from where he had his himself between his wings, and so mounted higher than the Eagle, and was crowned King of the Birds.

The great Dome rises above the river;
Look! there lies London, a world below;
And the stream of Thames flows on, flows ever,
As the billows of life through Lud's Gate flow.
Paul, gentle Apostle, grave and mighty,
Suits City and Minster, mightiest of men's,
And the English race, more firm than flighty,
No higher would soar than her greatest of Wrens!

THE NEW GAME OF WAR.

At the International Congress, to be held at Brussels for settling the usages of War, the British Representative will be instructed to press the following points:—

1. No bombardment of London to take place while Parliament is

2. No bottles to be fought on the Derby Day, the Oaks Day, or during Ascot, Goodwood, or Newmarket Races.

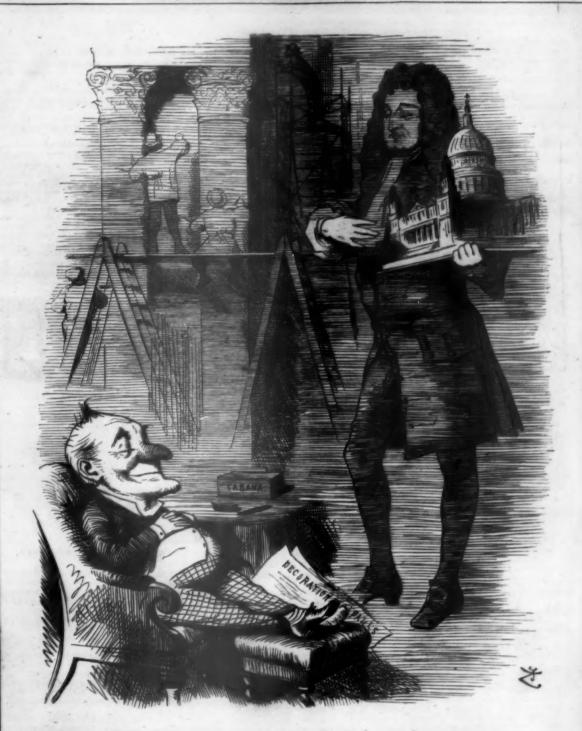
3. In ease of invasion, Brighton, Weymouth, and Scarborough to be considered neutral territory.

4. Prisoners of War (being commissioned officers) to pay an entrance-fee to the Regimental Messes of which they may be elected honorary members.

5. Regimental Bands captured on the field of battle to be available at festivals held at the Royal Albert Hall or at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

6. Portrait-models of captured Generals to be permitted at Madark Tussard's Exhibition of Wax-Works, on the understanding that, (a) some site other than that of the Chamber of Horrors be selected for the display; and (b) that a ticket of admission for the season be presented to each captured General in effigy so exhibited.

7. Invading Armies travelling by railway, to pay at the rate of not less than £5 a mile per person. Return-tickets (in Great Britain and Ireland) not to be guaranteed.



"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

GHOSE OF WEEK, "SI ORNAMENTUM REQUIRES, CIRCUMSPICE."
("IF YOU REQUIRE ORNAMENT, BE CIRCUMSPECT.")

SAVIDA NE LEON NY ENGENOSIT

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH MOVELIST. FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE SECOND-IN THE METROPOLIS. BOOK THE SECOND.

THE WAX-SHOW OF THE RUE DU BOULANGER.

I .- Minos, Eacus and Rhadamanthus.

There was a Wax-Show in the Rue du Boulanger. It was only one show, yet perversely people called it Twoshows. Some named it MADAME Twoswords. In this last there was something cutting. The real name was Tosew's. All here was wax. Wax et pratered

Part of it was a Bazaar. It was supposed to be historically allied

to the Russian Imperial Court. The chief of the latter was A. Czar. This was a B.A. Zar, which is a different matter.

In this Wax-Show there is an Inner Chamber—a back room. Mysterious and diabolical. Therein were the Stars of Crime. It was Tossw's Orrery. The persons within its walls were Orrery Members. No one said this: many thought it. To think is not to speak. There were gathered together in that room certain men who were unable to speak to one another in public.

To enter the door of the Show a shilling was demanded.

To penetrate within the veil of the Inner Chamber there was an extra charge.

These men were in this secret chamber, but they had paid no money for their entrance by either door.

They were shut in and carefully guarded so that they might not escape.

They were not immortal; they were simply wax. In hot weather wax runs. A sentinel was on the watch to prevent this.

With these we have nothing to do. Let them remain silent efficies, speaking likenesses, catalogued.

We know of the existence of such a corner, and avoid it.

Why?



Perhaps because there is sixpence extra to pay. Perhaps because the sight chills us. Either is human nature.

To proceed.

To proceed.
Three were alone on one dais in the outest room.
In bright scarlet and ermine. They were Justices of the Peace.
The one in the centre was hard and severe; the one to his right had a motherly look; the other, to the left, seemed perky and eheerful. They did not regard one another, but seemed to be explaining something, all three at once, to vacancy.
The first was KILBURN, the second SMELLER, the third SLUSH.
"We have been lately added to the collection," said KILBURN.
"My new boots are very tight and painful," said SUSH.
"I can't make out why they didn't give me patent leather as well as you two," grumbled SMELLER.
"You are not great at patent cases, BROTHER SMELLER," sneered

You are not great at patent cases, BROTHER SMELLER," sneered

KILBURN.
"Yet these might be what you are not."

"And that is___"
"Polished."
"O!" exclaimed SLUSH.

Comment trouvez-vous vos paucres pieds, mon frère ?" inquired KILBURN.

SLEED Boked at him and murmured, "They are so tight."
KILBURN answered tranquilly, "I haven't buttoned mine."
SMELLER burst into a loud laugh.

SMELLER'S laugh made SLUSH smile,
"Are you laughing at yourself, SMELLER?" growled KILBURN.
"No. Look! Some one has trod on that old fool Cobbert's toe
and begged his pardon."
COBBETT gave that convulsive movement of his hand and snuffbox for which he was famous.
"Silence, you three new hove. Remember I are represented the

box for which he was famous.

"Silence, you three new boys. Remember, I am very nearly the oldest inhabitant. Respect my constitutional machinery."
The three laughed again at this speech of COBBETT'S.

"COBBETT and Constitution," cried KILBURW.

"He's a regular porcupine," said SLUSH.

"He knew how to shoot his quills," observed SMELLER.

"He looks yellow."

"What is it made of?"

"Cloth."

"Stuff!"
"He has shoes."

"He has shoes."
"With buokles."
"Real?"
"Imitation."
"Odd!"
"Very."
"What?"

"Nothing."



STRICTLY ORNAMENTAL

Farmer (at the Horse-and Man-Show). " ARE YOU HERE TO LOOK AFTER THIS PORY ?" Small Groom. " No, ANOTHER MAN DOES THAT. I'M BERE FOR SHOW WITH THE PORY."

PUNCH STANDS CORRECTED.

PUNCH STANDS CORRECTED.

Mr. France, who was lately admonished at the Bar of the House (and feels wonderfully well after it, considering) writes to inform Punch he is not an Inventor of Explosives, as Punch in his Essence had described him, but a Quarry Owner, with a good deal of blasting to do. Hence his quarrel with the Departments, who take Official Patentees for their advisers on matters involving the interests of dealers in the patented articles, so putting Non-Official Patentees and Inventors at a disadvantage. There is evidently a great deal of highly explosive matter connected with the quarrel, which seems a very pretty one as it stands, and Passeh is satisfied with correcting his own mis-description. Madame France is such a famous Inventor of Explosives, that Mr. France will easily understand our transferring a description so eminently applicable to the Country to her namessake, the Man.

Logic in Legislation.

For the Sabbatarian clause of the Ministerial Licensing Bill, perhaps the House of Lords will be Liberal enough to amend the definition of a bond fide traveller. The genuine Sabbath Day's journey was a distance of five stadia, or half a mile. Suppose their Lordships accordingly determine that a bond fide traveller shall be deemed to be one who has travelled a Sabbath Day's journey?

THE LAST NEW PARLIAMENTARY DESI-NITION.—Cross Purposes, no Purposes.

"Why, Miss?" asked KILBURN.
"Because you've taken my place. I used to live at number thirteen, and I was shoved out of the way to make way for you."

"So was I."
The fifth voice proceeded from a person in magnificent armour.
"Who are you, I should like to know?" sneered Slush.
"You would like to know, would you? Good. So should I.
I've been here many years, next to Joan, and they wouldn't separate us, though we've had to be moved out of our snug corner for you three. But I've never known my name. I'm Number Fourteen in the Catalogue. Merely down as 'A Figure.' Come! one of you three tell me, who am I?"
"We've had enough of that sort of thing," said Kilburn.
The others acquiesced, wearily.
"You all got so angry! That's what made you so waxy, and brought you here!"
The voice came from a fresh-looking figure some way up in the

The voice came from a fresh-looking figure some way up in the room, dressed in a brand new Queen Counsel's gown and wearing a long beard. It was Dr. QUININELY.

Take care!" exclaimed a sharp voice, from the far opposite

JAWEINS, Q.C.

"Take care!" screamed Dr. QUININELY. "KILBURN, SLUSH, SMELLER, Joan, and the Gentleman in Armour, I will not be put down. I say I will not be put down.

"Yes, you vill," interrupted a quiet little old voice in broken English.

English.

It was MADAME TOOSEW herself who spoke.

"Yes, you vill," she resumed. "You vill be put down by me, in my Catalogue. Ma foi! vat is all dis noise? Taisez-vous, Messieurs, or you vill vake MADAME St. AMARANTHE, who is sleeping like an infant here before me. As for you—" She turned indignantly upon the nameless Man in Armour, who muttered between his teeth, "What is needed?" Madame continued—
"You grumble! you shall be expelled. You, SMELLER, shall have new boots. You, Kilburn, shall have yours buttoned. Not a word. I am going to have a new cast in here."

"A new cast for a new piece?" asked Mr. Liston, as Paul Pry.
"Mr. Liston!"

"I hope I don't intrude."

"I hope I don't intrude."
"Mr. Liston!"

"You're all three of you very rude," said a fourth voice.

It was Joan of Arc who spoke. She was on the other side of the lighten myself and my business to inform myself."

"I am liston-ing. Ahem! Excuse me. It is my duty to enlighten myself and my business to inform myself."

"Mr. Liston!!"
"I like to know things."
"Mr. Liston!!!"
"Why doth he not keep silence?"

It was a deep, a commanding voice that asked the question. "Sarah Siddons, Ma'am, I'm mum."

"Sarah Siddons, Ma'am, I'm mum."

He smiled and was silent.
"The new cast," resumed Madame, calmly, "is of James Marky Du Crow. He is now on the coast of France. I have issued an order. He will be taken from life, and added to the collection."

"A horse-rider!" exclaimed Siddons.

"A mountebank!" cried Liston.

"As good as you!" shouted the Man in Armour.

"Silence, nameless!" thundered Joan of Arc.

Cobbett's machinery whitred furiously. He was up for a speech.

"Hold him!" said Kilburn.

"Gag him!" cried Smeller.

"Don't let him come here," called out Slush. "I defy him and all his works."

It was a quarrel of thunderbolts.

all his works."

It was a quarrel of thunderbolts.

Then came forth a strident, sonorous voice.

"Be silent! All! or I'll smash you!"

The speaker was LOUSHKIN, the Russian Giant, eight feet five inches high. Then the tempest was stilled.

It would have broken out afresh but for a stranger, who had just paid his entrance-money and bought a Catalogue.

Again silence reigned.

But Madame had determined.

She was way hat resolute.

She was wax, but resolute.

She watched.

Cement v. Cremation.

By way of substitute for "Cremation," Dr. von Stringers proposes cement, to be poured into the receptacle containing the cadares so as to encrust the latter, absorb its moisture, and prevent decomposition. This process, however, would increase instead of diminishing undertakers' bills, and not arrest the spread of cemeteries. Whereas cremation would tend to check necropolitan extension, and would limit funeral extravagance by abstracting all combustible from osseous matter in the form of gas, so that the abstract, thus dispersed, would be greatly preferable to the concrete.



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